ROMAN GOSSIP

MRS. MINTO ELLIOT

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ROMAN GOSSIP.

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BY

FRANCES ELLIOT,

AUTHOR OF "DIARY OF AN IDLE WOMAN IN ITALY," "SICILY," AND "SPAIN"; "PICTURES OF OLD ROME"; "OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE"; "THE ITALIANS," ETC.

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To my Friends,

IN THE HOPE THAT THIS

LITTLE CHRONICLE

MAY AMUSE THEM.

PREFACE.

THE day of heroes is past in Rome, but it is well to have some further record of it.

History has touched it, but there is still much to tell the English public of the familiar lives of such men as Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and Pio Nono.

My gossip has gone beyond these names and connects itself with the romantic epoch of the formation of a new Italy either by friends or foes. It has associated itself with the great masters of art and literature, such as Alfieri, Rossini, and Canova, and the Princes of the land, as well as that great family of Buonaparte so inherent in the very soil of modern Rome.

Small gossip, it is true; familiar—domestic—but for that not to be despised; and to this I have added some of my own experiences extending back to the days of Papal tyranny in the occupation of Rome by a French army.

FRANCES ELLIOT.

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London, 1894.

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ROMAN GOSSIP.

CHAPTER I.

PIO NONO.

To visit the Pope you must dress *à l'Espagnole*, in black with a veil arranged on the head—a fashion which, I think, must have been invented by some papal *belle*, such as Lucrezia Borgia or Theodora Marozia, it is so very becoming.

In the old time a papal dragoon arrived at your door with a summons printed on an extra large sheet of paper, with the day and hour set forth in which you were to make your appearance at the Vatican.

At the time specified I drove to the ever-beautiful Piazza of S. Pietro with the surging fountains, to the royal entrance on the right-hand side, under the stately cream-coloured colonnade, built by the Chigi Pope, Alexander VII. (and as such always interesting to me), the Chigi arms—five mounts and a star, quartered with the golden rose and shield of the Rovere—everywhere displayed.

At the bottom of the ascent of the *Scala Regia* stand the Swiss guards, quaint figures in gaudy parti-coloured clothes like court-cards, some lounging, some talking a horrible *patois*, their halberds resting against the huge columns supporting the vaulted ceiling—in a kind of *nonchalant* repose.

The *Scala Regia*, with its blanched sculptured walls and long, long vista of ever-mounting stairs, is noble in itself, and more so from association with the many historic feet that have gone up and down. At the top stands a group of servants in crimson livery; a little further on another group of priests and Monsignori.

But all things have an end. When out of breath and exhausted, although delighted all the same, I find myself in that part of the palace where the pictures are shown, in a huge hall opposite the Madonna di Foligno and the Transfiguration, amidst a crowd of heterogeneous visitors to whom audience was granted—French, talking volubly; English, stern and still; ecclesiastics devoutly solemn; sisters of charity, one or two nuns, and ladies of unknown nationality fussily arranging the lace on their heads.

There we all sit, staring savagely at each other, in the fashion of patients in a dentist's ante-room, a little alarmed and extremely impatient, a private chaplain or Monsignore coming in from time to time to peep at us through the doorway, guarded only by a curtain.

Each nation has its Monsignore, and it was an English one, Monsignore Talbot, brother of Lord Talbot of Malahide, who called my name; at which I rose and followed him, to the unconcealed indignation of the other waiters sitting round.

How I got into a long gallery entirely hung with splendid tapestry I do not to this minute exactly know—if a door was opened (indeed, there seemed to be none) or a curtain drawn back, or if I walked straight on without door or curtain. I know a bell sounded, I was told to advance, and there, standing before me, a long way off, I saw the Pope, when I knelt, again in the mid space I knelt again, and a third time on arriving before him; all which is extremely difficult to perform alone in a long gallery, with a pair of royal-papal eyes fixed on one.

His aspect, however, I am bound to say, was most encouraging—gracious, calm, a sweet smile playing about his mouth and a gentle majesty in his keen dark eyes. At the third genuflection he presented me his hand, looking pained, as I thought, at the enforced etiquette of his approach; only it had to be done, and the Monsignore had said so beforehand. On the strong bony finger extended towards me was the fisherman's ring, a huge emerald. (No kissing of feet was dreamed of, though they say his predecessor, Gregory, a more old-fashioned Pontiff, exacted it.)

From the hand, glancing up, I saw the face, a heavy countenance, with the remains of great manly beauty; the figure dressed wholly in white, a small *berretta* on his head, and shoes of red with an embroidered cross in gold, which you are supposed to kiss; beside him a little table of inlaid marble, which, with the heavy folds of his drapery and the tapestried walls, his own calm, immovable attitude and the silence and solemnity of the whole, turned him at once into an historical picture, a *tableau vivant* of special grace.

As he spoke the sound of his voice struck soft and musical upon the ear. What he said related to family affairs, which would interest no one—a subject he had kindly mastered in a manner to show the personal interest he felt, a paternal sympathy that went well with the marvellous sweetness of his face, and which, if not genuine, was so beautiful and attractive that one would at least desire to believe it so.

"*Nella gioventù,*" were his words, "*c' è sempre vanità. Le tribulazioni vengono da Dio. Preghiamo dunque che siano santificate per voi.*"

I should mention that he first asked me in French which language I spoke best, French or Italian, and on my answering that either was equally facile to me, he went on in Italian.

After a time he graciously dismissed me with that same transcendent smile. "*Figlia mia, ti benedico,*" were his last words, and again he gave me his hand, which I kissed kneeling, he sounding at the same time a small enamelled hand-bell, on which the curtained doorway opened of itself.

* * * * * * *

Some men, like women, are born beautiful. There is no doubt about it. You may not like the style; you may prefer blonde, you may admire black, but no one can dispute the beauty. Of these Pius is one. To his last day that precious gift continued to develop itself in all the changing phases of age. And there was more than beauty —a charm the Italians call *poesia*, a certain natural grace and refinement which, under all circumstances, never failed.

I saw him at the Vatican, but the Palace of the Quirinal is far more associated with his life. Situated on the highest of the seven hills of Rome, where stood in old time the temple of Quirinus, dedicated to Romulus, the once papal palace, with its long white front, rears itself like a diadem—the abundant fountain before it, with the immortal horses and their god-like leaders Castor and Pollux (the names of Phidias and Praxiteles on the pedestals) keeping guard; an obelisk behind of red granite, taken from the mausoleum of Augustus, where it commemorated some Roman triumph in the old Egyptian land.

Opposite stretch the long, long lines of the blanched walls, somewhat plain-faced and bald, where now live the King of United Italy and his fair Queen Margherita of Savoy—descending whole streets in their enormous length and breadth of circuit.

Here, in a range of small rooms to the south, the conclaves of the Sacred College were held, and in the front

facing the city is the historic window, its balustrades jutting over a columned portal, surmounted by a small figure of the Virgin bearing an Infant Christ—the historic window which, walled up at the death of a Pope and during the conclave, is opened for the new Pontiff to receive the adoration of the Catholic world assembled beneath. But none so tender-hearted as Pius, who, as his name rang out in face of earth and heaven, burst into tears and sank back all but fainting into the cardinal's arms.

Imagine the scene. The conclave, shut up many, many days, slow in choosing. All sorts of reports reaching the city. Now it is the liberal Cardinal Gizzi who is reported to be chosen; now Lambruschini, a retrograde Prelate, who will hear of no reforms. A few voices have whispered the name of Mastai Ferretti, but these have been laughed down. Meanwhile the Romans grow impatient under the protracted suspense. An immense multitude fills the Piazza under the shadow of those ever-ardent steeds and their immortal leaders, and the musical whirr of the gushing fountain bubbles and froths to the ebb and flow of a crowd surging like waves on a stormy sea.

All Rome is there, patrician and plebeian, brought together by a common curiosity. Cries and screams, shouts and exclamations are the sounds which tell of the excitable nature of the Italians. Who will announce the election? They cannot wait! The Cardinal is too long in coming! The carpenter who is to pull down the scaffolding is a *birbante!* The mason who is to remove the bricks of the built-up wall an accursed wretch! "*Vogliamo il Papa! Fateci veder il nostro Papa!*" is the cry thundering on all sides. The smaller *canaille* mount sacrilegiously on the pure marble of the statues of Castor and Pollux, and, bestriding the Phidian steeds without ceremony, from that vantage-ground fling water from the

basin on the crowd. "We want our Pope! *Il santo Padre, che venga! Il Papa! il Papa!*"

Even the guards grow impatient and join in the cry, "*Il Papa! il Papa!*"

Suddenly, there is a great hush, a silence—a stillness as of death. The wall of brick which builds up the window during the conclave totters, some bricks fall out, then, with a crash, it falls, and the Cardinal-deacon in a purple robe stands forth on the stone balcony, the soft music of the papal choir sounding from within.

As the Cardinal appears the crowd trembles, rushes forward, then is again still.

"I announce to you," says a voice coming as from the clouds, "joyful tidings. The Most Eminent and Reverend Cardinal Mastai, having taken the name of Pio Nono, is elected Pope."

No one knows who Mastai is, but the Piazza resounds with shouts and triumphant *evvivas*. The sound seems to travel over the whole valley of Rome and to rise up again as incense to the hills. The great gun of Saint Angelo booms forth, every fort in the city sounds its artillery, and every church echoes joy-bells to the deep boom of Saint Peter's with its minute strokes.

Then, at the moment when earth calls to the mountains which gird the Campagna in, and the high vault of heaven resounds with praise, the father of the Catholic world himself appears, and with his consecrated hand spreads blessings around.

* * * * * * *

It was from this window, now included in the long wide range which gives light to the vast hall used as a ball-room by the present Queen, and often to be seen dazzling with light, that Pius IX. was in the habit of showing himself to the enthusiastic Romans at the period

of his first popularity, when they called him forth to heap blessings on his head.

Here he received all the ovations which an excitable and enthusiastic people could offer; sometimes called out in wind and rain, sometimes in the glare of fervent heat, late in the night or in the first morning hours, to gratify them with his presence and to dispense his blessings!

Two short years saw many thrilling scenes of love and devotion, many gorgeous pageants, when the temporal and spiritual power held by the Pope rendered him more than mortal in the eyes of men.

But the dark days came apace, the cord was too tightly drawn, it needs must crack! Blameless of life, gracious, condescending, facile in a kind of familiar eloquence which touched all hearts, he was no statesman, nor possessed of the intrinsic qualities attributed to him—neither saint nor martyr. Excellent-hearted, with much sensibility, but essentially common-place, he was incapable of commanding the position in which he found himself. Important reforms were granted too suddenly. What should have taken years was given in months. The excited people, worked up by Communists, finding they had but to ask, grew senseless and unreasonable. Pius was expected—neither more nor less—to head a Red Republic—a moral chaos. For a time he heralded the series of events and *did* fling himself into the political vortex. *He* would have secured liberty, but *they* yelled for anarchy. The wild flame of revolution spread, and reached the walls of Rome. Rossi's cruel murder was the preface to an attack upon the Quirinal. His own guns were turned against himself, his faithful guards threatened. He was alone and undefended. Then came his flight—passing out of the great portal, under the historic window, which sees such varied scenes—his retreat into the kingdom of Naples; his return to a despotism enforced by the

protection of foreign bayonets; the hatred of his subjects; the revolution, and the entrance of Victor Emmanuel into that same palace, to be cheered and shouted at and adored at the same window where Pio as Pope and King had been worshipped.

* * * * * * *

Another Pope, years before, had first been honoured in this fashion, then dragged into exile from the Quirinal—which would seem fatal to the papacy and favourable to kings—by General Radet (the envoy of the great Napoleon), who scaled the garden wall and forced himself at three o'clock in the morning into his sleeping-room. The aged Pontiff was obliged to rise and follow him, accompanied by his faithful minister, Cardinal Pacca, to a carriage in waiting, to be borne off in silence and darkness, a prisoner of state.

After driving some time on the road towards Florence, Pius VII. asked Pacca if he had any money. "Not a *soldo*," was the reply; "I was dragged out of my room and had no time to take any."

On searching their pockets, they found nothing but a few pence. "See!" exclaimed the aged Pope with a sad smile, "all that remains of my kingdom."

Nor was this the only analogy between the two Piuses. Not that they resembled each other personally; for the elder had no beauty of form or face—a dark, shrivelled-up, stooping old man, with brilliant black eyes, otherwise heavy with infirmities when misfortune overtook him. Both administered the see of Imola, in the Romagna, and both were raised to the purple without any experience of government, either civil or political. Both, after the promise of a peaceful pontificate, finding the aspect of opinion change, sympathised with the changes in accordance with the spirit of the times. Both failed as reformers and liberals. Both left Rome as fugitives and

abandoned their kingdom—one (Pius VII.) by force; the other, by choice or necessity. Both returned to reign again under the control of foreign armies—one for a short space only; the other for a long course of years. Both were superstitious and opinionated. Both relied on the tangible assistance of Providence and the Virgin. Both ruined their temporal state by precipitancy and want of legislative judgment. Both were opposed to the greatest heroes of their day, Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. Both lived to extreme old age, and both were blindly governed by their respective ministers.

But be it remembered that, singular as is this outward similarity, their characters were utterly opposed. Pius VII. was intellectual and merciful, and chose for his prime minister the ablest man in the Sacred College, Cardinal Consalvi. Pius IX. was vain, assertive, and obstinate, with a limited education; merciful as a sovereign, but never known to pardon a single individual who had personally offended him; and he chose for his counsellor the very worst it was possible to select, Cardinal Antonelli—fascinating as a man and excellent as a friend, but avaricious and self-seeking to the last degree, and in politics equally cunning and unprincipled.

* * * * * * *

Pius the Ninth's family, the Counts Mastai, came from Sinigaglia, a watering-place near Ancona, on the Adriatic, in the Romagnola, famous for its fair. Nothing is more probable than that the world would never have heard of him had he not been forced into the priesthood, instead of following his natural bent as a soldier; and it was this taste which, spite of the wide divergence of outward circumstances, coloured his life as Pope and King.

The title of Count came to his family from the marriage of a Mastai with a Ferretti of the *petite noblesse*. The Pope's mother, born a Sollassi and called the *Romagnola*

Cornelia, was a tall handsome woman, with eight stalwart sons, of whom Giovanni was the youngest.

Although one of so numerous a family, no one could accuse Pius of nepotism. He not only gave them nothing, but actually allowed them to be poor. Not so his favourites, whom he permitted to enrich themselves with millions, specially Cardinal Antonelli, who left vast revenues at his death.

* * * * * * *

When quite a child, Mastai, while playing in a wood attached to a garden, where there was a pond with gold fish, lost his balance and fell in. As he could not swim, he would have been drowned had not a peasant called Guidi pulled him out.

Years after, when the child was Pope, Guidi came to Rome, and telling his story to the police, who had taken him up for a vagabond, found, as might be expected, little credit. Nothing daunted, he contrived by some means to get his name mentioned to the Pope, and that he had come to Rome to see him. Pius at once remembered him, settled him in a little farm, and dowered his daughter.

Those who recall him young, speak of what was so remarkable at all times—his gracious smile; hypocritical, indeed, in sweetness in after years, unless one believes that the adverse events of his reign soured a naturally weak though benevolent nature.

The three remarkable men contemporary with him—Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and Cavour—were all more or less plain. Garibaldi, as I knew him, with the haggard face and wild eye of a Don Quixote; Victor Emmanuel, though not wanting in dignity, simply hideous; and Cavour, stout and insignificant, with a heavy, sallow face.

Of personal beauty the Pope had all the share.

But to return. He received what was esteemed a

liberal schooling for that day, under the intelligent Padri Scolopi, at Volterra. These fathers, always educational and never political, continue to train the youth of the Italian nobility with credit to themselves and to their pupils.

In the registry of the college it is stated that in May, 1809, young Mastai gave some optical experiments, and recited an ode on the genius of Homer, receiving a prize.

But a schoolfellow, the Commendatore Peruzzi, of Florence, accuses him of singular untruthfulness, "idle withal," he says, "and of weak health, suffering from epileptic fits." It is clear from this that the well-known Syndic of Florence is not a *papalino*. Indeed, I tremble as I repeat his words, but, writing without bias, I give the picture from all sides.

At sixteen he knew a little Latin and no Greek, wrote verses and loved the classics—a mind evidently of a romantic type, with a highly nervous temperament, and impressionable and emotional to the last degree.

At that time Napoleon was the hero of the age. The records of his conquests filled the world, and caught the fancy of the young Mastai, who celebrated him in an ode.

When at Sinigaglia he frequented the company of the young officers quartered there, and from his extreme personal beauty and love of dress was considered one of the *jeunesse dorée* of his day.

His enemies have stigmatised him as worldly, and he must himself have afterwards so viewed his conduct, for he felt such remorse for these too vain pleasures that he resolved to drown himself, and was only prevented by his friend, the advocate Cattabene, who represented to him that he was really no worse than other young men.

That he was greatly attached to his foster-sister is

certain, and that this love was returned. She married a singing master, and lived in great penury at Florence, dependent on charity. Yet to all her applications to him as Pope, no reply was ever vouchsafed. But she always asserted Pius was too good-hearted to forget her, and that she was sure her letters never reached him; but so it was —in poverty she lived and in poverty she died.

Mastai came to Rome at eighteen, with the intention of joining the *Guardia Nobile* of Pius VII. Not a glorious band certainly, but with a showy uniform, a steel-plated corslet like a Crusader's, a helmet such as Rinaldo or Orlando might have gloried in, and a cross-hilted sword which would have done honour to the siege of Jerusalem.

At this period of his career Mastai led the life of an ordinary young Roman, frequenting *caffès* and *trattorie*, theatres and balls.

The *Caffè Veneziano*, according to Silvagni, was his favourite resort, when he did not spend the evening in society, where his singular beauty made him a constant object of attention.

The *Caffè* in those days was a primitive place, where coffee was drunk out of a wineglass, one spoon going the round for all.

All Rome met there, as being the only semblance of a club then existing, Rossini hobnobbing with the Neapolitan Pacini, and Torlonia—then a wealthy *mercante di campagna*—early showing his papal tendencies—always in the pocket of some priest or Monsignore.

It was here the future Pope met Antonelli, at that time a smart young Abbé going the round of the town, and thus began that thirty years' friendship which was destined to be so inauspicious to the Pope.

Here too came ministers, politicians, fine gentlemen, Monsignori and Porporati, such as Cardinal Andrea, and Morichini Archbishop of Bologna.

Imagine the scandal that would be caused *now* by the appearance of a Cardinal displaying his purple *soutane* by the side of soldiers and generals, young *attachés* of the various embassies, *savants*, painters, sculptors, authors and journalists, at Morteo's—or the smart new *trattoria* in the Via Nazionale!

Then it was the fashion and passed as a thing of course.

As to Mastai, he enjoyed both the company and the coffee. He was so fond of coffee that it is said he would come two or three times a day to drink it. Further, he introduced a new receipt for preparing fish on fast-days at another of these extremely archaic resorts, the *Trattoria Ermellino*, also a favourite lounge of the day—a dish common at Sinigaglia, and to be known henceforth at Rome as "*Cod à la Mastai.*"

There were other attractions in and out of society, and he is said to have at one time contemplated marriage with a certain Feodora whom he honoured with his regard.

No wonder the dazzling youth found favour with the fair. At that time he must have been a sort of Apollo, with that divine smile on his fair face and those pathetic eyes, which in all the changes of his varied career touched and impressed all who came under the power of their gaze.

* * * * * * *

But the military career did not smile on Mastai. A medical examination resulted in the fact that he was subjected to epileptic fits, and he was pronounced impossible as a *Guardia Nobile.*

Time after time he essayed, but at length finding any kind of military service impossible, he seems to have consoled himself with the idea of taking Orders.

The doors of the Vatican were open to him. Pius VII. was a sort of cousin, and he had two other prelatic

relatives in Rome; one a Bishop, the other a Canon of St. Peter's.

No one knew better than the Pope what the handsome lad suffered of chagrin and disappointment. A few days after his final rejection as a soldier came this note in his own pontifical hand:

"DEAR MASTAI,

"Come and see me at two o'clock. I have a commission to give you from heaven.

"PIUS VII."

At two o'clock, it is recorded, Mastai entered the Pope's reception room, and found him seated in a large arm-chair awaiting him. Making a sign for him to approach, he held out his hand, which the young man kissed kneeling.

"My son," said he, "have you ever thought of the happiness of taking orders?"

"Yes, Holy Father," was the eager answer. "Above all *now* that it has pleased God to afflict me in this terrible way."

"Well, my son! Proceed: what have been your thoughts?"

"Why, that the terrible obstacle which prevents my having the happiness of serving your Holiness as a soldier will prevent my ministry at the altar."

"That is true, my son. But you are young, and hope belongs to youth."

"There are maladies which conquer youth. I shall never be cured."

"*Never* is a word which belongs to God alone."

"And the doctor, Holy Father," added Mastai with a smile.

"Doctors are not infallible. Hope then, dear son, and believe in God. His Blessed Son, who raised the dead Lazarus, can, if He please, cure you. And that He will

do so is my belief, in answer to my prayers, if you have only faith strong enough and a mind prepared to receive the gift of heavenly grace."

"I believe in God," was the reply, "the Father Almighty, as I believe I am myself alive."

"Well, my son, I tell you to *hope*. Unite your prayers to mine. Let us implore our Divine Master to grant us the cure which the doctors say is impossible. Come to me at the end of nine days, receive from my hands the Bread of Eternal Life, and we shall see."

On each of the intervening days young Mastai is said to have gone up to Santa Maria degli Angeli on the Quirinal hill, and to have prayed fervently. On the ninth day he received the Sacrament from the Pope's own hands. His health improved from that time, and he *never* afterwards had an epileptic fit!

The desire of Pius and his now fervent gratitude to God induced him at once to take orders. He believed he had had a call, and his whole mind took a new and spiritual bias. But it was expressly stipulated that he should never celebrate Mass without the presence of an assistant, in order to prevent the risk of involuntary sacrilege.

Mastai now devoted himself to the study of theology and the art of *extempore* preaching, and, to the astonishment of his friends in Sinigaglia, presented himself there as an elegant spiritual *Improvvisatore;* his doctrine much enhanced by the extreme dignity of his presence, his head spiritualised in the gloom of a darkened cathedral, a single ray of light striking across his face, a skull (for he had, with that melodramatic fancy which followed him through life, imagined this *mise en scène* to impressionise his fellow-citizens) placed on a cushion beside him, along with a thigh bone steeped in spirits set blazing to portray the torments of hell!

On his return to Rome he was consecrated priest, and said his first Mass in the church of S. Giuseppe dei Falegnami on Easter Sunday, 1819.*

But he had already tried his practised hand on what was to occupy so many years of his life with such exceptional success and usefulness, viz., missionary work among the poor.

Adjoining the church of San Giovanni was a night refuge, called Tata Giovanni, where the outcasts of the streets and such children and orphans as had no other home were received and tended. In these scenes of misery he was brought in contact with the lowest strata of the streets, and saw with his own eyes every phase of degradation and wickedness. Perhaps such an initiation never fell to the lot of any other Pope.

* * * * * * *

Why he left this mission, for which his gracious address and merciful nature singularly fitted him, is not apparent; probably from some disagreement with the managing priests, or his own personal love of change and excitement. Any way, in 1823 he was appointed secretary to Monsignore Muzi, who was about to start for Chili as apostolic missionary. Ever the favourite of fortune, all that was good came to Mastai. Neither his education nor his experience warranted this appointment. It was simply owing to the favour of the Pope and of his other patron, Cardinal della Genga, united to the rare charm of an engaging person, the sweet tones of a silvery voice, and that placid suavity of manner which seemed to appropriate everything which came to him as though it were his own, just as in extreme old age, in the midst of political degradation and misfortune, these natural gifts

* This church, supposed to be the burying-place of the famous Vittoria Colonna, is to be pulled down to make way for new streets.

invested him with an almost supernatural halo of holiness.

"Go, my son," said the aged Pontiff to him, "and preach the gospel beyond seas. Go! my heart and blessing are over with you—in Chili as in all places and at all times."

Before the mission party sailed from Genoa, the good Pope died, and Della Genga succeeded him. This caused a little delay. Then a furious storm threw them on the Spanish coast at Palma, where they were placed in quarantine for twenty days, as being bound for Spain's revolted provinces. Nor was this all; the whole crew were thrown into prison, as it represented itself to the Spanish mind that Chili, being in revolt, no one ought to go there. A detention at Ceuta, on the coast of Africa, until the Government could decide what course was to be adopted, seemed certain; and those who know *Las cosas de España* can understand what delay this would have entailed. Fortunately Monsignore Muzi at once communicated with various Bishops and Ambassadors on his own behalf, and at the end of five days the party was liberated and allowed to proceed.

In mid-Atlantic they encountered another tempest, when a violent lurch of the ship sent Mastai, who was in his cabin, flying through the air against a bulkhead—an accident which, without a special providence, must have fractured his skull.

At last they arrived at Rio de la Plata after a lengthened voyage of many months. But from the influence of the same political causes which had led to difficulties in Spain, they again encountered every kind of impediment.

It would be tedious to enter into these causes, arising from the condition of a revolted country and the fears of the republican leaders of Church influence; but, as far

as the Chilians were concerned, the enthusiasm for the missionaries was great.

The health of the future Pope must have been thoroughly established to undergo all the privations he now endured. Repulsed from the great towns, they travelled for entire days in the pampas, under the rays of a burning sun, across arid plains, in perpetual fear of being murdered by Indians or devoured by wild beasts by night, often without food and water, sleeping in stinking cabins crawling with poisonous insects, or in the open air, in a dangerous climate, heavy with night dews—the once dandy Sinigaglian supporting all with a cheerful fortitude beyond praise.

The Abbé Sallusti, who gives an account of all this, relates a Baron Munchausen tale, that on one occasion the party was assailed by numbers of enormous toads (I have seen such in the marshy parts of Italy as tall as a small dog, sitting on the road in the dews of the early morning), and that one of these reptiles was actually found gnawing the bare place of the tonsure on Mastai's skull while he lay asleep, and could be with difficulty detached.

* * * * * * *

While Mastai was journeying in the interior, in the midst of wild and interminable forests, he came one day upon a miserable cabin, within which lay a wretched being in the last stage of disease. Around the dying Indian cowered his wife and children, as rude and savage as himself.

Mastai took the whole scene in at a glance.

At once discontinuing his journey, he pitched his tent close to the cabin, taught the dying man what Christianity was, baptized him and his family, and nursed him devotedly till he died. Then with his own hands he dug his grave and planted a cross upon it.

Thus, in these savage latitudes, as at home, his natural

sentiment of humanity, joined to his touching eloquence and apostolic appearance, made of him as effective a missionary as though he had been carefully educated for the part. But as regarded conversion of the heathen, this long voyage was destined to be a failure, except in so far as it added to his general experience. A fresh war between Spain and Chili broke out, and while the clergy of the country declared for Spain, young Mastai advocated the national claims.

Nothing was to be gained by remaining in a semi-barbarous country, torn by intestine warfare. In the rough, arduous life he led he had learned two things—the Spanish language and to ride like a mountaineer, an accomplishment on which he so much prided himself, that at the beginning of his pontificate, "in taking possession," as it is called, of the Lateran Basilica, Silvagni records he insisted upon traversing the whole distance on horseback, to the extreme consternation and inconvenience of the entire College of Cardinals (nearly all, as a rule, infirm old men), obliged to precede him, and turning out such a sorry spectacle as raised the scoffs and laughter of the Roman populace.

On Mastai's arrival at Rome, the poor and the wretched, the orphan and the beggar, again fell to his care. Instead of seeking advancement, he returned to occupy his old quarters at the hospital of Tati Giovanni, an act as much to his credit as a Christian as a proof of the ingrain humanity of his soul.

Yet somewhat of the gay life he had led as a civilian still clung to him as a priest. He renounced society, indeed, and the excitements of social admiration, gave up the noisy *Trattoria* of the *Ermellino* and only occasionally appeared at his favourite *Caffè Veneziano*, and then only in company with some steady *Canonico;* but he could not resist—says Silvagni—now and then a visit to

"la Feodora," now the *bene merita* Signora Gabet, and continued this friendly intercourse for many years.

Poor young Mastai! fluctuating, like Hercules, between folly and wisdom, little could he foresee that he would one day be created Pope, and that every small peccadillo of his priestly career would be submitted to the full glare of the stage-lights, before that most inquisitive of all audiences, "the world."

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Mastai's friend and patron, Cardinal della Genga, now Leo XII., was the living incarnation of the past; considered all modern science as superfluous and to be abolished; forbade vaccination, and would probably have enacted a law that "the earth did not move," if modern prejudice had not been too strong for him!

Pius VII. had reluctantly recalled the Jesuits, banished, as we know, by Clement XIV. The more politic Leo not only tolerated but granted them favours unknown before, appointing them to every possible office in the papal dominions, at a time when even Charles X., Bourbon as he was and priest-ridden, had excluded them from every public institution in France.

Nothing could exceed the chagrin of Leo at the modernizing spirit of the times. No one was mediæval but himself. No one would subscribe as they ought to restore and build churches, and the Basilica of San Paolo was as yet a ruin. Not vulgar Italian, but the classical idiom was to be used in all the tribunals; the feudal rights of the barons, and as far as possible feudal customs, the right of sanctuary, the tyranny of feudal courts, *la peine forte et dure*, were to be revived. Criminals were to be drawn and quartered, and their limbs, to the horror of the Romans, exposed on poles, as was done at Tyburn in the reign of Bloody Queen Mary!

This madman, for such I must call him, insisted that

the King of Naples should come to Rome to do him homage, until Charles X. of France (remember we are in 1825) ordered his Ambassador to represent to the Holy Father that in reality no such right existed.

Leo was not only incapacitated by health from fitly filling the papal chair, but he was essentially unsuited for the times in which he lived. Severe, almost cruel, avaricious, mean, calculating as a miser over every trifling gain, and rigid in outward observances, in his own person he despised all rules, on the old feudal theory that power comes from God, and that to God alone he was accountable.

Born in 1760, the seventh son of the Count della Genga, he had been created at eighteen Canon of St. Peter's and Chamberlain by Pius VI.; and it was he who was called on to pronounce the funeral oration for the free-thinking Joseph II.

Many dignities came to him in his long life, which did not pass without a considerable amount of scandal.

Whether he was in any way concerned in the extremely sudden death of his constant opponent, Cardinal Consalvi, who fell mortally ill after a long interview with him, who can say?

Spite of all this, Leo was strongly supported by the clerical party, who congratulated themselves on having a Pope who hated reforms and would maintain all the abuses of the Church in full vigour; and specially popular when he published a Jubilee in the Basilica of St. Peter, to the sound of silver trumpets and beat of drums.

(One has to remember that we are still in 1825, and not in the Middle Ages.)

The *Anno Santo* or Jubilee began by the opening of the Porta Santa in the four great basilicas of San Pietro, Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovanni, and San Paolo. (Each basilica has three entrances; the centre one, the *Porta*

Santa, generally remains closed.) Then followed interminable processions, visits to churches and basilicas, endless ceremonies, religious missions, sermons and indulgences (it was against these that Luther stormed at the time of the Reformation); no social amusements to be allowed, and all the theatres shut for one year. There was not even to be a Carnival. People were long-suffering in those days before the Revolution of '48, but the Romans did grumble loudly at being deprived of their Carnival.

In the old days a Jubilee brought to Rome tens of thousands of pilgrims and devotees of every nation, as was seen at the time of the general council of Pius IX., when every hotel and lodging was crowded and money flowed freely. But this Jubilee was not of that enticing kind; total seclusion did not recommend itself to the polite world, and although the number of pilgrims amounted to 50,000, they were but a very scrubby mixture of the lowest peasants, with crowds of dirty monks and friars, wandering continually from church to church, with flags and insignia, turning all Rome into the semblance of a *Campo Santo*.

At length, to the joy of everybody but the Pope (who felt that his antecedents required this display of zeal), the Jubilee ended, and all returned to live as before.

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As I am writing of Pius IX. I cannot enter into a more detailed account of his patron Leo XII., amusing as are his eccentricities. I have spoken of him, indeed, at some length as interesting in marking the extraordinary contrast between the two Popes, and to give greater emphasis to the benevolent spirit of reform which animated the amiable Pius IX., the purity of his life and the extraordinary frankness and familiarity of his intercourse both as sovereign and Pontiff. Ages of time would seem to separate him from Della Genga, and yet they were friends and reigned within a few years of each other.

At least it was to the credit of the eccentric Leo that he understood and appreciated the gracious nature of young Mastai, and at once placed him in a position to display his philanthropy as head of the great hospital of San Michele a Ripa Grande, where on a far larger scale than at Tata Giovanni he could turn his mind to the difficult task of reforming vice and ministering to the lowest and foulest aspects of misery and want.

But he was not allowed long to display the beauty of a disposition which recalls to one the loving career of the favourite Roman saint, San Filippo Neri. The Pope speedily named Mastai to the Archbishopric of his well-beloved town of Spoleto, the greatest compliment he could pay him, as it replaced himself.

When this dignity came to Mastai he was one of the handsomest men of his age, sympathic yet virile, manly yet gentle, and in the prime of life.

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A more romantic *entourage* than that of his new see cannot be conceived. The range of the rocky heights of Monte Luco, running parallel to the railway between Rome and Umbria, backs Spoleto, terminating in the huge natural fortress of Etruscan Perugia and the broad mountains on which spreads out the city of Assisi.

Mastai was consecrated Archbishop, in 1827, by Cardinal Castiglione, the same prelate who became known afterwards as Pius VIII.

Naturally the rule of the sympathetic young Archbishop at Spoleto is painted in bright colours by his partisans, but, taken in cold blood, one must confess that he did more than his duty.

His charities were romantic, something in the style of those of Victor Hugo's Bishop in "*Les Misérables*," who rejoiced that the thief he had entertained should have stolen his silver candlesticks!

One evening his *maître d'hôtel* presented himself in great agitation.

"My Lord," said he, "the money in your desk is gone! I have not a penny left to provide anything."

"Never mind," was the Archbishop's answer with a smile; "God, who feeds the birds of the air, will think of me."

"True, your Eminence; but we have bills at all the shops, and there is nothing in the house."

"Well, to-morrow is Friday—fast-day. Give me some cheese for lunch."

"Yes; but for dinner?"

"Another sort, Parmesan, that will make a change."

The same major-domo found himself in the same difficulty when his master had invited a neighbouring Bishop to dinner. What was to be done? Mastai without hesitation drew out his watch and desired it to be sold.

A silver spoon was missing, and the same servant in angry tones was calling out that it had been stolen, and that he was determined to find the thief and turn him out of the house before the day was over.

"You must turn me out then," was the answer; "I am the criminal."

He had robbed himself of a spoon to give bread to a starving family! Another time he pulled off his coat to cover a wretched begger with scarcely a rag.

Surely Victor Hugo must have heard of this!

Yet he was not popular, says a contemporary, especially with the nobles, who would have preferred a man of more culture and less patriarchal tastes—an opinion backed by a violent prejudice against a native of Sinigaglia, a place considered by the polite society of Spoleto as inhabited only by Jews and peasants. Mastai, sociable and even jovial by nature, endeavoured to conciliate his opponents by arranging what in England would be called "lectures"

(he had already given such in the Hospital of San Michele), to which all the town was invited. But they were not successful. Ladies attended, not of the bluest blood, the *bourgeoisie* in fact, which so shocked the sensitive nerves of the dames of high degree in this obscure little place that *they* declined to come and used their best endeavours to prevent *others*.

Spite of his charities and the ever-present charm of his manners, Mastai was accused of falseness, and it was remarked that as certainly as he showed intimacy with, or interest in any one, that person was sure to be denounced as dangerous to the government in Rome.

The purity of his personal life was his best safeguard; but as he had freely mixed with the world when destined to be a soldier, it was thought most unfair that he should continually be reproving his ecclesiastical colleagues for doing the same.

At Porteria, where he went to give his archiepiscopal benediction, he was received with stones and hisses, because, with that too ready gift of repartee which, when Pope, his ministers so often had reason to deplore, he made merry at the expense of the town, and called it, not *Porteria*, but *Porcheria*.

When the first revolutionary movement broke out in the Romagna, Spoleto became wildly liberal, and furnished a quota of a hundred recruits to the republic. These, under arms, assembled in the *cortile* of a convent. Mastai, of undoubted personal courage, at once appeared among them, and endeavoured, with all the honeyed eloquence he possessed, to persuade them to remain faithful to the papal government. "It is too late!" replied the adventurous youths, thirsting for a republic in which each man believed he was to be master. At which the handsome Archbishop shed tears and retired to his palace, ordering at once the papal arms to be taken down and a liberal

government proclaimed. Yet a year after, when he left for Imola, the ungrateful Spoletani, like the Athenians of old, glad "of a new thing," rejoiced. At which Mastai remarked, "If a government pardons, it is always attacked."

Many anecdotes are told of him in that Socratic vein of wit, which increased as he grew older.

A friend coming from Rome suggested that he ought to do something for the cathedral, upon which he ordered a set of altar candlesticks, which cost 4000 scudi, and were paid for, not by himself, but out of the church funds.

To a poor country curate who appealed to him because a neighbouring priest had written him an insolent letter, he replied with a shrug of his shoulders, "*Laudate pueri Dominum; sit nomen Domini benedictum.*" "But," said the curate, "if *I* had written the insolent letter to *him*, perhaps he would not feel so." To which the future Pope, never at a loss for a rejoinder, replied—"My friend, if I were to show you in this box," laying his hand on his *escritoire*, "the hundreds of insolent letters I have here, you would see that there are not above five or six that might not have been addressed to a common butcher, yet they are all from nuns, priests and monks. What do you say *now* about *abuse?*"

When a man who had kept an *osteria* died, the Archbishop ordered that, being an atheist, he should be interred without the cemetery. The friends, much offended, declared he was a good Catholic, and insisted on his being buried like other people. This brought about a trial and imprisonment; but so glaringly wrong was Mastai that the principal inhabitants of Spoleto nullified the sentence and forced the too zealous Archbishop to submit to public opinion.

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With him it was the tale of the malevolent fairy coming in and spoiling all the good gifts of fortune.

Charitable as he was, a blind bigotry took from him its charm; his favour and support failed to inspire confidence, and his lack of theological knowledge grew to be so notorious that his condescension to low people and parasites was set down to a terror of mixing in the society of learned and scientific men. At Spoleto he was considered to be narrow-minded, stern and intolerant. Indeed, his want of tact and the faculty he possessed of always saying the wrong thing stuck to him all his life. Afterwards, as Pope, his facile speech and desire of addressing all sorts and conditions of men (the *flux de paroles* of a popular orator) came to be notorious.

With the revolutionary movement in and about Spoleto, I only concern myself in as far as it regards Mastai. That Spoleto did not throw off its allegiance is a fact, of course, ascribed to the diplomacy of the handsome Archbishop. A body of insurgent fugitives, retiring before the Austrians, burst into the town. By the *eloquence* of Pius they were induced to lay down their arms. A zealous inquisition followed, and a list of those compromised was brought to him. He received it with a smile.

"*Amico mio*," he said to the officer, "you do not appear to understand my trade or your own. When the wolf means to swoop down upon the fold, he does not give the shepherd warning."

And he dropped the paper into the fire.

In the meantime, Leo della Genga had died, and Castiglione was elected as Pius VIII. His reign lasted but two years. "Few and evil were his days," says Trollope in his admirable history, and in them came revolution, the deposition of Charles X. from the throne of France, and the first low mutterings of the political

tornado which was to lay low kings spiritual and temporal.

To Pius VIII., old and infirm when elected, succeeded Gregory XVI. The diplomatic body desired Cardinal Pacca, the High-Church party supported Giustiniani, but a veto came from Spain and Gregory succeeded. In the hands of a Camaldoli monk, narrow-minded and ignorant, the spiritual power died out and the temporal was maintained by Austria. The Sacred College never made a worse choice.

A few days after the election of Gregory XVI. the revolution commenced at Modena, and quickly extended to Reggio in Emilia, Parma and Guastalla; a provisional government was established at Bologna, and Cesena, Rimini, Ravenna, Ferrara, Pesaro, Urbino and the Marches were in revolt.

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After Mastai's successful treatment of rebels at Spoleto, he was promoted to the more important diocese of Imola, lying in the flat country extending from Bologna to Ravenna, a richly cultivated but always unruly district. His liberal tendencies had put him forward as a political personage. Imola was one of the plums of papal patronage, the Bishop for the time being sure to become a Cardinal, and if a Cardinal, why not a Pope?

Of course, as at Spoleto, conflicting accounts are given of Mastai at Imola. At all events the care of outcasts and orphans is to be reckoned among his good deeds, as also the establishment of an educational seminary, and his sensational success as a preacher, which, with that mellifluous voice and splendid presence, can easily be understood.

I find it most difficult to make a selection among the many anecdotes characteristic of the man.

Engaged in his devotions in the cathedral one day

during Carnival time, he was called out to receive the dying confession of a *domino*, stabbed in the street. He consented to be godfather to the child of a republican *Sindaco* (or Mayor) at the request of the mother. "But the difficulty is," said she, when calling on him to make the request, "my husband will never be brought to ask you." "*Ebbene*," returned the Bishop, "I will ask *him*." But unfortunately the *Sindaco*, when he was asked, flatly refused. "Never," he cried in the Bishop's very face, "never! You, a priest, godfather to my child!" Soon afterwards, when Pius became Pope on the death of Gregory, the unmannerly Mayor was amazed at receiving this letter: "You refused the Bishop of Imola as *patrino*, will you now accept Pius IX.?" which so overcame the recusant *Sindaco* that he hastened to Rome, not only to accept the gracious offer, but to cast himself at the Pontiff's feet in utter humiliation.

As President of Public Instruction he effected little at Imola among a violent and headstrong population, but he was a great stickler for ceremonial observances; prohibited certain books at the college, and was very strict in having the students searched to discover whether they wore the rosaries, crosses, and Agnus Dei he had prescribed.

Again was recorded the same reproach of ecclesiastical ignorance and want of scholarship, but ill concealed under courteous manners and facile conversation. If there was a learned or philosophic priest in his diocese, he was certain never to be either his companion or his adviser, but on the other hand, every kind of religious charlatan was sure to find favour.

When elevated to the papal throne, the general public, ignorant of his character, anticipated the happiest results, all except the citizens of Spoleto and Imola, whom his

gullibility, weakness, and bigotry had not inspired with any faith.

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Gregory XVI. expired on the 2nd of June, 1846.

"When he felt life ebbing fast," says a contemporary, "he ordered Mass to be said for the dying. His attendants, thinking to comfort him, assured him that this was altogether premature. But as he insisted, the Cardinal Confessor, whose business it was to administer the last Sacraments, not being in the way, his chaplain appeared, who, to ingratiate himself, also advised delay and urged that the excitement might be hurtful to him.

"'What!' cried the dying Pontiff, 'do you want to send me into the presence of my God without the Bread of Life? *Voglio morir da Frate, non da Sovrano.*'"

These were his last words. Having communicated, he died in the arms of Cardinal Lambruschini.

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It so happened that in the conclave which followed, Mastai was Scrutator, his duty being to call out the various votes given to each papal candidate as at an election. At the fourth scrutiny, when it became evident that the Cardinals Lambruschini and Gizzi were losing and he had to announce time after time a majority for himself, he, who not for an instant had anticipated this result, turned pale and faint, burst into tears, and, sinking into a seat, implored those around him to take his place.

This human weakness at the moment of an almost superhuman exaltation is a very thrilling touch of natural feeling.

At last, encouraged and strengthened by his friends, he rose, and with a trembling voice announced the decision which made him Pontiff and Father of Christianity.

The following letter, addressed to his brothers at Sinigaglia, is most charming in its affectionate *naïveté* :—

"DEAR BROTHERS GIUSEPPE AND GAETANO,

"The blessed God, who abases and raises up, has thought fit to lift up my lowliness to the most sublime dignity which exists on earth. His holy will be done!

"I know in some degree the well-nigh immeasurable gravity of so great a change, and I know equally my own poverty, not to say nullity of spirit. Cause prayers to be said for me, and pray for me yourselves. The conclave lasted four hours. If the Commune of Sinigaglia should think fit to go to any expense for making a demonstration, do not allow it. It is my wish that any money collected for that purpose should be spent for the benefit of the city, according to the judgment of the *Sindaco*.

"As to you, dear brothers, I embrace you with all my heart in Jesus Christ, and, far from exulting, I pray you to compassionate your brother, who gives you all his apostolic benediction."

On the 17th of June, 1846, the clear, musical voice of Mastai, whose name henceforth was to be absorbed into that of Pio Nono, gave out the fact in strong, sweet tones *urbi et orbi* from the sculptured balcony in front of St. Peter's;—the fair, comely face with a ray of beatified light upon it as his hand was uplifted to bless the tens of thousands in the Piazza below; a very God on earth he seemed for the moment, and as such to be worshipped on bended knee!

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As I have said, when his election was announced the assembled crowd listened with amazement. Every one applauded vociferously, but no one exactly knew who Monsignore Mastai was. His life had been passed

out of Rome; and when he presented himself upon the Loggia the Cardinals around him waved their handkerchiefs.

But the customary rejoicings were of the usual magnificence—St. Peter's illuminated with gold and silver lights (a sight which I am happy to have seen, for it is not likely ever to be repeated—before which the workmen employed receive extreme unction on account of the danger in mounting to the pinnacle and dome); the public buildings and offices, and all the palaces of the Princes, Cardinals, Prelates, and Ambassadors, brilliant with stars, devices, and transparencies, always more beautiful in Rome than elsewhere; fireworks on the high land of the Janiculum, which overlooks the valley of Rome; at the Castle of St. Angelo, and in the Piazza del Popolo; while every poor person in the city received a *paolo*, equivalent to sixpence.

When the old Bishop of Volterra, who had conferred the tonsure on the student youth, Mastai, had heard what had taken place he shook his head.

"This *Giovanni*," said he, "*è una certa testolina*" (has a light head); "he will give the Church some trouble before he has done."

Nor was the old Bishop mistaken, as appeared by the choice of some of his ministers. But these are matters too local to be worth inserting here. Pio Nono's chief friend and adviser at that time was Monsignore Corboli (the family of Mastai and Corboli had long been intimate), and one of his first acts was to summon this young Prelate to Rome and confide to him every thought.

Corboli was a thoroughly honest and capable man, and the originator of that most excellent act, the Papal Amnesty. Would that Pius had been able to profit by his advice! Sent as envoy to King Carlo Alberto of Piedmont, it was he who convinced him of the necessity

of reform. Until the flight of Pius to Gaeta, Corboli, who died young, remained not only his counsellor, but always his most confidential friend.

His first public act was to grant an amnesty to political offenders, of whom the prisons all over Italy were full. No other Pope had dared to consider such a measure possible, much less to carry it out. Pius was resolved on it; but willing that his Cardinals and ministers should participate in such a Christian act, he called them to ask their advice.

Cardinal Lambruschini, who had for years signed all the warrants against the political prisoners, and the Governor of Rome, who had carried these warrants into execution, naturally endeavoured by every species of argument to dissuade him from his intention. The French Revolution was recalled to serve as a threat and a warning—the fate of Louis XVI.; and Charles X. But Pius was immovable.

"I know the evil is great," he said, "the wound deep; therefore I am resolved to effect a cure. Do not fear," to the Cardinals, only one of whom (Gizzi) saw the matter in the same light as himself; "I will attempt this reform, and by the grace of God remove the evil by applying the remedy I deem best."

After the council was over, Count Lützow, the Austrian minister, sought an interview with him.

"What do you think of the amnesty?" asked his Holiness.

"Do you ask me as a private individual or as an Ambassador?"

"Both."

"As a *man*, then, I cannot but applaud your Holiness's intention; as an Ambassador, I must await the instructions of my Government."

"That is speaking like a *diplomate*," returned the Pope with a smile.

"If I dared, however," continued Lützow, "I would

implore your Holiness to reflect well before you let loose such a torrent of radicalism and revolution. Once it overflows all is carried before it."

"Not necessarily," was the reply. "First of all, I believe the people to be better than they are thought. And then," he added smiling, quoting from Racine:

"'Je crains Dieu, cher Abner;
Je n'ai pas d'autre crainte.'"

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But he looked round in vain for support; neither the amnesty nor his intended reforms were well received, either by his own ministers or the Catholic powers. The Cardinal-ministers tormented him by sending in their resignations, and tried to stir up discontent in the provinces by declaring that all the scum of Rome would profit by it to form conspiracies.

But the Pope's excellent heart was not to be misled. He did not allow himself to be deceived by the clumsy traps set to turn him from his purpose. The governments opposed him, but the people were enchanted.

One morning in July, 1846, he walked out of the Quirinal dressed as a simple priest, accompanied by two ecclesiastics, to visit the church of the Umilità. Few Romans could recall ever having seen a Pontiff passing familiarly through the streets. The crowd pressed round him closely, imploring his blessing. The most deafening applause greeted him as he turned from street to street, and when he stretched out his ringed hand to receive a petition from a beggar who had rushed forward, cries of *"Bravo! Bravissimo Santo Padre!"* broke out on all sides. *"Almen si fa vedere!"* a voice exclaimed from the crowd.

Then, taken up by hundreds, came the cry: *"Viva Pio Nono! Viva il nostro Papa!"* some female voices putting him to the blush by screaming out in the shrill tones of

the Roman *popolane: "Quanto sei bello! Che gran bellissimo Papa! Che bel pezzo d'uomo!"*

At this familiarity the guards faced round to shut out the people, and for some moments there was great confusion. At length the voice of Pius was heard reproving the officers who had interfered.

"Let my good people come to me!" he cried; "I love them more than they love me. Let them come freely—I am their father."

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The amnesty was published in July. At seven o'clock the same evening it was placarded all over the city. Groups of all classes immediately formed round each broad sheet. The intensest interest and excitement prevailed. Those who had friends and kindred in prison for political offences knelt down to read the grateful words, and kissed the blessed paper on which pardon appeared.

Suddenly, no one knew how, the vast crowds cried out as with one voice:

"Al Quirinale!"

"Al Quirinale!" echoed from the Corso and all the neighbouring streets, and a huge multitude of at least a hundred thousand people streamed up the hill of Monte Cavallo, vociferating as they went: *"Viva il nostro Papa! Viva Pio Nono!"* until, a closely compact mass, they stood in front of the palace.

Nor did they wait long ere the adored Pontiff appeared. At the soft hour of the Ave Maria he stood there on the historic balcony, the last rays of the dying day striking on his beautiful features; the uncovered thousands kneeling on the stones, all, with one voice calling on him as their Saviour and their King. No Cæsar or Emperor of ancient Rome, no Jewish King or Oriental potentate ever had such a spontaneous ovation as he, backed by his gorgeous

court of purple-robed Cardinals and Monsignori, the brilliant *Guardie Nobili* with glittering helmets, and the quaint Swiss Guard in parti-coloured uniforms. *He* was a conqueror of the heart, a sovereign of the affections, the sanctified priest who could expedite souls to heaven, the visible incarnate image of Deity on earth!

From every street—and there are many abutting on that palace-crowned platform—there suddenly shot out, as day fell, the blaze of thousands of torches. The blessed amnesty must be read by all; the light of the sun, not being sufficient, was in the night replaced by the more glaring and artificial rays of torches which, set up before the printed sheets, flickered in the wind, the crowd surging up and down like waves on a billowy sea; the name of the Pope mounting high over the din: "*Pio Nono! Santo Padre!* All but God!"

Twice did the populace, mad with joy, summon him out on that same balcony, and twice he came, calm, serene, smiling, with that expression of ineffable sweetness upon his countenance all his own.

From the Quirinal the people, streaming down to the Corso, found an open-air orchestra in the Piazza Colonna executing a concerto in honour of San Camillo. In an instant the fiery Romans dragged the musicians from their seats and forced them to head a procession of rejoicing. For a third time the infatuated crowd mounted the Quirinal hill, and for a third time the Pope emerged to smile and bless, under the shadows of the summer night, the moon and stars quenched by the torch-glare below, shifting hither and thither with the undulations of the excited people beneath.

"*Basta, basta,*" cried the Pontiff at length, raising his hand. "My beloved children, enough! As a father, I bless you. Go home to bed."

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For days and days the Romans gave themselves up to frenzied rejoicings. Brothers, fathers, lovers were to be restored to the longing arms which had sought in vain to clasp them. Houses were adorned and swept to welcome the exiles. Every heart was glad. Not a town or city, village or hamlet in Italy but bore the words, "*Viva Pio Nono!*" in large letters on every blank wall.

Nor was he content with delivering the political prisoners. He also liberated a great number of persons imprisoned for debt. This raised the public enthusiasm to fever heat.

On the day he went to hear Mass at Santa Maria del Popolo, at the end of the Corso, the horses were detached from his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph through the streets, escorted by citizens bearing olive branches, a banner waving over him, on which was inscribed "*Justitia et Pax.*" No sovereign before or since ever was more beloved!

The entire city went mad with joy. How can I repeat the details, or give even the faintest notion of the soul-inspiring scene? No Cæsar, in his proudest day, was more glorified!

The streets, decked from end to end, as for a marriage feast, with priceless embroideries of gold and silver, which pass as heirlooms in the great patrician families from the earliest times—gleamed in the morning sun; the blue of an Italian sky canopying the countless domes, turrets, obelisks and campanili of the Eternal City, casting about soft lights, which, as the hours roll on, turned into sheets of brilliant sunshine; gallery, portico, and *loggie* decked with rich stuffs, and over the Madonna's shrines gaudy folds of yellow and white draperies (the Papal colours), fringed with gold, hanging on empty walls and the bare spaces on the palaces and façades, specially along the Corso, that long, long

street, narrow enough to produce great decorative effects, with its succession of princely buildings, emblazoned arms and escutcheons, spacious white Piazzas, sparkling fountains and venerable churches—from the Piazza di Venezia to the Piazza del Popolo—a very rainbow of colour!

The great sculptor Tenerani had arranged the *fête*. The streets, filled with a serried crowd, as motley as it was striking; women of the highest rank on their feet, covered with jewels; *contadine* from the provinces in their graceful costumes; mountaineers in rough sheepskins, fishermen, monks in an endless variety of monastic dress—Capuchins and Dominicans, Passionists with the ensanguined cross, Seminarists in red and violet, priests in flowing *soutanes*, and the "*Orfani*"—whom the Pope as young Mastai had tended—in white.

When, at nine o'clock, the Pope entered the Corso in his golden coach, a shower of the rarest flowers and wreaths fell on him as in Carnival time, and endearing epithets and blessings rose on every side. And as the long procession passed slowly on, tremendous *Evvivas* rent the air, breaking forth again and again, spite of the signals of the Cardinals, who in their purple robes followed the Pope in a long train of state carriages.

On reaching Piazza Colonna the *cortége* paused. Pius rose and extended his hand, and, in a moment, to all this din, succeeded a silence so profound that it *might be felt*.

Then standing erect in his magnificent white robes, the tripled jewelled tiara upon his comely head, his face beaming with almost superhuman beauty, the sweet tones of his musical voice uprose trembling with emotion:

"*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Deo.*"

"*Qui fecit cœlum et terram,*" took up the crowd.

"*Benedicat nos, Deus Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.*"

To which the crowd, much moved, and kneeling, cry "*Amen.*"

Day after day these scenes were repeated, until Pius was thoroughly established in popular belief as a liberal Ruler and political reformer. The new era, an intoxication of joy and hope, a roseate inauguration of a glorious Pontificate!

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The first to follow the example of the Pope was Carlo Alberto, King of Piedmont, father of Victor Emmanuel, longing to measure his arms with "the Stranger" Austria, possessor of Venice and all the Lombard provinces.

Who that has heard the thrilling strains of that most patriotic of all national songs, Garibaldi's hymn, "*Fuori d'Italia lo Straniero,*" sung with a sort of demoniacal passion by a chorus of maddened Italians, could fail to understand the significance of the times? Carlo Alberto was only too glad to find an ally in the person of the liberal Pius, and every wise politician backed him in his proposed reforms, intended to create in the States of the Church a lay government at once liberal and representative.

Such a project sent terror into the hearts of the enemies of Italy, from the Austrian Prince Metternich to the General of the Jesuits, but filled with joy true Italians such as Gioberti, Mazzini, and Venturi, as also the whole liberal world—from Daniel O'Connell to Russell, Cobden, Thiers and Victor Hugo; brought back Garibaldi from America to offer his sword to Pius—caused Protestant England to despatch the Earl of Minto on a political mission to Rome, and Louis Philippe, to congratulate Pius in the person of his son, the Prince de Joinville; even the Sultan, not to be behind his Christian neighbours,

sending an Ambassador with presents of horses, and a saddle studded with jewels, and the message, "That as the Queen of Sheba did homage to the wisdom of Solomon, so the Sublime Porte hailed the wisdom of the Prince of the Apostles in taking under his special protection all creeds in his dominions."

Never was such universal admiration. In a few months the little-esteemed Mastai, whose name until lately was almost unknown, had drawn around the Papal chair all classes of men—philosophers, sceptics, Guelphs, Ghibellines, Mahometans, and liberals of every creed and nation.

The outlook was brilliant, a rejuvenescence of the time-honoured hierarchy to modern uses—new wine, as it were, in old bottles; the legend of St. George revivified and blooming, treading under foot the dragons of superstition and bigotry!

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So many anecdotes are recorded of this happy time that it is difficult to chose among them, but as a display of character some are too interesting to omit.

Naturally Pius, whose former life had brought him into constant contact with the dregs of humanity, turned his attention to the prisons, full to overflowing of unfortunates who awaited their sentence in vain.

One prisoner was, a poor wretch who had lain for years in the Castle of St. Angelo, not *proved* to have committed any crime greater than that of being a liberal. One evening as he lay listening to the hum of voices without, which, ponderous as are the old Roman walls, and specially those of the fortress of San Angelo, penetrate even there, the door opened and a priest entered.

"What do you want?" the prisoner asked. "Are you come to lead me to death? Tell me, for I am weak, and I shall faint if you keep me in suspense."

"I am come," said the priest, "from your mother."

"Is she alive—my poor mother? Tell me, shall I be allowed to see her? Or is she dead to me as I am to her?"

"She still lives, and she blesses you."

"Bless me, too, then, my father!" cried the poor fellow, melting into tears and throwing himself at the priest's feet.

After a little time passed in calming him,

"Why," said the priest, "did you not lay your case before the Pope?"

"I did, *Padre mio*, but I am sure he never had my petition—he never answered me. Yet I asked only to be allowed to see my mother."

"Write again, my son."

"My letter will never reach Gregory XVI."

"Gregory is dead. Write to his successor."

"I do not even know his name. But there will be no chance of reaching him; the enemies who keep me here will prevent that."

"Perhaps; but at least try. They say that Pius, who is Pope now, is not a bad man; and he has promised justice to all his subjects. Write."

"Who will deliver it?"

"The jailer of St. Angelo."

"No, no, never; I am too poor to pay him for such a favour."

"I will see that it is delivered," replied the priest, a twinkle lighting up his fine eyes. "Write, I say."

"Impossible! I have neither pens nor paper."

"Here is a pencil, and here is paper," taking both from his pocket. "That will do."

"But I cannot write. Oh, my father, I have been here so long that I have forgotten how."

"Then I will for you. What shall I say?"

After thinking for a moment, the man dictated the following letter:—

"MOST HOLY FATHER,—

"I have been in prison twenty-two years, awaiting the hour of death or liberty. If guilty, let me die; if innocent, let me go home. I have committed no crime whatever; but I did curse in absolute despair when one of your priests came and gave me hope that you might help me, and no help came."

"I understand," said the priest, folding up the letter. "Now, before night closes, I promise you that the Pope shall have this. Farewell, my son; trust in God, and all will be well."

At this moment the turnkey entered.

"You have no right to remain longer than a quarter of an hour," he said gruffly to the priest, "and you are already over the hour. Come out and be off, *per Cristo!*"

"You are wrong to use that Holy Name as an oath," was the reply. "If the Pope knew it——"

"The Pope!" and the turnkey uttered a loud whistle; "I care as much for the Pope as the Pope cares for me. Be off."

The priest, as soon as he had left the cell, had himself conducted to the governor.

"What do you want, Signor Abbate?" said that gentleman, not well pleased at being interrupted in his evening cigar.

"I come to ask the liberty of Gaetano."

"Why, Signor Abbate, you must be mad. You know very well that no one but the Pope has the right of pardon."

"Therefore it is in his name I ask it. I am the Pope."

Gaetano, set free, did not know who had helped him, but flew to the Quirinal, where Pius then was, to request

that his Holiness would give him the name of his benefactor.

"Your benefactor?" replied he: "no, not so, my son. It is I, who am in Christ your father. You owe your liberty to me, and as your sovereign I tell you that you never did anything to be deprived of it."

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At the height of his popularity, a report got abroad one day in the Trastevere that "the Pope was ill."

"Was he poisoned?" was the horrified question which passed from mouth to mouth. Whole streets rose *en masse* to go to the Quirinal; but as, if he were really ill, such a crowd might inconvenience him, four of the number were selected as being better dressed and more *cortesi*, to wait on him.

As it was not a reception day, difficulties were made by the guards about admitting them. This only convinced them all the more that something was amiss.

"We *will* see him," they vociferated; "dead or alive, we will see him!"

Pius, informed of what was passing, ordered the men to be admitted.

"Well, *figli miei*," said he, with his sweet smile as they entered, "what is it?"

"Nothing, Santo Padre, only to see how you are. We heard you were ill, which would be the greatest misfortune God could inflict on us."

"I am not ill, *cari figliuoli*, thank God! I never was better."

"Then give us your blessing, and we will go." And dropping on their knees on the threshold, "Santo Padre," they added, "if you want us at any time, remember that we are ready"

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When Fanny Essler, the celebrated *danseuse*, came to

Rome, she performed at the Teatro Argentina to such enthusiastic audiences that the stage was literally a bed of flowers.

But, after all, flowers fade and bouquets are evanescent. Something more tangible must be offered to this idol of the moment, and this "*something*" took the form of a crown of gold with silver leaves, to be placed on her head by her admirers. The crown was to cost 12,000 francs. Would such a large sum be thought wrong by *the Pope?*

"We must do nothing without consulting him," said one of the enthusiastic admirers.

"Then let us go to the Quirinal and inquire," said another. So off they went to put this strange question.

He received them with his usual kindness, and this is what passed:

"Most Holy Father, we wish to present a crown of gold to Fanny Essler. We want to have your consent."

"For what reason?" was his reply; "I can see nothing in the gift which can possibly compromise my dignity or the safety of the Church," with a smile. "Give your crown by all means, if you wish it; but permit me to say that I do not think you have a happy choice in your offering. In your place, I should have preferred a garland or a bouquet. Crowns are made for the head, not for the heels."

Fanny Essler, however, had her crown; but at the same time, to please the beloved sovereign, 3000 francs were given by the young men to the papal almoner for the poor of Rome.

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One day, passing in the Trastevere, he observed a crowd collected round an old man, who lay stretched upon the ground, his head against a stone.

"It is a Jew—it is a Jew!" shrieked the bystanders; "leave him alone."

"It is a *man*," returned the Pontiff, descending from his coach and pressing through the crowd, "a suffering human creature who must be succoured."

Tenderly raising the unfortunate Jew in his arms, he placed him beside him, and drove him to his home, remaining with him until he became conscious, and sending afterwards his own physician to attend him.

One might multiply to any amount anecdotes of the benevolence of the Pope. Like a clerical Haroun al Raschid, he wandered about *incog.*, relieved poor boys crying over a broken wine-flask, took part in funerals which were passing, received confessions from the dying in the hospitals, which he visited alone at night, deterred by his merciful intervention the suicide of repentant sinners, and constituted himself generally the protector of all waifs, strays and orphans.

Nor did he confine himself to externals only. In the household of the Vatican immense reductions were made to be expended in charity. "I am a priest of Jesus," he would say, "not a Lucullus. Serve me as you would a poor curate. Three dishes are enough for me, and a flask of *vino nostrale*. I want nothing more."

After a long conversation one evening with Cardinal Gizzi on the necessity of reform, he asked for some lemonade. As if by enchantment, two magnificent trays were at once brought in, spread with all kinds of light refreshments.

"I only asked for a glass of lemonade," said the Pope with a frown.

"True, Holy Father," answered the richly liveried *Camerieri*, "but we have only conformed to the prescribed ceremonial; it is according to custom to serve your Holiness with various refections."

"Very good," was the reply; "be kind enough to bring me a lemon. Now give me some sugar and a glass of water."

Then having prepared and drunk his lemonade, he turned to the servant:

"Take away all those things, and distribute them to the first beggars you meet, with ten *soldi* for each. And for the future never offer me anything I do not ask for. *Basta.*"

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Out of sixty horses in the papal stables, thirty were sold for the benefit of the poor; and the vast sums expended *nominally* in keeping up the Pontifical gardens were greatly reduced.

Economical in all matters connected with himself, his generosity to others was boundless.

One day a deputation brought him a valuable antique chalice, which had been purchased by a subscription of two centimes, in the Ghetto, by the grateful Jews.

He thanked them, and begged to know the value of the chalice.

"Five hundred Roman *scudi*," they answered.

Taking a piece of paper in his hand he wrote on it, "Good for a thousand crowns;" then presenting it to the Jewish delegate:

"Do me the favour of accepting this small sum in alms, and divide it in my name among your needy families."

For one year Rome lived in wild excitement. Banquets, demonstrations, Masses, services, *Te Deums* succeeded each other. People actually rose, passed the day and slept, with no other notion in their heads but the Pope. How to see him, how he looked, what he did, the reforms he enacted, the words he uttered, were the occupation of men's lives. At first he lent himself somewhat freely to this rush of enthusiasm. When he was not present in person, his bust figured in his place. He received in churches, under triumphal arches, at the Vatican, even in the gardens of the Quirinal, a lovely *pleasaunce*, hanging on the slope of

the hill, set with stiff yew hedges and spruce *parterres.* All the street rushed in, in such numbers and with such familiarity, that the permission to enter had to be withdrawn. Among others came a little boy, who ran up sobbing to the Pope.

"*Sei tu il Papa?*" asked the child, holding back a shock of yellow hair with his dirty hand.

"*Si, figlio mio—sono il Papa,*" answered the Pontiff, stooping down.

At which the sobs, a moment repressed, burst out afresh.

"*Sai,*" said the little fellow at last, "I have no father" (a sob); "I wander about alone, *ohimè!*"—many more sobs and much rubbing of his nose.

"Then you shall have a father in me," was the answer; and he gave orders immediately that the boy should be placed in an asylum and educated at his own expense.

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Such a state of public frenzy had not been witnessed since the French Revolution. Trees of liberty were *not* planted in the streets, nor did the Romans meet and dance round them like the Parisians; but the programme otherwise was the same, and the result to the ruler in one case *death,* in the other *exile.* This wild burst of popularity, increasing day by day, was but a progress, step by step, to the political precipice which lay ahead.

This keynote of applause and adoration could no more be sustained than the high tones of a human voice at full pitch or the evanescent rays of a rainbow.

The evil day came on apace. One year of worship, then the idol began to crumble before men's eyes.

First by murmurs and petitions against his ministers, abuse of the late Pope Gregory XVI., agitation in the clubs and fraternising of the *Guardia Nobile* and the republican clubs.

These were the dim rumblings of the coming storm, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand at first in a bright and brilliant horizon.

And *he* heard it from the historic balcony of the Quirinal, where the same bellowing mob, who had acclaimed him so often, now cried, "*Viva Pio Nono solo!* Down with the ministers! *Italia libera! A morte gli Austriaci e i preti!*"

To which Pius, with that musical voice and venerable bearing replied, "Ask not what is contrary to God and to the Church. Those that are still faithful I bless, with my whole heart I bless them." At which tumultous yells of delight, and peace for the time. But the dogs of war were unchained and baying loudly, and who could tell whom they would first attack?

Up to this time hopeful and benevolent, the grave turn which events were taking only rendered Pius confused and disquieted. Suddenly he discovered he knew not where to begin or how to end; doubt and suspicions possessed his mind. Launched on the path of concessions, one bulwark after another fell with frightful rapidity, and, as I have said, the work of years was conceded in a few months.

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One great experiment remained untried—a parliament, or Consulta, to meet and deliberate, much bound down and restricted indeed, still in a degree representative; a thing unknown before—sending members from the great cities, among whom was the statesman Minghetti from Bologna and other eminent patriots, Antonelli, now a Cardinal, presiding.

The first act of the new deputies was to salute the Holy Father at the Quirinal, he exhorting them to seek inspiration from above, as they assembled within the Vatican, whither they all went, each deputy alone in a gorgeous

coach, preceded by music, troops and banners, and followed by citizens from each of the towns they represented.

Rome loves *feste*, and under Pius the people could not live without them. The streets through which the procession passed were, as usual, hung with flags and trophies, and adorned with wreaths and evergreens; thick sand was spread under the horses' feet, every window and balcony was full, and the Roman mob screaming and shouting as it had become its custom to do at all times without knowledge or reason. Colossal St. Peter's held them all and to spare while a Mass was sung, after which the parliament held their first sitting at the Cancelleria.

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The mission of Lord Minto to Italy took place at this time. He pressed upon the Pope the necessity of large and enlightened measures of reform, not mere evanescent responses to popular clamour. Count Rossi also, the French Ambassador from Louis Philippe, advocated the same line of conduct. But the Pope had a favourite minister, Antonelli, and these counsels did not fall in with his views. Too many reforms had been granted in the opinion of the Cardinal, and this was true so far as the fact went, that all had been done too rapidly and unadvisedly. However, it was now too late to pause; the significant cry of "*Lavoro e Pane*" (Work and Bread) was raised. It is a singular fact that any allusion to *bread* always means revolution.

All this came quickly on the heels of significant events. The Austrian arms at the Embassy were pulled down in the Piazza Venezia, and the *Circolo Romano*, a republican club, demanded that troops should be immediately sent to the frontier against Austria. At first the Pope smiled his benignant smile, approved, and ordered that soldiers and volunteers should march, blessed the national flag of Italy from the balcony of the Quirinal, and published a

warlike manifesto, which restored him to the acme of applause.

Alas! weakest of men, most vacillating of monarchs (for no one ever accused him of political treachery like Charles I.), within *one* month—"one little month," as Hamlet says, "or ere those shoes were old"—at the very moment the papal reinforcements were passing the Po in pursuit of the Austrians, *he changed his mind*, and by a decree of April 29th solemnly retracted his consent to expel the "Stranger," disclaimed the acts of his ministers and generals, recalled his troops, and declared that he, the Prince of Peace, could not make war against secular enemies!

Prince Aldobrandini, Papal Minister of War, at once resigned. To carry out the Pope's views he had nominated General Durando commander-in-chief, and had directed the papal flags to be decorated with the national colours. When Prince Doria, who took Aldobrandini's place, in strong language represented the injurious effect of his change of plans, incredible to relate, Pius *changed again*, and issued orders that his troops should again advance against the Austrians.

One day a proclamation was published to protect the ministers of the sanctuary (meaning the Jesuits); the next, they were condemned to be driven out of the Papal States within twenty-four hours, only again to be permitted to return.

His whole life was spent in contradictions. One edict followed another, annulling it before the ink was dry with which the first had been printed. He was overweighted, and unfit for his position. In tranquil days he might have been a gracious and beneficent sovereign, but utterly unequal to cope with the stormy days of '48; he passed by turns from violence to tears, from opposition to absolute submission.

Pugnacity, obstinacy, and general political incompetency characterised all his acts. The unhappy Pontiff, though all along meaning well, was wanting in all the qualities necessary for a great crisis; he neither understood his own position nor that of his people. His vacillating policy had separated him from all the able men of Italy. Not one of them was on his side, Recchi, Mamiani, Minghetti, Passolini, Fabbri, Doria, Aldobrandini, even Cardinal Antonelli—who had come to be acknowledged a power during these struggles, and affected to be a liberal when it was evident *that* policy would prevail—were against him. Alone he stood to face the storm of revolution, for a moment stayed by the counsels of Count Rossi, whom he appointed his minister in September.

But the excellent Rossi came too late. In two months he was assassinated by a turbulent mob.

The revolt had already begun in the provinces. It soon spread to Rome. A horrible cry for blood and slaughter seemed to resound through the city. Monster meetings, headed by popular demagogues, worked upon the ever-volatile Roman mob. No longer was the Pope safe in that same Quirinal where he had been so adored. The streets were barricaded, and thousands rushed up the hill to cries of "*Vive la repubblica! A morte i preti!*" Armed bands surrounded the palace, the lateral doors in the Via venti Settembre, running down to Porta Pia, were forced, the carabineers turned their backs to the populace they were intended to attack, and volleys of shot were directed against the long lines of windows, some penetrating into the Pope's ante-room, where he sat in a kind of life and death council of state, in the midst of ministers and Ambassadors.

Then a sad scene occurred. In his immediate and imminent peril, Pius, whose intentions had been excellent,

if his mode of carrying them out had been faulty, was informed that if he would not comply with the popular demands, the whole building would be fired. He did comply, but at the same time signed a declaration that he acted under compulsion. Next day the insurgents returned, ordered off the Swiss Guard, and put the republican *Guardie* in their place.

After signing another declaration that he acted under compulsion, Pius fled.

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It is generally admitted that the manner of this flight, however pusillanimous and mistaken, was most masterly.

A papal audience with the Duc d'Harcourt was arranged. At the usual time when it should have finished, according to custom, the Duc continued talking loudly, as if still addressing the *Holy Father*, long after he had left the palace.

Meanwhile the Pope, with spectacles, and in the habit of an ordinary priest, followed or accompanied by his chamberlain, Monsignor Filippani, passed through the upper storey, along a corridor above the state rooms, then descending a winding-stair to where Filippani's carriage waited in the court, got in, and passing the great *Portone* unchallenged by the guard (wonderful at such a moment), descended the hill, drove through the Corso and the Piazza di Venezia, the greatest thoroughfare of Rome, to Piazza Ara Celi, near by, where Filippani lived. Then started again through the Forum of Trajan, by way of the Coliseum and the Via Labicana, a long distance through the city. They halted at the church of S. Pietro e Marcellino to change Filippani's carriage for that of Count Spaur, Bavarian minister at Rome, in waiting, whose carriage carried them to the gate of San Sebastiano, a lonely thoroughfare leading to the Appian Way. Along this melancholy road, bordered by ancient tombs,

sixteen miles took them to Albano, and about two miles beyond to Aricia, where, in a deep valley, of which there are many thereabouts, undulating towards the Campagna, between heights rising into low mountains, the tired horses paused, and the Pope dismounted beside a fountain in a sequestered nook, sweetly perfumed by evening dews, where a travelling carriage awaited with Countess Spaur to conduct him to the frontier, Pius, the Countess, Spaur himself, their son, their son's tutor, and the Jesuit Liebl, in attendance on the Pope—a goodly company.

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And here the thought comes to one, how cleverly this complicated escape was managed, how quickly, how securely, in the midst of revolution, from a palace standing in an open piazza in the centre of Rome! How differently from that of the unfortunate Louis XVI., whom Pius in much resembled, with the ponderous *berline*, ordered months before, to hold ten persons, the big dressing-cases, and the weighty luggage!

I believe I am right in ascribing this well-laid scheme to the Countess Spaur, one of the cleverest women of her day, a practical Madame de Staël, with the same versatility of talent and artistic taste applied in other directions than literature. As to her husband, Spaur, he was a narrow-minded, illiberal man, quite incapable of such combinations.

With Count Spaur and his son on the box, the tutor in the dickey, and the rest inside, they travelled all that night, reaching the Neapolitan frontier at 6 A.M., Pius intoning the Ambrosian hymns—otherwise extraordinarily calm and tranquil. Near Mola di Gaeta, Antonelli, standing bare-headed by the roadside, met them and accompanied them to the inn, where the Pope, still disguised, got out. King Ferdinand (Bomba), apprised of his

arrival, immediately embarked from Naples with the royal family, and arrived in the afternoon, Cardinal Antonelli meeting him on the quay.

It was arranged that Pius, still keeping his disguise, should pass from the hotel to the royal apartments in the fortress, where the King awaited him, and, with his wife and children, prostrated himself before him.

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Established at Gaeta (for Pius decided it was wisest not to go on to Naples), he was foolish enough to imagine he could carry on his government from thence; but political anarchy reigned in Rome. It soon became clear that an armed intervention of the Catholic powers could alone reinstate him on his throne. France would support him and open the gates of his capital, and Austria would hold the enemy in the provinces in check. Thus came about the siege of Rome by the French under Oudinot, in the course of which the walls of the city—riddled with cannon-shot on the side of the Janiculum, the skeleton of what were once two superb villas on the summit, the Quattro Venti and Vascello (the latter defended with such desperate courage by General Marchese Medici) and the desolation of the lovely park of the Villa Doria, a melancholy wilderness for years—were eloquent proofs of the struggle between the Sovereign and his people.

The French soldiers masters of Rome, the French General commandant-in-chief, the French Prefect of Police (Mangin) in the white palace of the Piazza Colonna, and the Italian colours and the Italian laws trampled upon by a foreign nation, made the return of the Pope an unworthy pageant. Eight cardinals and the *Corps Diplomatique* met him at the gate, but not a Roman was to be seen. His vacillating mind may have distorted events, but it was a deplorable position to return to his capital crushed under the heel of a foreign power, and

showed him wanting in the first elements of a temporal ruler, and as false to his subjects as he was disloyal to himself.

True, as he and his ministers argued, he had been betrayed by his subjects, whom he had loved and sought to serve, and had accepted the readiest means of reinstating himself on his throne. He saw no further. To his mind the facts were simple. He was their ruler. If *he* could not command their obedience, others should.

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But now he was to find himself in presence of a real patriot, Victor Emmanuel, strong in the affection of his people, not, like himself, tried and found wanting. Victor Emmanuel and his minister, Cavour, resolute at the head of the national movement, and determined at all costs to liberate Italy.

If the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, could only govern by the help of the French, he was no sovereign at all and must abdicate. This was clear. "Italy for the Italians," not Rome for the French, and Lombardy for the Austrians.

Pius, however, could not reason. He refused all negotiations. "*Non possumus*," was his sole reply. The end was inevitable.

The armies of United Italy entered Rome by the breach in the wall at Porta Pia, still wreathed with flowers. The Eternal City ceased to be papal and became Italian.

The national will was taken by vote. For Victor Emmanuel there were 40,788; for the Pope, 461. The result was a king at the Quirinal and a would-be autocrat at the Vatican.

Then Pius passed into what was styled his *imprisonment*, and straws were distributed among the faithful in Paris as coming from his cell.

Still active, cheerful, resourceful, his faith in his

supposed supernatural right unshaken as before, he lived in the eye of the public, only in a new *rôle*.

By the will of the nation excluded from politics, his singularly melodramatic nature found vent in mental absolutism. He would be great as a spiritual, if not as a temporal ruler. Hence the excitement of the General Council, which was to proclaim him "infallible" (so ably described by the Marquis Vitelleschi under the name of Pomponio Leto), which left many fervent and pious Catholics unconvinced and sorrowful. Obstinacy with Pius became absolutely heroic; the meagre results alone deciding the lower quality.

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He was a fatalist. He had never believed that he should lose his throne. A most devoted believer in the Virgin, whose glorification he proclaimed in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception (on this point he and the Jesuits were agreed), he could never believe that the Mother of our Lord would permit his kingdom to be taken from him.

And from that time the Italian blood in his veins seemed to dry up; the Mastai of other days, the friend of the widow and the orphan, the Saviour of the fallen and unfortunate, grew cold. Power and the loss of it hardened his heart, and weakness made him a prey to traitors.

There was no resoluteness in his emasculate nature, no spirit of resistance, as opposed to some of the most fiery spirits of the day.

From the time of his flight to Gaeta, he sank like a spent rocket, and passed from men's minds as a Sovereign.

To the end of his life he was subservient to the Jesuits and to Cardinal Antonelli, although disapproving of and disliking him at the same time. At the Cardinal's death, which preceded his own, after thirty years' constant

service, his indifference quite rivalled that of Louis XV. for Madame de Pompadour.

"*Ebbene è morto il cardinale!*" was all he found to say, and an hour after he appointed his successor.

Louis went the length of remarking on the heavy rain the day of his mistress's funeral: "*Madame la Marquise aura un bien mauvais temps,*" was his observation. The Pope said nothing.

Even the death of his favourite old cat affected him as little as the Cardinal's—the cat which for years had dined with him every day, coming in with the soup, sitting gravely in a chair opposite, feeding out of his hand and disappearing with the dishes. When told it was dead, he shrugged his shoulders. "One Pope dies, and another is made. *Che vuole?* So it is with cats."

As long as he could stand he loved to make speeches and to give audiences. It was not the *individual* but the *public* he addressed, and he was delighted when the world occupied itself with him. Not the most skilful actor could exceed him in the majesty of his deportment when, arrayed in pontifical robes, he presented himself as the typical father of Christianity; those calm, bright eyes, that fair, transparent skin, flowing white hair and paternal expression, lending to his words an importance they did not in themselves possess.

I have said that the ministers of Pius had a perfect horror of his speeches, as he invariably said what he should conceal. When it came to making four hundred and eleven speeches in little over four years, at the rate of two a week, this may be understood!

Hardly to be called eloquent, his musical voice and apostolic aspect lent a charm to this facile form of improvising. No Sovereign was ever so incautious or ever talked so much! His rebellious subjects formed the staple of his subject—God's anger against a parricidal

government, the insults offered to himself and to religion in the loss of the temporal power, &c. &c. Always the same theme, under all circumstances and at all times, a cheerful, happy manner, jocular even, occasionally anecdotal and full of good-humour, finishing up by blessing every one, including drums, rosaries, crosses, medals and pictures of all sorts, even jewels which an American lady brought by mistake.

All this up to the age of eighty-five, with a really royal faculty of memory and recognition, speaking of his own varied life "as a dream."

After the audiences he went for a walk in the Vatican gardens, or, if the weather was wet or cold, was carried in his *portantina* in the halls of the Vatican, pausing to chat and smile with those around. If fine, in the afternoon out again to the broad garden terrace, sheltered from the north by a high wall, sheeted with orange and magnolia trees, where he would sit watching a large aviary near the great gates, seated under an umbrageous plane tree, beneath which was ranged a circle of garden seats.

At two or three o'clock came dinner, very simple, then looking at newspapers or dozing. Of papers he liked to read all. Supper early, with an evening chat with his *habitués* or any stray Bishop or Monsignore who turned up. Then private chapel and to bed.

A bad sleeper, his attendant was often awakened by hearing him praying aloud or sometimes singing to while away the time.

Seldom much happened to disturb this routine. Too old to feel anything keenly, his sudden fits of anger were often unaccountable, as when he turned poor old Monsignor Gigli out of his chair and forbade him ever to appear before him again; imprisoned a poor man for presenting a petition; and bitterly reproached Cardinal

Fieschi for not partaking of the elements in the particular manner he thought right.

The disgrace of Count Tommaso Torelli of Imola made a great noise. On terms of extreme intimacy with the Pope, and constantly for successive years a guest at his table, Pius one day observed, as they were rising from dinner, that he held a petition in his hand.

"I see what you have there," he said, laughing. "Come, fire off that pistol, Count, and have done."

The Count explained that he had nothing to do with the petition personally, but that he had been begged to present it by his friend, Marquis Bevilacqua, of Bologna, who he believed had before addressed his Holiness. At the name of Bevilacqua the Pope lost all command of himself, and used what would be called opprobrious language. Torelli entreated him to be calm, and anxious that no one but himself should be witness of such a scene, closed the door and retired much hurt. No sooner was he at home than he was followed by a papal official, who, in the most offensive terms, forbade him ever to set foot in the Vatican again.

Such treatment from his old friend and master had such an effect on him that he went mad.

The Pope's conduct to the Cardinals Santucci and d'Andrea, who ventured to advise a reconciliation between the papacy and New Italy, was so violent that neither of them could ever shake off the impression it made.

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His friend, Count Pasolini, for many years kept a diary, published by his son, most interesting as displaying the character of Pius. Long political conversations are recorded. It is much too lengthy to quote at large, but the drift of it is that the Pope, ignorant of governing, would never change; that he insisted he had already done too much for his people, and flatly refused to

acquiesce in any idea of a constitution such as Victor Emmanuel would grant.

"But, your Holiness," reasoned Pasolini, "a constitution is necessary in modern times. Every state, except Russia, has it. If your Holiness had only consented to it earlier——"

"True; but you must admit how shamefully the liberty I have granted was abused."

"In those days," was the reply, "Rome was full of demagogues. Now there are men worthy of it."

"Who?" was the Pope's question. "Except yourself, I do not know one honest man."

"At Bologna there is Minghetti; he was always firm."

"Yes, Minghetti. I do not deny it, but he is now given over to Piedmont, and Piedmont is given over to infidel ideas. Piedmont will take all Italy in time."

"Your Holiness knows how deep and profound are my religious convictions, and that some of the new laws—such as imprisonment of the Bishops—go against my conscience. But let me tell you that a religious procession in Turin is received with more devotion than at Rome."

"That may be; but since '48, Piedmont has plainly shown what it aims at."

Here the conversation turned upon Cavour.

"Were you acquainted with him?" asked the Pope.

"Not personally, but I have heard so much of him, I seem to know him well. Piedmont desires to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and for this purpose all the strength of Italy will unite."

Then the Count went on again to urge the necessity of a constitution, and to speak of the alliance with Austria as always keeping the Papal States in peril.

"What good does your Holiness propose from it?" he asked.

"Ah! Providence will provide," replied the Pope evasively, with a sigh.

"If we are to be only spectators of the great movement, what will become of the temporal power?" asked Pasolini.

"I am sorry, dear Count," interrupted the Pope, rising at these home questions, "I cannot talk with you any more to-day. I have promised several other audiences."

"Ah, yes," replied Pasolini, "I understand. When I went out the last time, the Austrian General was in the ante-room."

At this the Pope, moving on, conducted Pasolini to the door; then, holding his hand, he paused, and turning upon him those mild blue eyes, moist with tears, said:

"So you, too, dear Count, mean to forsake me?"

"No, *Santità*," replied Pasolina, greatly moved at the sweetness of the man, though disgusted with the weakness of the sovereign; "it is not I and my party who forsake you, but it is *you* who abandon *us*."

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The Pope's conduct to Victor Emmanuel was full of his usual contradictions. In every public act his words were pungent and insulting. Yet he was solicitous for his welfare, and when he was lying dangerously ill at Pisa and asked him a private favour, he at once complied! And though he allowed a clerical newspaper to abuse him in the grossest language, he would never in his own presence permit an injurious word to be uttered against him. The turn of his mind led him to investigate nothing, but blindly to believe what he desired and what his clerical counsellors maintained was true.

He really believed that all sorts of scandals and immoralities prevailed in the revolted provinces as well as a general state of political anarchy. Nothing was further

from the truth. Public order was strictly observed and the laws scrupulously obeyed.

Those engaged in an earnest struggle for national independence were not men to be debased by the low passions of demagogues!

This Pius would not understand. Law succeeded law. He excommunicated the King and his ministers. Yet, in the very act of anathematising Victor Emmanuel, Pius was such a perfect gentleman and so naturally courteous that even when depriving him of his kingdom, he never failed to return autograph replies to the letters he addressed to him.

This correspondence is one of the curiosities of literature.

When it was announced to Pius that the province of Romagna was no longer his, he wrote to the King to say that his conduct was unworthy of a Catholic prince, and that he was deeply afflicted, not for himself, but for the unhappy state of his majesty's soul, and that he prayed to the Lord to enlighten him.

But "the Robber-King," as he was called at the Vatican, failed to be touched by this appeal. The vote of Central Italy being decisive, he again addressed a dutiful letter to the Holy Father.

After enumerating all possible arguments, "Ten years of foreign occupation," he writes, "have given offence to the Italians and taken authority from the law."

In reply, Pius solemnly issued a new bull again cursing him, his ministers, soldiers and subjects, old and new.

Thus did he reply as Pope, but as a man he still addressed Victor Emmanuel with benignant mercy; and Victor Emmanuel, on his side, invariably ends all his letters by asking his blessing, the angry Pontiff responding by promising his prayers!

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When the King lay dying at the Quirinal in January, 1878, Pius more than once sent his own confessor, Monsignor Marinelli, to report to him his condition and to administer extreme unction.

For political reasons Marinelli was not admitted to the death-bed of the King: but when Pius heard that he was dead, he was deeply affected, and ordered all those about him to kneel down and join with him in prayers for his soul.

Hardly a month had passed before he himself lay on his death-bed. For years he had had a wound in his leg, which, it was said kept him in good health, but this now turned to gangrene, and after great suffering, which he bore with the most perfect resignation, he expired on the 7th of February, 1878.

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When and how Silvagni discovered the very rare and curious journal of the Countess Spaur, wife of the Bavarian minister at Rome, I cannot say. I repeat it as he gives it, for it throws a strong light on one of the most remarkable events of modern times, the flight of Pio Nono. It was written by a very remarkable lady, a perfect beauty, too, and witty—of no special nationality, French by name (Thérèse Giraud), married first to an Englishman, then to a Bavarian, and by education and domicile an Italian.

Gay, *disinvolta*, thoughtless, she became a political power at a moment when women were little esteemed. A modern Aspasia, she despised *convenance* and Catholicism, in grim, mediæval Rome, and amused herself by converting her friends to Protestantism.

For five years her *salon* was the delight of the Eternal City. No one of note arrived who was not immediately introduced there.

She was only sixteen when she married her first husband Mr. Dodwell, a distinguished archæologist, who took her to England and cultivated her many natural gifts.

On her return to Rome her brilliant social career began. She was worshipped for her beauty and adored for her wit.

When Leo XII., with his foolish decree of the "*Anno Santo*" closed the theatres and forbade society for one entire year, the Romans would have died of *ennui* had not the lively Madame Giraud Dodwell come to their help. Like our Marchioness of Salisbury, who continued her Sunday card-parties spite of Hannah More and the whole bench of Bishops, the Countess insisted on opening her salon, spite of Pope and conclave. The Doria Palazzetto, where she lived, in the Piazza di Venezia, is now cut up into various apartments for letting; but in those days it was a real palace, with a splendid suite of rooms, lined with richest stuffs, pictures and statues, side by side with Mr. Dodwell's museum of Egyptian antiquities, Etruscan tombs, rare marbles, pietra dura, lapis-lazuli, agates and alabaster. There was a billiard-room, a music-room, a card-room and ball-room, as well as the great saloon, the ceiling brilliantly painted in fresco, the tables covered with elegant knick-knacks and the newest books in all languages.

Whether the Countess had time to read these was a question, but at all events she sang and danced to perfection, and drew and painted also; a multifarious woman, in days when, as a rule, great ladies were little educated.

This renowned beauty dressed, too, with a simplicity which set off the contour of her perfect Grecian face, almond-shaped eyes, and raven hair. Surrounded by statesmen, diplomatists, authors and artists, she dealt her sweet smiles on all—Horace Vernet, the first Director of the French Academy at Rome, our own painter Lawrence, classic Canova, severe Thorwaldsen, the gentle Minardi, Camuccini, Bruloff, Nadolf, and the Duc de Montmorenci; Chateaubriand, Prince Gargarine, Potemkin, Gortchakoff,

Niebuhr, Pozzo di Borgo (distinguished by exciting the peculiar hatred of Napoleon), the Spanish poet and ambassador, Martinez de la Rosa, Cardinals Bernetti and Lambruschini, Prince Demidoff, King Louis of Bavaria and his son Otho, afterwards to become king, Prince Alexander Torlonia, Duke Sermoneta, Pauline Borghese "the divine," Miss Bertie Matthews, afterwards Madame della Marmora, and the two princely wits, Count Spada and Duke Cesarini, always ready to keep alive the spirits of the company.

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As Countess Spaur, wife of the Bavarian minister, her life was a brilliant success, a Lady Palmerston in fact, or Countess Waldegrave, in her political *entourage*. So far so good, but the reverse of the picture showed her a woman of facile manners, willing to accept admiration in any form from any one, however beneath her in rank, idolising physical beauty and passionately devoted to the perfection of plastic form.

With the good old English husband (her foster-brother, she called him) these little eccentricities passed without comment; but under the rule of the severe but courteous Spaur, the aspect of her life changed. Everything was German, manners of the utmost gravity, language to the same pattern, no more brilliant *jeunesse dorée*, no more aspirants for favour, no more princely hangers-on or royal sycophants to sing her praises, but instead, sober games of cards with decorated Ambassadors and ministers of state, talk with Prelates and Cardinals, a little music now and then, and less dancing, and all, like herself, grave and decorous.

At this time a personage appeared on the scene who was destined largely to influence the destiny of Countess Spaur and her husband.

One evening the famous sculptor, Tenerani, begged to

present to her a stranger, by name Pellegrino Rossi, first envoy, then Ambassador at Rome, under Louis Philippe.

No one knew anything about him, but the difficult mission with which he was credited announced him as a man of talent.

As his name shows, he was Italian, educated for the law. Both at Pisa and Bologna he had distinguished himself. After holding several legal posts of importance, he was appointed by Murat, King of Naples, commissary-general for the province between the Rubicon and the Po; and it is to be noted that it was Rossi's hand which traced the first summons to the Italians to fight for their national rights.

When poor, gallant Murat was defeated at Tolentino and treacherously stabbed in Calabria, Rossi betook himself to Switzerland, where, like Louis Philippe in America, he maintained himself by teaching. From there he went to Paris, and was at once appointed professor at the College of France and a member of the University and of the Academy. Being naturalised as a French subject, he was created a senator, and appointed President of the Committee of Public Instruction; the very man, as it appeared to his friend Guizot, then minister, to send to Italy to negotiate the difficult subject of public instruction with the Jesuits. No sooner was Rossi installed in the Palazzo Colonna, than an almost insuperable obstacle presented itself. The Pope (Gregory XVI.) refused to receive him. Rossi had incited the Papal provinces to join in the war of independence, and such a delinquent could not possibly cross the threshold of the Vatican.

Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State, urged on his Holiness that Rossi came, not in a personal character, but as representative of France, and that in such a position he would find it difficult to refuse him an audience.

As a first step to the arrangement of this diplomatic

difficulty, an interview was brought about by Count Spaur and Monsignor Giraud, the brother of the Countess, between the Cardinal and Rossi, in the gardens of Palazzo Cecchini, under the bastion of Santo Spirito—an ill-omened spot, where the murderous German troops of Charles V. stormed into Rome and the Constable of Bourbon was killed.

No one remembered the circumstance, and in that place of blood, Rossi, in his interview with the Cardinal, was able to adjust all the difficulties which threatened to terminate his mission in Rome. Little did he foresee the fatal termination, or he would have rushed from the garden and let Pope and Cardinals manage matters as they might!

An audience at last was accorded, and Rossi was received with all the honours befitting his position. The Pope, indeed, when once his political objection was disposed of, was glad to find himself in company with so justly celebrated a man, and had subsequently frequent interviews with him.

His mission settled and the Jesuits favourable, Rossi, from Envoy-Extraordinary, was named Ambassador. In the same year Gregory died.

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As soon as Pio IX. began to reign, the influence of Rossi at once was felt in his earnest advocacy of reform, as opposed to the interests of Austria, then possessing all the north of Italy.

Guizot, quite aware of the difficult task set before the Pope, of cleansing the Augean stable of papal abuses, and the consequent displeasure of Austria, at that time occupying the papal town of Ferrara, instructed Rossi, "that if the Austrians invaded the States of the Church the French were prepared to enter also to defend them."

Indeed, all this time Pio Nono was warmly supported

by Guizot and the French Government, represented by that liberal-minded minister. But Rossi was not deceived as to the inefficiency of these high-sounding phrases, and instructed his government, that all Pio attempted was completely nullified by the influence of the Jesuits.

This was the time when Lord Minto was sent to Rome by the English Government, under Lord Palmerston, to encourage Pius in his liberal policy; all these diplomats, Envoys-Extraordinary, Ministers and Ambassadors meeting at the Countess Spaur's, where Cardinal Antonelli, the handsome young Secretary of State, was to be seen, smiling and courteous to all, but in reality acting in concert with Austria and the Jesuits.

To Count Rossi's mind the aspect of affairs was most serious—a liberal ruler on one side advocating reform, opposed to a reactionary ministry, upholding a foreign power, almost master in the state.

The Countess Spaur, anxious to fill her *salon*, oscillated between the two parties. Certain that a government with no basis of action could not last, she played her cards so as to be well with both parties.

Then came the fall of Louis Philippe in 1848 and the dismissal of Rossi, who went to live in a private capacity at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in the Via Bocca di Leone.

These were days of terrible popular ferment, when the Roman populace, like the French in their first revolution, maddened by centuries of oppression, turned upon their rulers, full of the savage bitterness of the past.

In the alarm felt by the Pope at the violence of public opinion, and shared by his friend, Count Pasolini, whom he often called in in consultation, so conspicuous a liberal as Rossi seemed the very man capable of mastering the position. And to Rossi the Pope appealed, and assigned to him the difficult task of forming a lay ministry (September, 1848).

Rossi, on his side, convinced that the papal government could not stand, excused himself from the ungrateful task. With his usual obstinacy Pio insisted. With or without reason, Rossi should be his minister, and with him were joined several Cardinals, Guarini, Zucchi, Cicognani, and the Duca Rignano, who shared in his ideas.

In the two months he was in power this gifted politician achieved wonders. It would be too long to enumerate the reforms he effected and how efficiently he supported the crumbling papal government. Too much he did, indeed, and too well. The wrath of the Jesuits was excited. If Rossi remained at the head of affairs, the Pope might become powerful as a reformer. *This must not be.*

The same secret hand was stretched forth to crush Rossi as had crushed Ganganelli—swift, hidden, and *sure.*

In November the Parliament met in the Palazzo della Cancelleria. Many members had taken their places, the tribunes were full of spectators, the Civic Guard kept order in the great pillared vestibule. At the stroke of one the carriage of Count Rossi drove up to the gate. A dense crowd filled the entrance—men with stern, dark faces, like masks of fate, officers, soldiers, and so-called patriots. Every eye was turned upon him. With hostile eagerness every man pressed forward to the threshold. No sooner had his foot touched the pavement than a shrill cry rose up, "Death to Rossi! Down with him! Kill him!" In a moment he was isolated and surrounded. Like Cæsar he stood, the butt of an enraged multitude. One conspirator plucked him by the sleeve, another pressed up against him, a third struck him on the face, and while he turned from side to side to discover the aggressor, he fell stabbed from behind with a mortal wound.

Poor noble-hearted Rossi! A victim to Papal weak-

ness and the treachery of priests! On the pavement he fell, never to rise, and it was with difficulty his friends were able to bear him, still breathing, upstairs into the rooms occupied by Cardinal Gazzoli on the first floor.

"*E fatto,*" was called out when the deed was done. "Let us fly! *Via! Via!*"

As soon as the news of his death reached the *Aula*, one by one every member retired. Not a word was spoken. Each might die the same death. Every one trembled.

Not a finger did the *Guardie* raise, either to save him or to arrest his murderers; and in the evening shouts of wild joy rose from the Roman streets, and blessings were invoked on the assassin who had rid them of Rossi. The wretch who struck the blow was carried about in triumph on men's backs; and as he passed the house where he lay dead, curses echoed over his corpse. Followed by enormous crowds the murderers made their way to the Quirinal Palace, demanding with savage cries a democratic ministry, war with Austria, and a constitution.

At first the Pope refused, then, alarmed by the menacing aspect of the mob—who had disarmed the Swiss Guard, threatened Cardinal Lambruschini with death (he saved himself by flight) and killed Monsignor Palma—he consented.

It was afterwards reported that the ministers had been warned that a hostile demonstration was planned, and that Count Rossi knew he was the object of it. As he got into his carriage, his companion, Righetti, had asked him if he was prepared to be received with hisses. He must have himself noticed that the *Guardie* did not present arms when he arrived nor make way for him to pass.

At the meeting of the deputies next day, not one word was uttered condemnatory of the cowardly act. Not a single honest man raised his voice against the murderous

crime. From that moment the moderate liberals, of whom Rossi was the head, became extinct as a party, and the Red Republicans, now called Anarchists, ruled absolute in Rome.

An immense assembly, headed by republican members, journalists, and soldiers of every rank, met in the Piazza del Popolo next day for the purpose of forcing a change of ministers upon His Holiness, actually in a state of siege in his palace of the Quirinal.

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What follows is told by the Countess Spaur in her narrative :—

"On the 16th November immense crowds, filling the streets with cries of '*Viva la Repubblica!*' ascended the hill of the Quirinal where His Holiness then was. My husband, Count Spaur, followed them, sending word to me not to be alarmed, as he could not return, having to confer with the Holy Father. As I was thinking how impossible it would be for him to keep such an appointment, repeated cries reached me from different parts of '*All' arme! all' arme!*' Dreadfully frightened, I rushed to a window opposite to my house, in the Piazza di Venezia, and saw an immense stream of people ascending to the Quirinal, encouraging each other, and, as it seemed to me, determined to attack, as they said, those '*infami Svizzeri,*' only thirty in number, who up to that time had defended the entrance to the papal palace.

"Imagine my feelings when I seemed to hear but one voice shouting 'Death! Death!'

"Towards evening a note tranquillised me a little, sent from the Russian minister Bernersdoff to his wife, to say that as yet all was safe at the Quirinal.

"An hour after my husband returned and told me with looks of horror how the palace had been surrounded by the mob; that he had himself seen a ball fall into the

room where the Pope was sitting, just as another random shot struck Monsignor Palma and killed him; that the Swiss were disarmed and dispersed, the *Guardie* (republican to a man) in command, and the cannon's muzzle turned *towards* the palace to force the Pope to name a democratic ministry."

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Countess Spaur gives no detail as to how Pio bore himself in this peril. In his acts it would appear that he deferred to the judgment of others. Cardinal Antonelli urged him to fly, as the only means of avoiding a possible crime; the Duc d'Harcourt, ambassador of the French Republic, added his persuasions, and Count Spaur also.

Neither the Pope nor Antonelli deemed it advisable to seek a refuge in France, still under the action of the recent revolution. Spain was difficult to reach. As the frontier of Naples was so near and the influence of Cardinal Antonelli paramount at Terracina, it was soon decided he should go to Gaeta, and that Count Spaur should be entrusted with the responsibility of getting him out of the Quirinal during the time that D'Harcourt pretended to be having an audience. "Now," continues the Countess, who kept the secret so well, that not even her brother knew a word of it—"it is to be noted that my husband had long before devoted himself body and soul to the Holy Father, both as a fervent Catholic and the representative of a Catholic state, under whose express commands he acted, the Holy Father accepting with gratitude the assurance of his attachment. Long indeed had we foreseen the possibility of such a crisis."

At last the day was fixed, the 24th of January, the Countess Spaur starting at noon with her son to meet the Pope at Albano.

Besides herself and her husband, the Duc d'Harcourt and Cardinal Antonelli, no one knew or suspected any-

thing. At the appointed hour the Duc, as arranged, came to the Quirinal, and craved a private audience of the Pope, which was immediately granted. In D'Harcourt's presence Pius laid aside his pontifical vestments, attired himself in the habit of an ordinary ecclesiastic, and put on a large pair of spectacles.

No sooner had he and his attendant gained the open space of Monte Cavallo than they anxiously began to look out for Count Spaur, who was to be in waiting with a *fiacre*. There it was, drawn up at the door of the church of S. Pietro e Marcellino, ready to drive to the Porta San Giovanni with all speed, Spaur having brought his German servant with him as coachman. At the Porta San Giovanni his private carriage was in waiting, the Pope's man, Filippani, returing in the *fiacre* to Rome not to arouse suspicion.

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Meanwhile Countess Spaur was anxiously expecting their arrival at Ariccia, one post from Albano on the road to Naples. Safely arrived here, the Pope, as I have said, got into her carriage, alone with Padre Liebel and young Spaur, the Count and his German servant sitting behind.

"Fear nothing," said Pius to the beautiful Countess, who sat, her eyes overflowing with tears; "God is with us;" and as he spoke he kissed a relic he wore round his neck, which had belonged to Pius VII. when a prisoner of Napoleon.

All that afternoon the Pope was invoking the mercy of God on his enemies and reciting the breviary with Padre Liebel. At a quarter to six next day they arrived at Terracina, and when shortly afterwards the Neapolitan frontier was passed, Pio, with tears in his eyes, loudly thanked God for his deliverance.

A mile before they entered Mola di Gaeta, two men

came forward, and opening the door of the carriage on the side where the Pope sat, kissed his hand with the greatest devotion. One was the Cavaliere Arnau, first secretary of the Spanish embassy, the other (disguised) Cardinal Antonelli.

Together they arrived at Gaeta at 10 A.M., when the whole party got out at the Albergo del Cuccione. Here the Pope's nephew, Mastai, was waiting for him, violently insisting on the necessity of keeping the fact of his presence a secret until the King of Naples was informed of his arrival in his kingdom.

Pio at once wrote to the King with his own hand, to inform him of his flight and his desire not to remain in Gaeta. Count Spaur, carrying the letter, started for Naples in his own carriage, with the passport of the Spanish secretary, Arnau, in his pocket, while Arnau entered Gaeta with the Pope, and receiving her husband's passport from the Countess, presented it to the Commandant of the fortress, an old German officer, who could not understand how it came about that the Bavarian minister could not speak German!

The whole party were lodged at the *Hotel del Giardinetto*, without the gates, the old General keeping a sharp look-out on the mysterious party. He nevertheless allowed them to arrange to pass the night in the hotel.

Court Spaur, in the meantime, arrived at Naples, betook himself at once to the Nuncio in the Via Toledo, who listened aghast to the portentous news. Without a minute's delay they sought an audience of the King, who, undoubtedly prepared for what had happened, did not appear surprised, and received Count Spaur with the greatest cordiality. Reading aloud the Pope's letter before the assembled court, he gave orders that two regiments of infantry should at once sail for Gaeta, he himself, his family, and Court Spaur following in a steamer.

On Sunday morning, the 26th, Pio found himself in the centre of friends and supporters. The Duc d'Harcourt arrived from Cività Vecchia with servants and baggage, followed by the King of Naples, who, with a wonderful display of melodramatic pomp, conducted the Pontiff and his court to the royal fortress within the town, Countess Spaur being received with the greatest distinction by the manly Queen Caroline. The Countess takes care to tell us what great credit was due to her husband for having saved the Pope from the same perils which had proved fatal to Louis XVI. in his flight to Varennes—a ridiculous notion, seeing that the rural population on the frontier would have simply fallen prostrate before the Holy Father if they had known who he was.

From Gaeta, Pio Nono went to Portici, on the sea shore under Vesuvius, close to Naples; and although the Papal States and the city of Rome soon came to be restored to him by foreign aid, he remained absent from his capital for nearly two years.

The armies which restored him were composed of French, Austrians, Spaniards, and Neapolitans—the four Catholic powers who, under the direction of Cardinal Antonelli, had joined together to garrison Rome and defend the States of the Church.

CHAPTER II.

LEO XIII.

THE present Pope, Leo XIII., makes few speeches, or grants any audiences that are not strictly necessary.

The agreeable *charlataneria* of Pio Nono is wholly wanting in Leo XIII. An Archbishop all his life, he is cold, stiff and dignified, with none of the desire to address the *gallery* which so amiably possessed his predecessor. He is a good man, extremely learned, the first Latinist of his time, and you respect him. He was liked at Perugia, but no one loves him, and no romantic stories have ever been told about him. It is said he would like to be more liberal in his politics and less bitterly opposed to the court and nation, but this is mere surmise; judging by his conduct, it is not so.

He is for ever intriguing to regain the temporal power of which Victor Emmanuel deprived him. He even allies himself to the French Republic for this purpose, certainly for no other, as they are notoriously a most irreligious body, if not avowed free-thinkers.

As he stands before you, you see a tall attenuated figure in white, with the appearance of being much weaker than he really is (for he enjoys wonderful health for his age). The expression of the long, thin face is pale and ascetic, with bright beady eyes, and a characteristic set smile (which may be called false or diplomatic) plays about his lips, giving a rigid *contour* to the chin and jaw.

Something in this bald commonplace countenance pro-

duces a disagreeable impression, in the involuntary comparison with the patriarchal beauty of Pio Nono. Leo is extremely regular in his habits. He rises every morning at half-past six, and dresses himself with the assistance of a confidential servant, born, like himself, at Carpineto. Immediately after, he says Mass in his private chapel, listens to a second one from his chaplain, then makes his breakfast on *café au lait*. His two secretaries are then summoned, who inform him of all that has passed since the previous day and communicate to him the contents of all papers and letters, which they have already perused. It is now the turn of the Secretary of State, and such members of the Sacred College who have business to communicate to have audiences.

At one o'clock the Pope eats his lunch, consisting of a plain *potage* or soup, a *frittura*, and some roast meat. The wine is Bordeaux, expressly made and forwarded for his use by some nuns in the province of the Gironde. An hour of repose follows, during which Leo (habitually a bad sleeper) recovers himself from the fatigues of the past night by a mid-day *siesta*. He then takes a walk in the Vatican garden, or drives in the very restricted park. If the weather is bad he betakes himself either to the interminable lengths of the magnificent Vatican library—so long that the end is literally dim—or among the glorious ranges of the sculpture galleries, which run down one entire side of the almost endless façades of the palace. Latterly he has grown more infirm, and loves to be carried into the garden and up and down the palatial marble stairs, in a delicately gilded sedan chair lined with white satin. On his return he gives audience to any foreign bishop arrived in Rome, or to such Roman princes and magnate as have remained faithful to his cause.

At ten o'clock he retires to his room, where he remains alone until half-past eleven. No one knows what passes

in this secret vigil. Either he prays or meditates before the burning taper which is still seen alight through the door. Certainly he does not write, for he cares little to hold a pen, since his hand trembles. Very difficult is it, therefore, to obtain one of his autographs. He has a pious horror of this sort of traffic, which had such a prodigious success under the more popular Pio—it might be looked on as what the French call "an industry." Neither do the accepting and giving of souvenirs fall in with the present Pope's taste.

A pair of embroidered slippers which had been presented to him, and which he had worn a long time, he desired to have mended. Instead of the old ones, a new pair took their place, which caused him so much annoyance that it is not likely his faithful servants will repeat the same offence.

In Pius the Ninth's time, the faithful, during the audiences, often produced from their pockets a new white cap, or *berretta*, such as the Pope wears, with which they were allowed to replace the one in use. The same pious *ruse* was essayed upon the somewhat formal present Pontiff by an enthusiastic nun, but she was discomfited and thoroughly snubbed by his refusal to permit the exchange.

Pio Nono, a *ci-devant* soldier, was careless and slovenly in his habits, filling his pockets with snuff crammed into his nose with his fingers regardless of consequences. As the Pope is always attired in pure white, the stain of the snuff was most apparent, and Pio was constantly obliged to be invested in new robes. The present Pontiff, precise, cleanly, and fastidious, would rather die than commit such an *inconvenance*.

I have mentioned Carpineto as the Pope's native place, an obscure little town distant 46 kilometres from Rome and two hours from Segni, on the railway to Naples. Although Leo has never returned there since 1857, he has

spent a great part of his private fortune in repairing and erecting churches, also in building an observatory, which his brother Ludovico Pecci, superintends. The family of Pecci is ancient and honourable, coming originally from Siena, which city an ancestor, one Pietro Pecci, represented at the coronation of the Emperor Sigismund, receiving the title of baron. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Pecci established themselves in the then Pontifical States at Carpineto, and from that time they have been closely connected with the Church. Three Prelates have been at various epochs chosen from among them, and five members of the family belonged to the warlike order of St. John of Jerusalem. The age that all these good people attained was enormous—a venerable race, fit for the crowning glory of the tiara. The Pope's ascetic face, spite of delicate health, promises longevity, and the habitual calmness of his nature prevents needless waste of fibre.

A brother, Monsignore Pecci, almost as aged as himself, lived with him in the Vatican; and a gay, though I am bound to say an exceedingly ill-favoured, nephew, Count Pecci, with a smart young Spanish wife, freely mixes in Roman society.

Will the Pope ever leave Rome? *Not if he is wise.* It is all very well to affirm that *where he is there is the Church*—"*ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia;*" but the prestige of the Papacy is so indissolubly united with Rome, not only the man, the sovereign, but the immaterial power would infinitely lose by the severance. We all know the various plans proposed, not only now, but in the time of Pius: a villa in Corsica—the vessel *Orénoque*, kept in the harbour of Civita Vecchia until it became rotten—the offer of Malta by the English Government, and of Brixen, in the Tyrol, by Austria—also Trent, Innsbruck, Saltzburg, and the Triestan Miramar, and Fulda.

Once Leo the Thirteenth *did* write to his Nuncios to inform them that "he would probably *soon* leave Rome," but he was too wise to imitate the example of the more impulsive Pius and fly from his capital. Pius really intending to go, had no confidant but the Duc d'Harcourt and Count Spaur. Neither the Cardinals nor the Monsignori had a suspicion of his intention.

Rome was then in open revolution, and had he not escaped a great and enormous crime might have been committed. Now there is no such justification. The Italian kingdom is formed, the laws are obeyed, and the King's Ministers are as anxious to protect the Supreme Pontiff's life as that of King Humbert. In a measure Leo may be said to be a prisoner, although the damp straw distributed among the faithful in Paris as coming from his prison is such a ludicrous exaggeration that one wonders how men and women in our age can give heed to it. If a prisoner, his dungeon is one of the finest palaces in the world, filled with priceless collections of monumental art and all the glories of Raphael's choicest frescoes. But, all the same, in the sense of personal liberty, it is incarceration. No Minister nor Government would undertake to insure his safety if the Pope showed himself to the Roman rabble. When Leo desired, on his election, to give the blessing *urbi et orbi*, Crispi, the then Minister, refused all responsibility. Although the Italian Government was only guilty of extreme carelessness, no one can forget the unseemly scandals of the night when the bones of Pius were removed from St. Peter's for burial at San Lorenzo, *fuori le mura;* the funeral *cortège* assailed with oaths, hisses, and actual stones—with threats of throwing the coffin into the Tiber. The truth is, that the Pope cannot leave the Vatican with safety; nor can he so much as show himself at a window without fear of exciting the hostility of the Roman roughs. As to his descending into St.

Peter's and officiating at the High Altar, the thing is utterly impossible without guards and soldiers to protect him.

It is a difficult position, with King Humbert and his Court planted on the hill of the Quirinal, and Pope Leo on the heights of the Vatican, surrounded by his ecclesiastical circle of Cardinals, princes, ambassadors, and priests, on the opposite side of the same valley within which lie the streets and palaces of eternal Rome. Time was, in the reign of Pius, before the present Government was settled, when the mob habitually vociferated the cries of "No Papacy!" "Infamous Pontiff!" "Death to all priests!" and the like. Affairs have quieted down since then. The Pontiff is left in peace in his so-called "prison," and it is well understood by all reasonable people that his departure from Rome would be the triumph of democracy all over Italy, and be probably followed by the downfall of the dynasty.

Leo has two most talented Cardinals as Ministers, Rampolla, who is bitterly opposed to Italian unity and progress, and Parocchi, a fascinating personage and very *fin du siècle* in his general ideas, but so far as the Papal See is concerned as retrograde as his colleague.

As both have a fair chance of being chosen the future Pope, neither certainly would permit any patriotic devotion to Italy to interfere with the advancement of the Church in their person.

All bide their time. The Vatican has a waiting policy. But all are convinced that to re-acquire the temporal power, the Pope and College of Cardinals are quite capable of bringing about a second Republic under French protection at Rome. Priests have no country.

CHAPTER III.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

WHEN I first saw Cardinal Antonelli he was at the height of power and favour, and lived in that portion of the Vatican immediately over the Pope's apartments, overlooking the beautiful arcades of the piazza of St. Peter's and the immemorial fountains glistening in the sun.

In company with his old friend, Lady Anne San Giorgio, daughter of the last Earl of Oxford, I passed up the great marble staircase of the *Scala Santa*—and a very long one it is; at least a hundred steps, encountering at intervals Swiss Guards in their quaint uniform and hard ill-favoured faces—up as if to heaven, only with no angels by the way—until at last, on the fourth story, we paused at an open door, and were ushered into a spacious ante-room, where other visitors were waiting.

I especially remember an old French Abbé, who fidgeted up and down incessantly, the Cardinal being at that moment engaged and the Abbé obviously impatient. We entered into talk, the Abbé full of the praises of the Cardinal in the delicate fluency of his native tongue.

"*Mais il fait tout, ce cher Cardinal, il a des talents universels. Il pense à la finance, à la diplomatie, au gouvernement intérieur; enfin, c'est un homme miraculeux, et si bon, si aimable.*"

As this *universel* character was the very thing for which Cardinal Antonelli was reproached by his enemies, I could scarcely suppress a smile at the ill-timed eulogy.

"*Ce cher Cardinal,*" he went on, "*vous savez qu'il a*

manqué d'être tué lorsque le Saint-Père s'est enfuit? Ah! il faut adorer la Providence;" and he devoutly folded his hands and with an unctuous look awaited my reply.

But as I had never heard of any risk run by Cardinal Antonelli in the flight to Gaeta and did not believe the fact, I said nothing, which only encouraged the Abbé to recommence his praises.

Just as I was wishing him anywhere else, a major-domo entered and announced that the Cardinal would receive us. He had at that time an afternoon specially set apart to receive Ambassadresses and ladies of high rank, the only condition being that *no one should come alone.* There were no doors to his rooms, only rich portières, and a bevy of *camerieri,* valets, messengers, and major-domos stood in the ante-room, as became a minister of state. At the end of a long suite of moderately well-furnished *salons,* with immense windows letting in floods of sun, we found him standing beside a writing-table, overlaid with letters, newspapers, and documents—a tall handsome man, of grave and majestic presence, dressed in a dark purple robe or *soutane* edged with red, a red *berretta* on his dark head, stockings to match of red silk, and the daintiest shoes on the neatest of feet, set off by the brightest gold buckles I ever saw. As he turned towards us with a movement quick, yet dignified, he impressed me with the idea of intense activity; but to say truth, I really saw nothing but his eyes, wonderfully keen and piercing, and fixing you with an unconscious power, quick, electric—entirely arresting attention from a large, coarse mouth and somewhat prominent teeth. I cannot at that first glance assert that he was handsome, this statesman who loved to be called "the Richelieu of Italy," but it was a fine Roman face, with bold features, *Zingaro* in character, and that rich dark complexion, as of light shining upon it from some hidden source.

I say *Zingaro* advisedly, for Antonelli came from a brigand town, Sonino, of a brigand family

But let that pass. I and my companion were received with a dignified kindness that put me at once at my ease.

Lady Anne San Giorgio, a devout Catholic, and under deep obligations to the Cardinal, cast herself upon her knees, essaying to kiss the hem of his robe, a proceeding vigorously opposed by the modern-minded prelate. Politely disengaging himself, he walked on in front and led us to a charming boudoir, furnished in Berlin embroidery, the fashion of that day, with carpets into which one's feet sank, walls covered with valuable paintings in glowing frames, and crystal cabinets full of porcelain and *bijouterie*. The sun seemed to pour in straight from the blue heavens.

We were so high up, the Vatican clock with its time-worn face looked out close to our eyes, and the lines of the huge white portico of St. Peter's, which never appears as big as it is, rose opposite on a level with our view. Never, surely, was a Cardinal so fairly lodged.

We two ladies took seats on an embroidered divan, Antonelli placed himself opposite on a chair; and it was then, no longer so much occupied by his peculiar face, that my attention was drawn to the extreme whiteness and delicacy of his hands and the extraordinary beauty of an emerald ring which sparkled on one finger.

Lady Anne, now easy in her conscience after her low genuflexions, rattled away in a lively vein. Among other subjects she touched on her ambition to make converts to the Holy Catholic Church.

Antonelli looked grave.

"Faith," said he, "ought to be spontaneous. I am a Catholic and a Cardinal, and would naturally desire to see all the world of my belief" (*come me stesso*), "but conver-

sion should arise from deep conviction and mature reflection to be acceptable to God. I little admire the injudicious efforts of those who think that by promiscuously making converts they perform a good work. For worldly or sentimental motives to operate in such a case is obviously improper. I much fear many sudden conversions of inconsiderate persons arise from these causes."

These were noble sentiments, and came with double force from a Cardinal in the precincts of the Vatican. After this little rebuff to his good-natured but over-zealous friend, conversation turned on England, of which country the Cardinal professed himself an ardent admirer. He had so studied maps and histories that the squares, public buildings and streets of London were quite at his fingers' ends. Speaking with the Dowager-Duchess of Northumberland, he astonished her, he told us, by a minute description of what Northumberland House was like.

"Why, you never told me you had been in London!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"I have never been there," was my answer, "but I have read so many descriptions that I perfectly understand the distinctive features of your Grace's palace; and I have surprised French and Germans too," he added, "by my accurate knowledge of their public buildings."

Then he proceeded to entertain us by showing us his specimens of marble, in square cut pieces placed within glass cases all round an entire room. To this a collection of gems and rings in little boxes followed, of priceless value, especially the emeralds, literally worth a king's ransom.

Audiences with Antonelli were generally interrupted by the entrance of some lady of such exalted rank that the Cardinal, although critically polite in taking care to give you to understand you were still welcome, was forced to engross himself principally with her. On the present

occasion it was not so. We were not disturbed. From general subjects he turned to me and enquired particularly about myself. "If I can serve you," he said, "command me. I love the English."—"Command him!" And from the Cardinal minister! Twenty requests were on my lips in a moment, but I reflected that the offers of princes are sufficiently gracious in themselves, and are, like relics, to be hung up and venerated, *not to be abused.*

We chatted on in the most agreeable way for more than half-an-hour, and although prepared to move, he did not allow conversation to flag for a moment. He made Lady Anne quite happy by promising her the consecrated candle he was to bear in St. Peter's at the approaching Feast of the Candalora, and charmed me by the tact with which he addressed her as *Figlia mia*, assuming his own position and indicating hers.

With me he shook hands at parting, conducting us to the outer door of his private room, an attention clearly noted by the tribe of servants in waiting, who bowed to the ground.

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Antonelli's low birth and brigand connexions are well known. His father was a decent man, selling corn and timber at Terracina, from a farm he rented from Duke Massimo. But his mother, when she appeared in the streets of Rome to visit her illustrious son, then studying at the Collegio Romano, was nothing better than a common *chociara*, with stays worn outside her dress, and a huge white cloth on her head, just as we see them on the steps of the Trinità di Monte, neither better nor worse, and ready to dance a *tarantella* for a few pence.

One of Antonelli's early friends relates that, as head of the class, it was his duty to hear his daily lesson, *which he never knew;* but as the friend always ignored this fact, and

wrote "*approvato*," as though he had repeated them well, he was not punished. Antonelli never forgot this kindness, and, as Cardinal, favoured him throughout his life. This was one youthful attachment. Another was with young Fausti, son of the tutor in whose house he continued his studies of theology and philosophy after leaving college, in company with this youth.

After a time, *Papa Antonelli* bought a house in Rome, and the future Cardinal left the Fausti's and stayed with his own family.

Early in his career he made two valuable friends, Cardinals Zuila and Dandini, whose niece married his brother Filippo. His career in the Church was rapid. After being named by Pio Nono President of the Criminal Court and Delegate at Viterbo, he was created by him a Cardinal.

With such charming manners, that singularly mobile and vivacious countenance and those wonderful eyes, which must have mesmerised even the Pontiff, he was born not only to grace, but to command a court; nature had willed it so. Notwithstanding the low people among whom he had passed his youth, he was singularly refined and elegant in bearing, and his perfect tact and *savoir faire* enabled him to adapt himself to all with whom he came in contact. But under all this lay the domination of an iron will and a character decided and imperative. False and astute, he deceived while he charmed, and selfish and avaricious, accumulated riches without attracting observation. His was a nature which could afford to wait for the fitting moment, and then seize it promptly and remorselessly. Thus it was with Monseigneur de Merode, who tried to rival him in the Pope's esteem. For a time Antonelli appeared perfectly indifferent, but all at once, no one knew how—De Merode fell into disgrace, and Antonelli was restored to favour. When Monsignor

Pila, incited by De Merode, endeavoured to poison the Pope's mind against him, he never attempted to defend himself, but taking advantage of a change of ministry, Pila found himself summarily turned out and exiled to Spoleto.

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In the early days of the Pope's reign revolution was making rapid strides. Sicily, in arms, had forced a constitution upon Bomba (Ferdinand II.). The other sovereigns of Italy, however unwillingly, followed suit, and the Pope was pressed to do so also, but before actual compliance, formed what may be called an Antonelli cabinet, in which he was, as the French Abbé said, "Everything,"—Secretary of State, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and General Adviser. After the murder of Count Rossi, Pio more than ever confided in him, and it was principally by his advice that he resolved to fly. Antonelli returned with him to Rome, under the guarantee of the Catholic powers, and remained installed in the Vatican until his death, ruling the Holy Father with undiminished power.

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Antonelli was very sociable. In the *prima sera*, seated in his red coach, he attended all the great receptions, and paid visits, when he would chat in the most agreeable way, without a trace of anything but the perfect *bonhomie* of the man of the world.

Astute as he was known to be, an appearance of the utmost frankness marked his conversation. He would speak of himself as if ready to open out every secret of his life. Once I remember, in conversation with Lady Anne San Giorgio, he said he could marry.

"Yes," replied he, seeing her amazement, "I am not a priest, only a deacon. I never would take orders. Other prelates like me have left the Church and become happy

as family men. Who knows?" he added, and a curious smile lit up his sparkling eyes.

All this may have been acting, but it was so natural, it imposed upon his listeners.

So great was his personal charm, that many ministers and public men who came to Rome with the bitterest prejudice against him were completely conquered. This was the case with that *beau sabreur*, the Duc de Grammont, destined to draw France into the disastrous German War, then the amiable French Ambassador, whom I knew in the halls of the Palazzo Colonna. There you would always meet Antonelli, his keen all-seeing eyes taking note of everything with a rapid glance—standing in his plain red-buttoned *soutane* of dark purple cloth, with the *berretta* on his head—the centre of a small group of politicians, ministers, and statesmen.

For the twenty-seven years that Antonelli lived supreme in the Vatican, he never gave a single reception, popular as it would have made him. "*Pour ne pas faire des jalouses*," perhaps, among the varied female friends whom it was whispered he honoured with his regard; for had he "received" he must, according to Italian etiquette, have selected *one* to do the honours, so perhaps it was but prudent to abstain. Even in his lifetime, surrounded by the halo of a sainted master, whispers about him were rife. Woe to the fair dame who, beguiled by his smooth tongue and fascinating manners, permitted herself to be *affichée;* innocent or guilty, her social fate was sealed. One only exception to this rule was the Marchesa Zagarolo, now Princess Rospigliosi—too high placed to fall under suspicion, although the object of the Cardinal's avowed admiration. In her saloons, on the upper floor of the Rospigliosi Palace, he was cordially welcomed at all times, and met with a certain degree of familiarity the choicest society of Rome—the English Princess Doria, tall, fair

and majestic, to die in the prime of life, like her sister the Princess Gwendoline Borghese, both daughters of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury; her aristocratic husband, tall, dignified, and kind; the handsome and witty Princess Pallavicini, sister-in-law to the hostess, now in middle age, with grey hair, but still handsome, and a brilliant talker, *dame d'honneur* to Queen Margherita; the old Princess Piombino, the haughty Princess Altieri, so *black* and papal now, no one enters her house who approaches the Quirinal; the Royally-born Princess del Drago, a beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, Queen Christina of Spain; the gay Madame Lezzani, like a Madonna of Murillo, with eyes black as night, and sparkling as the stars; the lively young Duchess of Fiano, white-headed now and a grandmother, but once a social star; the late Princes Torlonia and Borghese, the latter the greatest patrician of Rome, first married to the Princess Gwendoline and then to a French princess, *née* La Rochefoucauld; and the graceful young Princess Guistinian Bandini, Countess of Newburgh by right of her husband, whose mother bore the title as heiress of that ancient Scotch line—with her elegant husband, still stately and prepossessing, as an aged man—a very brilliant circle of beautiful women to meet the Cardinal's eye, none of whose daughters have quite come up to the standards of their mother's good looks.

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I have seen the Cardinal, too, in the ante-room of the Palazzo Ruspoli, when we danced at the French General Goyon's in the days of the French occupation. He was not, of course, in the ball-room, which would have been highly indecorous, but hanging about the doors, surrounded by French officers.

But no *salon* could compete with the Marchesa Zagarolo's, who united the famous and illustrious of all shades

of opinion, and was too exalted in rank to care what others said.

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But it was not in these aristocratic circles that Antonelli found the ladies whom he most affected. These were less known but more useful, and that much passed most unbecoming to his position is proved by a law-suit brought by a certain Countess Lambertini against his brother and heir, Count Antonelli, upon the plea of being his natural daughter and heiress, and during his life dowered by him with more than two millions of francs.

But to return. Antonelli's great friend and defender at this time was the enthusiastic widow I have already mentioned, Lady Anne San Giorgio, who, having married a papal *Maestro di capella*, lived in aristocratic poverty on the Esquiline, in one of what were then a row of tumble-down houses opposite Santa Maria Maggiore.

To make up for her loss of social position, Pope Gregory had created her Contessa di San Giorgio, and most grateful she was and devoted to the Church and to Cardinal Antonelli, who had also helped her in the education of her sons.

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During the lengthened period that the Cardinal governed the state, once only was his life in danger, when a mad shopkeeper of the name of Cesarini took it into his head that he was called on to assassinate him. This worthy intention was carried out on the steps of the Scala Sacra in the Vatican; while the Cardinal was reading a petition he had presented to him, Cesarini attempted to stab him with a kitchen fork.

"Die!" he said. "You who have shed so much blood shall now lose your own."

The Cardinal's servants lost no time in seizing the man, and in a prodigiously short time, according to the usually

long action of the Roman law, the poor insane wretch was judged and beheaded. Seeing that he was a maniac, Antonelli might have been more merciful and have spared his life.

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That minute observer, About, when he came to Rome and wrote "The Roman Question and the Pope," says of Antonelli: "Men and women tell me he leads an edifying life, but were it not for the necessity of disputing with diplomats and giving audience every morning, it seems to me he would be freer than a mountaineer. This man of *simple tastes*," he says, "lives in a palace, possesses power without bounds, colossal riches, a European reputation, and every pomp and vice within his reach. He has attained such a height that he can dispense with all ordinary rules. He has never, as a Catholic, communicated. If he ever has confessed I cannot say, but I doubt it; and the confessor is to be pitied if he has!

"Standing by the side of the Pope in the great ceremonies of the Holy Week, he is the most perfect type of pride and impenitence it is possible to conceive, turning himself from time to time with the greatest seriousness towards the diplomatic tribune, where sit those unfortunate ambassadors whom he cajoles from morning to night, with the same *sangfroid* you admire in a finished actor.

"But when you meet him in a *salon* and observe him approach a pretty woman, keenly examining all her points and criticising with eager eyes her various attractions, you behold the identification of the low-born peasant, the savage of the woods, and tremble for the respected father or husband of the coveted fair.

"All classes," continues About, "detest him: he is the scapegoat of society. The fear of death, the greed of gold, love for his family, disdain of man, indifference for every one, and many other points of accidental resemblance.

have caused him to be compared to Cardinal Mazarin. They were born on the same day and were both Italians; but Mazarin at least possessed himself of the heart of a great queen; Antonelli has only deceived poor wenches and an aged Pontiff. Both were hated by their contemporaries."

On the 6th of November, 1876, Cardinal Antonelli died, a victim to frequent attacks of gout. No one regretted him.

CHAPTER IV.

"IL RE GALANTUOMO."

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, when I first saw him, was a thick-set, burly man, not tall, but full-chested, with the rough, red cheeks which come from constant exposure, a mouth invisible under an exaggerated moustache, a turn-up nose, dark, deep-set glancing eyes, yet withal such a grandeur of visage, such courage and determination in the broad grand brow, that the ill-favoured face came to the eye not only royal but heroic.

With his hat well pressed down upon his forehead he literally was hideous, for in his brow and forehead lay the rugged grandeur of his face, and as he drove along at a smart trot in an open *calèche*, his head turning quickly to look at every pretty woman whom he passed, there came into his eye a sort of leer, as of a rough-and-ready cynic, prepared alike to pluck or to cast aside the fairest flowers of creation.

Day after day he was to be seen driving through the green avenues of the Cascine at Florence, before the capital was fixed at Rome, and day after day every lady turned aside, not to return his gaze, the manner of his life being such as to confer anything but honour by his notice. A soldier and a hunter moulded into a King, he loved free, rough ways, and hated company and etiquette—never slept at the Pitti Palace in royal state, but drove out almost unattended to the more homely Villa of Petraia, where his household was formed, rose at daybreak, ate nothing at state dinners, and escaped early from the royal

balls. And at these balls, splendid as they were, in the suites of endless saloons of the Pitti Palace, the immortal pictures shining from the walls—Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Veronese, in a series of *chefs-d'œuvre*, forming with the costly tapestry and frescoes an *ensemble* unique in the world—ladies, unofficial, were careful not to appear, the King looking—as it was said—at the fair sex as "*roba*," useful for use. Nor, indeed, be it added, did he affect ladies at all. His tastes were the ballet and the circus, where he was to be found most nights. I see him now, as he sat at the "Principe Umberto," eagerly leaning over the front of a box, close on the stage, opera-glass in hand, exchanging some familiar phrase, met by a smile, with a bespangled amazon or dancer.

These were the triumphant days of "La Rosina," Contessa di Mirafiore, the mother of his son and of the Marchesa Spinola—Rosina, a waitress at a common *café* at Turin; "*la belle caffetière*," with such an exuberance of rich Titanesque beauty that not only did she catch the King's vagrant fancy, but also the staid statesman Cavour, whom she is said to have jilted for his master.

The secret history of these days will never be known—the day of heroes, for each of the great actors, Victor Emmanuel, Pio Nono, Garibaldi and Cavour, was of the stuff which lights up the page of history.

Rosina hated Cavour, whose constant effort was to separate her from the King—and he returned her hatred *politically*. The King's private life gave the priests a great handle against him. Vulgar, coarse-minded, and avaricious, Rosina was not a woman to appreciate the noble qualities of the master or of his great minister.

If Cavour had not been Cavour, the brain which saved Italy, to which Garibaldi gave the hands—the King, whom she was ever exciting against him, would probably have sacrificed him sooner or later to her caprice.

Rosina, too, hated the heir-apparent, the present King Humbert, who always looked askance at her and her brood. The royal sons, for there were also the Duca d'Aosta (late King Amadeus of Spain) and the infirm little Duke Odone, who died, were not always cordial with their bluff father; Rosina took care of that. And the King, who, like the King of Prussia, loved big men, could compare the physical beauty of Rosina's tall son with the less stalwart figures of his legitimate heirs, much to their disadvantage.

The sinister influence of this low woman, the enormous sums she squandered, the hold she kept for so many years upon Victor Emmanuel, the fact that where *she* was, was his home, and none other, tarnished his reign. The morganatic marriage, which later bound them together, added to her power. I well remember when Victor Emmanuel came to Rome as King of Italy, there was a serious question of Rosina's keeping a sort of *semi*-state within the Quirinal Palace. At all events she lived there; but the then minister, Sella—an honest man and jealous of the King's credit—never rested night or day until he drove her out—only to the gates of Rome, it is true, close by, out of Porta Pia, to a charming villa, upon which thousands were lavished—but out of Rome.

As time went on and Rosina's influence lessened, and her son, the Conte di Mirafiore, showed himself little worthy of his father's love, Victor Emmanuel came to be on more cordial terms with his heir-apparent; Umberto, a born soldier, recommending himself to his father by a steady and dutiful conduct.

Not a brilliant man, perhaps, the present King of Italy, but sure and solid, with the hereditary bravery of the house of Savoy.

"He is a fine youth," his father said of him: "an excellent fellow, with good sense and a good heart."

And the prince warmly returned these kindly feelings, with the same true love and admiration Victor Emmanuel had felt for his own father, Carlo Alberto. No one inheriting a crown ever so deeply deplored a father's death. Our Henry V., in Shakespere's language, did not with more unfeigned grief "put the crown from him," than did Umberto, when it came from the hand of his dying father.

This royal unworldliness, passing from generation to generation, is very beautiful in the Sabaude race.

Then came his marriage with his beautiful cousin, the Princess Margherita, daughter of Victor Emmanuel's brother, the Duca di Genova, whose tact and sweetness gained for her a legitimate influence in her little court, her position as future Queen altogether and for ever putting out Rosina's light.

Anent beautiful queens, as fair as those of the fairy tales, there are two now seated on two thrones—the Empress of Austria, perfect in form, feature, and majesty of beauty, but capricious, and eccentric almost to madness; and Margherita, Queen of Italy, to whom I give the palm of feminine loveliness and grace, a soft, *blonde* woman, with depths unfathomable in her liquid eyes, and all the poetic charms of Pope's "Belinda" in the delicate love-locks which cling about her brow.

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Those who lived with the King extolled his charm of manner and the courtesy of his address. But his voice was thick and rough, and he could be peremptory enough at times. As "master of men" he went right to the point without *frasi*, in a manner not always palatable to those addressed, and although wanting in the instruction of books, by experience and a natural force of instinct he was esteemed one of the ablest politicians of the day.

Actual learning he never cared for. *Life* was the page

on which he read. He spoke French and Italian well, but his mother could never make him study. "My little Victor," she wrote, "is very docile, but he is hard to teach, for he always wants to run or jump. What he once learns, however, he never forgets."

By his father he was trained for a soldier's life. Up at daybreak in that icy climate of Turin, perhaps the coldest city in Europe—and summer and winter present at the weekly reviews in the Campo Marzo, under the range of ice-bound Alps, he certainly was not spoiled or made a child of. Of his wild physical courage, innumerable anecdotes are told. Year after year he risked his life hunting the chamois on the glaciers and peaks of Piedmont; and being *au fond* a superstitious man and a good Catholic, it was an act of great *moral* courage to go to Rome and live *interdicted* in the Pope's palace of the Quirinal. It was well known he detested it, and escaped whenever he could. Continually reproached by his daughter, the Princess Clotilde, wife of Prince Napoleon Buonaparte, who never would set her foot within the doors, he lived in a continual state of protest against himself. According to the Catholic Church, all who take, rob or conquer Papal goods or territory are excommunicate. I do not know if Victor Emmanuel was ever personally named in the fulminations of Pius IX., but the Sacraments were refused him by the regular clergy, and he was without the pale.

Courageous as he was as King, as man he quailed at the Church's thunders. At Turin in summer, when the great doors of the cathedral are thrown open and the nave exposed, he would contrive to cross the Piazza as Mass was celebrated, and, seated on horseback uncovered, bend his head at the moment of elevation, thus sharing in the sacrifice of the Mass. And so well did Pius IX. know his mind, and that he was forced to Rome by the necessity of

policy, that he never withdrew from him his personal friendship, and on his death-bed sent him his pontifical blessing and assured him of his prayers.

And thus it was in all—a dual nature:—as Sovereign the best, the bravest and most generous, unselfish, magnanimous, a *Re Galantuomo*, adored by all classes, save the *Papalini*, who could not forgive him, like the Pope, or make allowances for the power of circumstances; as Man, coarse in language and manners when at his ease, happy in the company of those beneath him, and licentious to an extent history will never tell.

A most complex nature. Devoted to the memory of his wife, an Austrian princess of most delicate bearing and refined nature, in all his excesses he never forgot to mourn her loss—wildly extravagant for others, yet penurious for himself—living the most unholy of lives, yet superstitiously religious; and never allowing that life to trench upon his royal duties, save in the enormous debts he contracted, paid by his son, the present King, with rare filial devotion out of his private purse, that no public discussion of his father's weaknesses should come before the nation.

Ever inspiring love and faith unbounded, an Italian *Henri Quatre*, with *Henri's* vices, and enemies worse than the Guises to battle with, yet wringing respect even from his foes; a King most loyal in his kindness to those about him, yet not brooking the slightest liberty. Taught by his early misfortunes to estimate men as *they* are, and not by any royal standard. Daring and brilliant as a soldier who had worn a uniform from a child, yet loving father and mother with a most homely affection, and regarding his ancestors with that blind devotion which is the weakness of powerful minds.

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And these ancestors, *Condottieri* of the Alps, with their

cry, "*Avanti, Savoia!*" What a race! What valour! What endurance!

Indeed, one may say at all times that valour is the characteristic of the House of Savoy, from the time of Humbert of the White Hand, a mountain chief with a *Castello* hanging to a pointed rock near the Alpine passes of Modane—now the great railway station between Italy and France, where we stop to eat and pass the *douane* on the way to Rome—to the unfortunate Charles Albert, who, laying down life and crown for the good of his people, died a stranger in a strange land!

A fighting, muscular race, which in time came to make great marriages, like the Coburgs in our day, until a Savoyarde Adelaide, the wife of the Duc de Bourgoyne, grandson of Louis XIV., would have been Queen of France had she lived.

Among Humberts and Emmanuels, Philiberts, Amadeo's and Victors we get confused in the genealogy of fighting counts of these outlandish names, until *Testa di Ferro* stands out a popular hero, with much the same loose morals and masterful courage as Victor Emmanuel —in his campaign with Alva against the Protestants; for the Sabaudi, whatever they did, were the most Catholic of princes.

Victor Amadeus assumed the title of King in 1703 and married the niece of Louis XIV. But the great monarch, thinking little of his new nephew's small state of Savoy, offended him, and the small state made war upon the great one, much to its damage. At last peace was made, and the beautiful Church of the Superga, which towers on the heights over Turin, was built in commemoration of it.

Each reign advanced the little kingdom a step in the scale of the nations. Each chief left plenty of big sons to maintain the honour of the name.

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And thus we come down to a first Victor Emmanuel, whom the great Napoleon drove into exile, whose principal characteristic was that, rather than grant a free constitution, he preferred to abdicate.

At last we land on firm ground in the person of Charles Albert (these double names are so puzzling), father of Victor Emmanuel, with whom, contrary to the fortune of the house, everything went wrong, always taking the wrong road at the wrong time in all the turns of life, and, in fact, gifted with every virtue but common-sense.

It was Charles Albert who committed the folly of refusing the proffered services of Garibaldi, and who repulsed the overtures of Mazzini to lead the liberal party at the head of "*Giovane Italia*," at once turning these ardent spirits into conspirators and rebels.

Their end and aim being to form a United Italy, in place of the *congerie* of small states, for the most part governed by foreigners; hatred of the stranger the rallying point of all—the stranger being Austria, to whom half Italy belonged, German generally, literature and language, being detested as the tyrant's mark as late as when I first came to Italy. I remember once at a ball at Lucca, when having innocently dressed in yellow and black (the Austrian colours), I was formally warned by the mistress of the house that had I not been a foreigner and supposed not to know, she would have requested me immediately to leave the room!

It is not needful for me to tell the sad history of Charles Albert, and how, defeated and defamed, he abdicated in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel, after the crushing defeat of Novara, knowing too well that personal hatred to himself would prevent his adversary, Marshal Radetzky, ever making favourable terms. The fortune of a new sovereign might turn the scale, and so it was. Charles Albert really seemed to prove the national belief

in the evil eye (*jettatura*), and brought a curse on himself and all about him.

"I abdicate," said the unfortunate monarch, "in favour of my son; the new King may obtain better conditions than I. Gentlemen," turning to his Generals, whom he had assembled in his tent on the night after the battle, "Behold your King!"

Victor Emmanuel, standing beside his father, taken by surprise, turned pale and implored him not to persist in his resolve. In vain! The defeated monarch wrung his son's hand, but persisted. "Victor," said he, "speak to your Generals; give them your orders."

From the battle-field, with unheard-of philosophy, Charles Albert bid adieu to all he loved, wife and sons, home and country, and attended by a single servant that very night departed, banishing himself to an obscure home at Oporto in Portugal.

But the strain was too severe, nature rebelled. He fondly loved his children, the late King and the present Queen's father, the Duke of Genoa; he loved Savoy, he loved glory! The dream of his life was to be a Liberator and a Uniter. Now he had lost all; his heart broke, and in a few months his martyrdom ended in death.

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"*Per Dio, Italia sarà!*" Victor Emmanuel exclaimed on the battle-field of Novara, shaking his sword in the face of the Austrians after the departure of his father.

Yet he had not an ally in the world! Personally he had been hopelessly defeated as he gallantly led his troops against the Austrians on that dark and drizzling day when was fought out on Lombard plains that disastrous battle. (So close had been the struggle that his brother, the Duke of Genoa, had three horses shot under him.)

Every Italian prince was his enemy. The Pope, after

having headed the national cause, had shamelessly *ratted*. Lombardy and Venice were but as playgrounds to Radetzky. Jesuit and Mazzinian each worked against a constitutional monarchy such as Piedmont. No foreign support; no revenue. Nothing! The sceptre of the Sabaudi fallen in the mud, his father, an uncrowned King, in exile, the miserable condition of the country imperatively demanding an armistice, but no armistice possible save on the most disgraceful terms!

With characteristic straightforwardness, Victor Emmanuel at once rode to the Austrian camp, and sought out the Marshal, the veriest-looking old polar bear I ever beheld. Once, in passing through Vicenza, I met him at the station, and I shall never forget his hairy face——

"Marshal," cried the young King, with fierce decision, "I would lose three crowns rather than comply with your demands. If you desire war to the death, you shall have it. If we fall, it shall be gloriously. The house of Savoy knows the road of exile, but not of dishonour."

The grizzled old veteran was fairly puzzled by the manly decision of the young King.

"He is a noble fellow," he whispered to those around, and the armistice was arranged on better terms.

As Victor Emmanuel galloped back, followed by his staff, through the serried ranks of the Austrian battalions, the grave steadfast look on his resolute young face struck every one with admiration.

It would be too long to enter into the details of the extraordinary difficulties of his position, and how he surmounted them.

He was supported by skilful and patriotic ministers in Massimo d'Azeglio and Cavour, and by brave and devoted soldiers.

No courtier himself, he spoke frankly, as man to man without preamble.

"There have been few *galantuomini* among crowned heads," Cavour observed one day, looking at Victor Emmanuel standing before him in all the vigour of his stalwart youth. "You are young, and should begin the series."

"You desire me, then, to go in for the part?" returned the King, smiling.

"Well, your Majesty has taken your oath to the constitution. You think not of Piedmont only, but of all Italy. Continue to do so, and remember that a King is as much bound by his word as a private individual."

"That is true," was the King's reply, "so the name suits me well. I never break my word to high or low."

"Then you are the *Re Galantuomo*," cried the Minister, amused at the King's frankness: "the very man."

The idea pleased Victor Emmanuel. In the census at Turin, when asked to put down his name and occupation, he wrote under "Profession," "*Re Galantuomo.*"

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The arduousness of his position was increased by opposition in the Parliament. The group of patriots under Mazzini (Young Italy) gave him great trouble. "Being young," said D'Azeglio, "they could not be expected to have much sense."

Without the assistance of the great Cavour, Victor Emmanuel would scarcely have overcome his difficulties. Cavour, a statesman of the old courteous type in manner and appearance, worked well with the King, in spite of dissimilarity of temper and character. Both joined fervently in the desire for Italian unity.

A new Parliament proved more malleable than the former one which most unjustly held Victor Emmanuel answerable for the national disasters and the humiliating armistice, which, to save Piedmont from utter ruin, he was absolutely forced to accept. The *Statuto*, or con-

stitution, was now passed, Savoy having been up to this time little better than a tyranny.

According to the *Statuto*, all men were equal in the eye of the law, including the clergy, hitherto a privileged class, with tribunals of their own. This at once excited the most violent opposition from the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli. The King and government were branded by the entire Church as infidels and antichrists, to which abuse they replied by abolishing the privileges of the clergy.

But, all this notwithstanding, Victor Emmanuel entered the lists against the Pope with an unwilling mind, protesting loudly that he was a good Catholic. The accusation of being a scoffer and an infidel pained him exceedingly. He had been brought up by father and mother most devoutly, with a profound reverence for religion. Spite of the errors of his life these convictions never wavered, and all through the long struggle with the Church he was constantly sending conciliatory messages to Pio Nono, couched in the most affectionate and filial language.

Indeed it was a source of constant grief to him that the unity of Italy forced him into a false position.

"I know I am a great sinner," he used to say, "but I have a good heart, and I cannot die a bad death. She (his wife) who is in heaven will take care of that."

From this time, however, by the force of events, Victor Emmanuel and the Church entered into that phase of bitterest political warfare which continued to the end of his life.

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The great consolation of the young King under all difficulties was to fly to the Alps of Piedmont, and fling himself into the wildest dangers of the chase. Even at the head of his army he was not happier than in the fierce

cold of the icy air, clambering over avalanches of snow and fathomless valleys of pointed glacier. In these Alpine excursions he always slept under canvas.

On the Sundays and *fête*-days, a priest would come up from the nearest village and say Mass at a rude altar erected in the King's tent, himself and his companions kneeling around. As one of his ministers generally accompanied the party, a little work, too, night and morning might be done in some rude châlet poised in air or in the shelter of a rocky cave, in the depth of those forests of fir and pine which blacken the snow-bound precipices.

His letters at this time to Massimo d'Azeglio are very characteristic.

"In these Alpine wilds," he writes, "I never forget my friends. We have had a week of terrible fatigue over the glaciers—but I had good luck with my gun. I killed six chamois and two stags; the hunters were astonished by the length of my shots, and I have left a good impression! *'Barba Vittorio'* makes money circulate. To-day is the anniversary of my father's death, and I feel very sad, dear Azeglio. I have been weeping all day, as I thought of him and of his mournful end.

"Take care of your health, dear friend, remember sometimes *Barba Vittorio*, who loves you truly, and deceives no one."

"*Barba Vittorio*" is of course the King, a nickname probably given him by the peasants. All manner of anecdotes are told of him on the mountains. One day he asked a little girl he met on an upland path, if she had ever seen the King. "Oh yes," she answered, "he often comes to eat *polenta* at our house."

"You little story-teller!" cried Victor Emmanuel, laughing. "Here is a gold piece, but, remember, tell no more lies!"

Another day a barefooted boy met him on the slopes of a wild pine-wood carrying his shoes in his hand. "Why don't you put them on?" asked the King. "Because they wear out," answered the boy. "And don't the soles of your feet wear out too?" "Oh yes, but then the skin grows again and costs nothing."

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Albert."

"Ah, that is a good name. It was my father's. Buy a new pair of shoes with this money," giving him some coin, "and take better care of your skin."

One evening, coming down a precipitous descent with a single attendant, after a hard day's work, a peasant met and stopped him on his way. "You seem great hunters, gentlemen," said he, doffing his cap. "Will you do me the great kindness to kill a fox which worries us to death?"

"With pleasure," answered the King, "but we have no more shot to-day. We will return to-morrow."

Next day the fox was killed, and the head brought to the peasant, who, full of gratitude, took out two francs, which he presented to the King. Victor Emmanuel pocketed the money and went away. "The only money," he said to his attendant, "I have ever earned. I shall keep it to bring me luck."

Soon after the peasant was summoned to the royal villa, and was quite overcome at recognising Victor Emmanuel. "Never mind," laughed the King, "*Ch' importa; un servizio vale un altro,*" ("you must allow me to pay you with interest").

When the royal family was passing the hot months at Courmayeur, just under Mont Blanc on the Italian side, an old woman came to the door with a basket of eggs. A rough-looking man with immense moustaches took it from her, and brought it back with the money.

"You seem *buono, buono,*" said the old woman, looking him well in the face. "I wonder if I can trust you with a secret—I want to see the King."

"I am the King," answered Victor.

"*You?*" cried the old woman, shaking her head with a scornful laugh. "No, no, I am not such a fool as that. *You* the King, in such thick boots, and gaiters, and pointed hat, with all that hair on your face! No, no, I am not going to believe that! A nice *signora,* like the Queen, would never have married such an ugly man!"

This was a favourite story of Victor Emmanuel's, who often told it, laughing heartily.

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The position of Victor Emmanuel was most critical, balanced between the enmity of the Pope, the hostility of Austria, Naples and every Italian state, and the lack of funds to pay off the enormous indemnity due to Austria after the battle of Novara.

Without the brain of Cavour he could never have succeeded, Cavour, in the midst of his pre-occupations always scrupulously neat and *soigné* in dress, his clean-shaven face, spectacles and short hair giving him the appearance of an Englishman *en voyage.*

In speech he was neither fluent nor elegant: his utterance was too rapid, and he had the defect of a chronic cough, which was tiresome and recurrent.

The great minister often clashed with his master. Both had, however, enough *bonhomie* of disposition to keep them from an open rupture. The King's connection with Rosina raised a private pique between them. Victor Emmanuel, convinced he had his own reasons, specially resented any interference with his private life, and Cavour, equally convinced of the evil influence of this ignorant and selfish woman, felt called on to combat her suggestions on all occasions.

Endless too were the threats of punishment and judgment which his conduct called forth from the Church. A season of excessive wet was a judgment upon the King, a period of drought the same; everything, small or great, was argued to be caused by the unholiness of his life. Still, in spite of pious maledictions, the new kingdom throve and prospered.

The alliance with France and England in the Russian war was the fortune of Italy. It brought her into the circle of nations. Hitherto a mountain country, either occupied with small wars or overridden by the tyranny of Austria, she now took her place at the great world's council.

But this was not done without strong opposition.

"Are we or are we not to go to the Crimea?" asked Cavour's niece, the Countess Alfieri.

"*Chi lo sa?*" was the answer. "England presses us, and we might wash out the stain of Novara, but the ministry is against it. Even Ratazzi, a man of modern ideas, joins with them. Only the King is with me."

Fifteen thousand men, it was said, was a large contingent to send out of Piedmont on a foreign expedition which was to bring no good to the country, and seemed a useless work. In the words of Molière, "*Que diable allait-on faire dans cette galère?*" But the King and Cavour saw further, and they saw right. They were forming a kingdom. The shattered remnants bequeathed by the unfortunate Charles Albert must be strung together and exhibited to the world as a brave and aspiring nation worthy of the ancient Sabaudi. Still the ministry held out, and Count Cavour, after discussing the *pros* and *cons* with them for four mortal hours, was physically exhausted. At midnight he arrived at the palace and demanded an audience. "Let the treaty (with France and England) be signed at once, or let us have done

with it," cried he, losing all patience. The King took up the pen and signed. Only one minister resigned, and Cavour, now serenely smiling, became Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In all this, not only was Cavour, as minister, wise and foreseeing, but Victor Emmanuel, as sovereign, firm and courageous. It was the combination of the two which made "Young Italy" what it is.

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Under the rough exterior of a soldier Victor Emmanuel carried a tender heart.

The death, at this time, of his mother, to whom, as to his father, he was deeply attached; of his brother, the Duke of Genoa (father of the present Queen); and of his wife, Adelaide, whom, spite of his many infidelities and his too public *liaison* with Rosina, he really loved—wrung his heart with grief.

All these bereavements, coming on him at once, quite crushed him for a while.

The Duke of Genoa, a noble fellow, with the soul of a Paladin, was to have represented his brother in the Crimea, but he had sickened into a decline. The Queen never recovered from her last confinement. Both ill in the palace at the same time, Victor Emmanuel went from one to the other trying to conceal from each the danger of the other.

With his poor Queen he watched night and day. Haggard and pale he sat beside her bed, while inconsolable remorse must have smitten him as he met her dying gaze. The dual qualities of his nature, which as a ruler founded his popularity, had no attractions for a wife who loved him for himself. Poor Queen! Her tender soul never learned the lesson of indifference so serviceable to princes!

Her death broke the last barrier which bound him to

domestic life. Henceforth there was nothing to counteract the noxious influence of the favourite but his own good sense and the entreaties of his ministers.

Of course these triple deaths were seized upon by the priests as a judgment on the King. The bitter spite and narrow views of the Catholic Church were never more exemplified than in the case of Victor Emmanuel. Honest as he was as sovereign, and patriotic as an Italian, the Church, as a body, could see in him nothing but a diabolical representative of Antichrist.

At the moment when his heart was well-nigh broken by grief, he felt the sting of this injustice keenly. "They tell me," he said, in a broken voice, to the Archbishop of Genoa, an old clerical friend who had not turned against him, "that God has struck me with His judgment. But they do not understand that a sovereign who would secure his own happiness in the next world ought to labour for that of his people in this."

The Marquis d'Azeglio in his letters describes him as he appeared at this moment of suffering.

"Victor Emmanuel is thinner by half," he says, "than he was before. His clothes hang loosely upon him, and he looks at least fifteen years older, but with the exception of two days he continues to fulfil all his kingly duties."

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Napoleon the Third's significant question, on the conclusion of the Crimean War, "*Que peut-on faire pour l'Italie?*" was the first note of the campaign against Austria. To drive out the stranger—"*Fuori lo straniero!*" was the dream of every Italian from Victor Emmanuel down to the last enrolled volunteer wearing a red shirt. The Austrians and Radetzky had crushed out his father's life, and in spite of the near family ties which linked him to his enemies (his wife was an Austrian Archduchess), all that strong tide of filial affection and romantic patriotism which

was in him flowed out in a great flood of indignation against the nation which had despoiled him as a man and a sovereign.

That he sacrificed his daughter, a modern Iphigenia, to the by no means desirable alliance with a man of Prince Napoleon's character; and that he gave up Nice, the cradle of his race, to secure the French alliance, are never-to-be-misunderstood proofs of the passion which was in him. The conduct of Napoleon in all this affair I hold to be very noble. He had an ancient and deep-rooted love for Italy. There he had first drawn his boyish sword in the cause of freedom, there he had romped and frolicked as a boy under the eye of the mother he adored, in the big palace of Madame Mère, there he had first breathed the ambitious aspirations for power which after incredible hardships led him to rule France for over twenty years with unparalleled glory! No wonder Napoleon loved Italy, and felt a personal interest in her freedom. Over and over again he showed it, so far as he dared, in his action with the Pope and Garibaldi, but he was not a private individual; as sovereign of a great nation, jealous, and properly so, of its own interests, he neither could, nor, for romantic considerations, had any *right* to engage in an important campaign which brought no return to France. Had he been imprudent enough to do so it must at once have ended his own reign and his dynasty.

France would have arraigned him with reason, not only as a visionary but a traitor, and France was filled with his enemies. He did what he could, and he did it loyally and well. There is, to my mind, no passage in his life more grand than that in which he holds out his hand to raise up beautiful Italy, and whatever he did or did not do, it is most certain that *she would never have existed but for him.*

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The ardour of Victor Emmanuel, when the sword was unsheathed against the enemy of his house and of Savoy, was as that of a young Crusader fleshing his weapon in a crusade.

It was a war of vengeance for the pent-up sufferings of his life, an expiation to the Manes of his father, a holy warfare against the usurper who had sucked out his country's blood; the realisation of his wild cry at Novara (shaking his sword at the Austrian camp), "*Italia sarà!*" in the face of defeat and humiliation. And now he was about to make those words come true!

First kneeling before the altar in the cathedral at Turin, the excommunicated man, spite of the priests, implored the blessing of Heaven on his arms. Then, galloping up and down the ranks of his soldiers assembled in the Campo di Marto, *evvivas*, blessings, prayers showering upon him from thousands of applauding subjects, his rugged face lit up with exultation, his dark full eyes darting bold straight glances over his troops, his very moustache stiff with defiance—he looked the living picture of a hero.

Not a handsome man by any means, or made to please a lady's eye, but a veritable warrior as he sits squarely on his war-horse, breathing the free air of the Alps, which, in one mighty barrier of snow, rise up sheer to heaven from the plains of Piedmont spread out before him.

Then came the battles of Montebello and Palestro, Victor Emmanuel, without the smallest regard for his life, flinging himself into the thick of the fight. Plunged in smoke he rushed on, galloping to the front, and, sword in hand, waved on French and Italians to victory

At Palestro there was an awful moment. He was cut off from his troops—an instant when from thousands of brave hearts rose up a cry of horror, "The King—Save the King!" French Zouaves, staff-officers, *bersaglieri*,

terror in their eyes, threw themselves like an avalanche upon the Austrians to rescue the King.

"Are you afraid," he said laughing, when a less dangerous position was reached, "that I was robbing you of all the glory? There is plenty for all." So delighted were the French Zouaves at his reckless valour, that they elected him their honorary captain, at which the Emperor Napoleon remarked, "Now that you belong to my army I shall reprove you for your imprudence; if it happens again, I shall put you under arrest."

After the battle of Magenta, the allied troops entered Milan together, and a magnificent *Te Deum* was performed in that noblest of all Italian cathedrals.

With the victory of Solferino, Lombardy was free; the Austrians beaten everywhere, and retreating into the Venetian territory, not yet for a time to be amalgamated into "United Italy."

The promise of Napoleon to make "Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic" was thus but partially fulfilled. What made the Emperor pause in this career of victory is one of those mysteries history has not yet revealed; probably the growing jealousy of the French at the Italian success. Since time has been, and Charles VIII. came down into Italy like a wolf into the fold, French and Italians are antagonistic and will ever so remain.

Before signing the treaty of Villafranca, when Victor Emmanuel passionately besought the Emperor not to forfeit the full advantage of the great victories he had gained, Napoleon answered significantly, "I can do no more."

To Maréchal Vaillant's entreaties, his reply was more curt and brusque: "*Je vous répète, Monsieur le Maréchal, que cela ne se peut pas.*"

What Cavour felt at this announcement appears from a conversation with Pietri, the Emperor's *fidus Achates*, re-

ported in the *Souvenirs de Kossuth*, Cavour's great friend. "When we entered," says Kossuth, and had sat down, Monsieur Pietri opened the conversation: "I hear you have resgined, Monsieur le Comte," addressing Cavour; "I hope it is not true." "Yes," replied Cavour, "I have done so." "Ah, that is indeed a pity, the Emperor will much deplore it." "*Que voulez-vous?*" replied Cavour. "In politics one can accommodate questions of minor importance, even *principles* sometimes; but there is one point upon which no man can tamper—*that is, his honour. Your Emperor has dishonoured me;* yes, Monsieur Pietri, dishonoured me: he gave me his word, he promised he would drive the Austrians out of Italy; in return he was to have Savoy and Nice. It was I who persuaded my King to make the sacrifice. My King, honest, confiding, consented, relying on my word, and now your Emperor takes the reward, but plants us; Lombardy is to be enough for us, and he wants to fetter my King in a confederation with Austria and the small Italian Princes under the Presidence of the Pope! Gracious heavens, what a climax! It wants but that! *Under the Pope!* I am dishonoured before my King." Kossuth assented. "It is impossible," he said, joining in. "Even in 1848, Austria offered us the boundary of the Nuricio (Lombardy) without conditions, but the provisional government of Lombardy was patriotic enough to refuse all terms not including Venice, and now we are offered *this* after such bloodshed! What a grotesque coalition it would be! The King of Piedmont presided over by the Pope! Austria on his right, and the four satellites of minor Princes all round."

Both turned towards Pietri, who sat immovable. "I tell you," exclaimed Cavour, provoked at his silence, "and I say it before Monsieur Pietri, and what is said to him is the same as if spoken in presence of the Emperor. This peace shall *not* be made! I would rather

join hands with Solaro and Mazzini; I will become a conspirator."

Here Cavour broke off, and struck himself violently on the chest—a trick he had when excited. "I will be a revolutionist, but this treaty with our enemies shall never be made, No. A thousand times No! Never! Never!" Here he paused to take breath, while Monsieur Pietri sat before him, silent, his head bent down. "The Emperor is going, let him, but you and I, Monsieur Kossuth, remain. We two will do what the Emperor of the French cannot; by God! *we* will not stop mid-way, we will liberate Italy from sea to sea." "You may reckon on me," was Kossuth's answer.

It was at this time that Victor Emmanuel and his ministers were all included in a sweeping excommunication.

A general vote of the population of Central Italy bestowing on him not only Tuscany and Modena, but the sovereignty of the States of the Church, Romagna, and the Marches, was naturally an unpardonable crime at the Vatican.

"The Pope will never abdicate," said a friend to Cavour, *à-propos* of his famous theory of "a free Church in a free state."

"*And do you imagine there will be anything to abdicate from?*" was the answer. "*Do you imagine the temporal power can any longer exist as it is, supported by French bayonets?*"

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The foreign occupation of the Eternal City was a shameful and a degrading sight. No wonder it moved to the uttermost the wrath of every Italian patriot. When I first came to Rome, 1853, the streets were as full of French soldiers as if it had been a besieged town. Not a priest was to be seen, for assassination was certain if they were, so great was the fury of the people against the

Pope, who had put on them this national insult. The great white palace in the Piazza Colonna, where now hangs the clock, was the seat of the French police, over which ruled Monsieur Mangin, the special friend of Cardinal Antonelli, who knew everything which happened in Rome, from the fall of a pin to an attempt at revolution. *Sbirri* and spies were in every corner; the quarrels of families were turned to account to extract information. Money was freely spent for the same purpose. No man was sure of another; no one dared exchange opinions. A silence of death on all political subjects, a terror, a dread as of the Inquisition around. A state of things incredible to all who did not see it. General Goyon, the French commandant, established at the Palazzo Ruspoli, did his best to give a gloss to the existing tyranny by weekly dances at which he presided with the courtesy of the *vieille cour*. No need to say not an Italian was present, but what was more, not a French officer was received in any Italian house, except such *Papalini* as were blindly devoted to the Vatican.

There the French Zouaves swarmed side by side with the Swiss Guard. The Pope below, within the apartments of that elegant façade fronting the great square of St. Peter's and Cardinal Antonelli above, in a sumptuous suite of rooms, accepting the humiliating position of a *soi-disant* sovereign and his minister terrified at their own countrymen.

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No wonder that eleven millions of Italians voted for Victor Emmanuel, and that Genoa, Florence, and Siena received him with open arms. Flowers fell on him like rain. Festoons, arches, triumphal trophies, banners, embroideries, arras, damask, pavilions, pictures, municipal emblems, followed him from city to city. The whole people turned out to meet him, packing the streets and

piazze until all power of progress seemed impossible. Never was so spontaneous a national movement!

Then followed Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily, winked at by the Government. Between the lines of the sealed orders given to Admiral Persano, commanding the Italian fleet, "Steer between Garibaldi and the Neapolitan cruisers," it was written. "It is hoped that you understand." (He did understand, and Garibaldi passed unchallenged.)

The flight of Francis II. came after, and the wild reception of Garibaldi as Dictator at Naples. By Garibaldi's act alone Victor Emmanuel became King of Italy and Sicily, and it is the only blot on his memory that he forgot the giver. Thanks to Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel led the national movement from north to south, and the puerile efforts of the Pope, with a heterogeneous army of foreigners under General Lamoricière, only made his triumph the more apparent.

Victor Emmanuel, coming from Ancona, met Garibaldi at Capua; the General's picturesque figure, wrapped in a grey military cloak thrown over his red shirt, his full auburn hair, loose, hanging on his neck, his keen eyes searching out the King riding at the head of his army.

As they drew near, Garibaldi, reining up his horse, in a voice broken by emotion saluted him, "King of Italy!"

"I thank you," was the reply, clasping Garibaldi's hand, and by these words accepting the donation of two crowns. Then the Red shirts and the troops rushed on each other in a mutual embrace after the emotional fashion of the south, while frantic cries of "*Viva il Re d'Italia!*" "*Viva Garibaldi!*" "*Viva la Patria!*" rang round in the broad and fruit-planted plain in which Capua lies.

Soon after the National Parliament ratified Garibaldi's

gift, and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed, "*Per grazia di Dio e per volontà della nazione, Re d'Italia.*"

Alas! As Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi rode side by side into the gay streets of Naples the following day, who would have thought that Garibaldi would soon be lying on the dark flank of Aspromonte, wounded by Italian soldiers and crippled for life?

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Then came the question of Rome—the Eternal City on the Seven Hills, capital and chief from the days of Romulus, the seat of the great Cæsars, the treasured mart of the republic—for which Lucius pleaded and Brutus died; Rome, the crown of the Popes; the centre of religion, learning, and power; from which, as from a sun, for so many ages emanated the rays of light all over the cultivated world—Rome, and no other, must be the capital of Young Italy.

Naples, Florence, even Turin, were mentioned, but no other city commanded the suffrages of all. Rome, as capital, could cause no jealousies in the amalgamation of the different states. The very name comes to the Italian with a magic sound.

As Mecca to the Mahometan, and Jerusalem to the Israelite, so is Rome to the Latins, a sacred name, the Palladium of the race.

Cavour was resolved, but Rome was still occupied by the French; a tremendous difficulty, considering the aid Napoleon III. had given.

About this question Cavour and Garibaldi were destined to quarrel. Garibaldi, with his impetuous nature, would at once have commenced the siege, spite of treaties and diplomatic considerations, while Cavour sought to obtain his end like a great statesman.

The cession of Nice and Savoy rankled, too, in the heart of Garibaldi. "Never," cried he in a debate at the

chamber, "will I give my hand to the man who made me a foreigner!"

Cavour, rising to reply, stood pale and trembling with emotion. "An abyss," said he, "lies between me and General Garibaldi. I fulfilled an imperative duty—the most painful I ever performed in my life—in sanctioning the cession of Nice and Savoy. By the grief I felt myself I can measure that of the General. If he cannot forgive me, I bear him no malice."

It was a splendid speech, but the voice which uttered it was soon to be silenced in death. At the earnest request of the King they became friends, and the honest palm of Garibaldi grasped the powerful hand of Cavour.

In June he died. At such a national calamity, Victor Emmanuel's kind heart melted.

"Better for Italy had I been taken," he cried, overcome with grief. "But if God will, Italy shall still be free, even without Cavour."

Reading of these days is like the record of an age of chivalry, an epic period, calling up great spirits to work out national destinies.

Then came the ill-advised advance of Garibaldi—the Ajax of the modern phase—upon Rome, and the bitter episode of Aspromonte. Nothing can excuse either the King or the ministers; other means might have been found, without drawing Italian blood and sacrificing the chief whose romantic fame will live for ever in the annals of chivalry.

I am glad to know that the nation rose as one man against the action of its rulers, and that the new kingdom, cemented by the magnaminity of Garibaldi, was shaken to the core.

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The temporary removal of the capital to Florence caused such heartburnings that the King was hissed at

Turin. It was but temporary, and the wound given to his feelings was soon destined to be healed. "God," in the King's words, "had willed that Italy should be saved."

To Dr. Tommasi Crudeli, a Garibaldino and a soldier, now living in Rome, whom I have the honour to know, Victor Emmanuel said one day with a pleasant smile:

"There will be good news for you soon; a great event is about to take place."

"What event, *Maestà*?"

The King did not at first answer; his face was suffused, and he twirled his long moustache, as was his wont.

"I am resolved," he said at last in his deep chest voice, "that there shall be no turning back. It grieves me greatly, but I have consented."

"*Maestà*, I do not understand," answered Tommasi, puzzled at this mysterious language; but Victor Emmanuel vaulted into the railway carriage (they met at the Turin terminus) and, waving his hand, disappeared.

But before the "great event" took place much was to happen. The war with Austria cost the King many a pang. Much as he detested the tyranny of Austria as a nation, he esteemed the royal house as the nearest relatives of his much-loved wife. In two engagements, at Custozza and at Lissa, Italy was defeated. Victor Emmanuel's impetuous nature could hardly brook the blow. He had flung himself, as usual, into the van at Custozza; both his sons fought by his side.

For a moment it seemed that Rome was as far off as ever.

But the bright lining to the cloud soon came in the victories of Prussia, the cession of long-captive Venice to Italian unity, and the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

Thus the Emperor of the French, whose magnanimity

towards Italy has, to my mind, never been sufficiently appreciated or acknowledged, in his own good time redeemed his pledge: "Italy *was* free from the Alps to the Adriatic."

It was now that Garibaldi's ill-concocted movement upon Rome took place. The melancholy defeat of Mentana afforded a sad pendant to Aspromonte. The Red shirts melted away before the chassepôts of the French, and he lost for ever the *prestige* of his name.

Another misfortune. Before Rome was to be his, Victor Emmanuel very nearly fell out of the course of all mortal things by a most dangerous illness.

And the thought of this brings to my mind the place where it happened; at the villa he had built for himself in the woods of San Rossore, in the lovely *Pineta* of Pisa, a green retreat under the eternal whiteness of the marble mountains of Carrara.

The whole region of the low land between Pisa and the sea is one magnificent pine forest, cut by two broad rivers, the Arno and the Serchio; the mossy sward under the trees verdant as an Alpine valley sprinkled with fir cones and ablaze with flowers—a cover for every kind of game.

When riding through these exquisite glades (for I lived much at Pisa), my path has often been crossed by a dingy-looking wild boar, followed by its brood, an evil customer to meet alone in the woods; sometimes a herd of bulls loomed behind the golden-tinted trunks; then a string of tame camels used for farm work followed down the broad terrace road leading to the sea, headed by their drivers; a herd of stags start off in a wild gallop as the hoofs of my horse fell on the turf, or a timid hare rushes away into the wood. By the banks of the river, countless coveys of wild duck, snipe and woodcock rise in the air, or a long-legged heron sails slowly along, a speck in the blue sky. Then,

emerging from the wood, the blue expanse of ocean meets the eye, the waves beating against a shore of golden sand, near by the spot where the body of poor Shelley was found. Every line and bay and indentation, every little beach and point and cape marked by the foam of surf leading off the eye to the margin of the Bay of Spezia, belted in with the most exquisitely-shaped mountains in the world, marble-white, summer and winter, as with eternal snows.

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It was in this lovely, but by no means healthy place, that the King, who spent his whole time in shooting and hunting, was seized with malignant fever, and as he lay, believing that death was near, his conscience smote him for his unrighteous life. Sending for the parish priest, he devoutly confessed himself and asked for absolution, which was refused, unless he would reconcile himself to the Church.

"My Father," replied the King, roused by this mean attack, "I have not sent for you to talk politics, which are the affair of the Parliament and the nation, but to assist a dying man."

"True, *Maestà;* but, besides that, you are here living with a woman who is not your wife."

"*Peccavi,*" answered the King. "There you touch me straight. On that subject you may dictate what you please. What do you desire me to do?"

"Marry her, *Maestà.*"

"Well, bring her in," was the King's answer, in his own decided way.

Rosina was still handsome, of that coarse and telling beauty which had caught the royal eye; but now the mother of two grown-up children, she was no longer young.

Then and there, by the King's bedside they married;

the crafty priest, who doubtless hoped that mischief might arise, absolving him of all his sins.

It was well things fell out so, for General Menabrea, the President of the Council, was in the next room, and prepared to force the *Curato* to perform his duty, any violence to the conscience of a dying person being punishable by law. Some significant words were uttered about the *carabinieri*, which terrified the priest so much not a word more was heard of the righteous restitution of Church lands.

The whole affair was an intrigue got up by the Archbishop of Pisa, Cardinal Corsi, a most bitter *Papalino*, who actually had the audacity to shut the great doors of his cathedral in the face of the King. The thousands who followed (for he came in state during a visit to Pisa) would have forced those ancient doors of bronze with the wonderful carvings—a gem even in artistic Italy—but the King, seeing a side entrance open, said with a smile: "We can pass in here, I am not come to visit the priests, but to pray to God; it is not the broad but the narrow door which leads to Paradise."

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At length, the solution of the Roman question was at hand. The French, defeated at every point by the Prussians, and the Emperor Napoleon made prisoner at Sedan, had neither the power nor the will to retain Rome for the Pope. The alliance fell through of itself like a rope of sand. Pio Nono, fatuous in confidence, believed in a manifest miracle in his behalf. But none came, and General Cadorna, after some skirmishing with the Papal Zouaves, entered Rome by a breach in the wall, close by the Porta Pia. If you drive out to that gate, close to the British Embassy, facing the blue range of the mountains of Tivoli and Subiaco, encircling Rome in a zone of sylvan beauty—you will see what looks like a rent made in the

massive wall, on which a tablet is placed notifying the fact; flower-wreaths, ribbons and emblems, faded and fresh, hanging near.

Now all these land-marks are, as it were, dying out. Instead of the wild Campagna, and the picturesque ruins of ancient *Celle*, and temples dotted about the lonely road leading to the Ponte Nomentano, a new and most hideous quarter of ill-built houses is rising up street after street, forming a large suburb in which all thought of the historic days gone by is overwhelmed.

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Whatever were the King's scruples and qualms of conscience at inhabiting the Pope's palace of the Quirinal (and we know that he went there most unwillingly, and that his daughter the Princess Clotilde *never* would pass the threshold), the sentiment he uttered was: "*A Roma ci siamo, e a Roma restiremo.*"

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The first parliament of United Italy was held in the state *Aula* of Monte Citorio, close by the Piazza Colonna, in the heart of Rome, Victor Emmanuel seated on the throne. The opening words of his speech, "*Quel lavoro al quale abbiamo consacrato la vita è eseguito,*" shook the palace walls with wild applause. From the vast hall the *evvivas* mounted in the clear air in the piazza, and were echoed with delighted enthusiasm by an enormous crowd, filling the double square and the Corso. Rome was mad with joy; all barriers were broken down. Italy was one kingdom with one head, the *Re Galantuomo.* Church and state were severed and the Pope relegated to what he ought always to be, a spiritual power, never indeed *so powerful* as when ruling over the *souls* and not the *bodies* of men.

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Family ties sat lightly enough on Victor Emmanuel as a rule, but the death of his youngest son called out that latent tenderness which lay at his stout heart.

In painful contrast to the father's strength, Prince Odone was a cripple and an invalid from his birth. Perhaps for this very reason he was his favourite child. He never forgot him. Years passed and he came to Rome. We all know how the beautiful Pincian hill, with its graceful statues, balustrades and terraces overlooking Rome below in its deep cleft valley, is beset with beggars. Every three steps the eye is brought to bear upon the maimed, the halt, the blind. Among these a little crippled boy dragged himself painfully along with his wooden crutch, and never did the King pass him without flinging to him some *soldi*.

It was useless for the gentleman or officer in waiting to assure his Majesty that the cripple was idle and a thief: "*Non importa*," was the answer, "you may be right, but he reminds me of my Odone."

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The King was still in the prime of life; a man of the simplest tastes and habits. With the exception of a casual attack of fever, which few Italians escape, his constitution was of iron.

His stables, his dogs, his guns and firearms were his delight. Even at Rome he was a keen sportsman. No weather stopped him. Heat or cold, spite of his dangerous illness, found him followed by his dogs, exposing himself with the utter recklessness of perfect health.

Every day saw him about the streets in an open victoria *en bourgeois*, an officer in uniform or some lord-in-waiting by his side. Latterly his face had assumed a kind of livid tint which boded no good, but the eyes were as fiery and brilliant as ever, and the defiant moustache lent the same martial air to features not in themselves distin-

guished. What struck one as he passed raising his hat, was the iron determination of the whole countenance. If ever a man could be said to "look through a stone wall," it was Victor Emmanuel. Later in the day he was to be seen driving out of the Porta Pia, towards the beautiful villa, embowered in flowery woods, where lived his left-hand queen, Rosina, Contessa Mirafiore.

The sums that were lavished on this place, not particularly large but most elegant, never will be known. Gigantic conservatories rose up beside the road, and through the gilded gates exquisite flowers were belted by groves of palm, orange and cypress, aloes and cactus grown to a tropical height, and plots of verdant grass, a most difficult luxury in this hot climate.

Shortly before his death the King purchased a large summer palace on the summit of a hill about a mile out of the Porta Salaria. A much more royal abode, with an ancient *bosco* of exquisite beauty, the dusky-foliaged ilex-avenues lined with fountains, temples and rock-work, defying the sun in the deepness of the shade—surrounded by a park of at least eight miles in circumference, with all the charming irregularities of the Campagna, hill and dale, deep valleys and bold plateau, commanding views of the whole range of mountains from Subiaco to Velletri, which hems in Rome.

(This palace, which was not finished when he died, now belongs to Count Telfner, and is named Villa Ada, in honour of his charming American wife.)

Here many souvenirs tell of the presence of Rosina, for whose glorification this regal residence was obtained. Anything, however, was better than her presence at the Quirinal, where Margherita, the present Queen of Italy, then Princess Royal of Piedmont, then lived with her husband. Rosina was the black thread all through Victor Emmanuel's career, her greed, her furious temper,

her low ways and lack of education were a constant and ever-present curse.

At the Quirinal, the King continued to the last his old loose life, inhabiting a very unpretentious set of rooms on the ground floor. He had a kind of superstitious horror of taking possession of the Papal chambers in the first floor, full of crosses and crucifixes. These were never opened during his reign, except on unavoidable occasions of state.

The rooms downstairs quite sufficed for him and his wardrobe. He wore the same clothes all the year round, grey in the morning and black for evening, and seldom possessed more than one suit of each. Only about his linen he was particular, liking to have much and of the finest quality.

Impatient by nature, and at times *brusque* and surly in manner, he could not brook the smallest want of punctuality in others. Precise as a soldier, every hour of the day was mapped out, and whatever time was apportioned to the villa outside Porta Pia or pastimes, no private pleasures or interests ever trenched upon his public life.

The anecdotes told of him are endless. He was, as I have said, a great frequenter of theatres. One evening at the Politeama, the popular theatre of Rome, on the further side of the Tiber, on arriving at the door a man rushed out holding a paper in his hand crying "*Maestà! Grazia!*" just as he was dismounting. The King stopped and put out his hand to take the petition.

"Sire," said the man, "I play the horn here at the Politeama. You must know me; I sit just under your box. My landlord is going to turn me out. I am cited to the *Prefettura* to-morrow. Here is the paper, *Maestà*, and I have a wife and five children."

"*Ebbene*, I understand. You want me to go to the *Prefettura* instead of you."

"*Mai, santo cielo,*" exclaimed the poor musician, quite overcome; "I am ready to go; but I should like to be able to say the King has paid the rent!"

"*Va bene,* you shall have it."

The horn-player gratefully kissed the King's hand, who went on to his place, and began laughing and pointing him out to those about him.

"*Ah, per Dio!*" cried Count Castellengo, the Minister of the Household. "I hope that fellow will not tell; if he does, we shall have all Rome coming to the Quirinal to have their rent paid to-morrow." But the King was not to be stopped by any consideration of this sort, and the horn-player received his 300 francs for rent next day.

Another story of the theatre where the King went so much. One rather wonders there are not more to tell.

What theatre this was I do not know, probably another circus, the King's favourite resort, as he delighted in the masculine beauty of the Amazons of the *haute école.*

On the steps two shabbily dressed women stood as the royal carriage drove up. One of them drew something from under her cloak, which looked like a large and solid bundle, threw it forward and struck Victor Emmanuel in the face, knocking off his hat. He was furious, specially when it was opened and found to be a hard cushion of Berlin wool worked with beads. On entering the royal box, quite crimson, and carrying the cushion in his hand, he met the manager (from whom comes the story) at the door.

"*Corpo di Bacco!* what is the meaning of this?" cried the King, holding up the offending cushion, extremely gaudy and showy in itself. "Go and see at once what maniac has dared to throw this at *me.*"

Spite of his anger there was a general laugh, in which at last he, too good-natured to be really angry, joined.

The manager rushed to obey him, and found the unfor-

tunate delinquent, a poor actress, still standing at the door of the theatre with her companion, trembling with affright at the evident displeasure of the King. Far from intending treason or offence, she had destined the sofa cushion as a present.

Meantime the offending article was being minutely examined by the head of the police, who found nothing in it more dangerous than wadding and some bran.

The manager, returning to the King, explained all this, and assured him the woman meant no harm.

"Well, there," replied Victor Emmanuel, holding out the peccant article at arm's-length, "take it back, and tell her I do not use such luxuries."

As he spoke a note pinned to one of the tassels caught his eye.

"What is this?" he asked, unfastening it and proceeding to read it aloud. "*Ah la solita canzone,*" nodding his head and smiling—"money."

"She prays your majesty to deign to accept this little offering from the mother of a family overwhelmed with debt."

The affair passed off with a general laugh, and the King, with both elbows resting on the front of the box, proceeded minutely to examine the ladies of the ballet with his glass.

Next evening, when he came again as usual, he called the manager to his box.

"What has become of the mother of the large family who throws cushions at my head?" he asked.

"She is dismissed, Sire, and never will trouble you again."

"Ah! *per Bacco!* I am sorry. It is a mistake; I am not angry. Go to the manager of —— Theatre and beg him from me to forgive her. She meant no wrong, poor devil, only the cushion was hard and stuffed with bran.

Take her this (250 fr.), and tell her never to throw anything at a King again; at least, not without warning."

Victor Emmanuel, who had a keen sense of humour, related that on some occasion, stopping at a small country station, the *Sindaco* (Mayor), much flushed and confused, presented himself, bowing elaborately to the ground as he drew up on the platform. The King beckoned him to the window of the royal carriage, and the *Sindaco*, still more confused, kept bowing the more.

"You are the Mayor of this place, I presume," said the King. "Will you have a cigar?"

"Oh, *Maestà!* I am too honoured, but I never could put my hand into your case."

"I beg of you," was the answer, "*la prego;*" and he took out a cigar and placed it in his hand.

"*Maestà,*" said the *Sindaco*, kissing the gracious hand, "I accept it, not to smoke, *oh, mai!* but to *keep*. This cigar will be the glory of our Commune. It will last to the latest hour of our lives!"

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In the war of 1859 a Signor Pletza, Governor of Alessandria, being commanded to receive the Emperor of the French, who was to pass through, appealed to the King to be excused. "I cannot suitably represent your Majesty. I know nothing of etiquette."

"Is it possible?" was the answer.

"I deeply regret my deficiency, your Majesty, but so it is. I know absolutely nothing about it."

"You tell me you know nothing of etiquette?" asked Victor Emmanuel a second time, a smile breaking over his face.

"Nothing, sire."

"Well, then, *Signor Sindaco*, give me your hand. You are the very person to represent me. I never in all my life understood etiquette."

At Florence, a *donna di facenda*, servant in a pension in Via Maggio, came home one day in high spirits. Her *padrona* asked her the reason. For answer she opened her hand and showed some gold.

"Had she stolen it?"

"*No, no, mai!*"

"Where did she get it?"

"I will tell you, Signora Anna," which was the *padrona's* name. "It was the King himself who gave it me."

"*Per Bacco*, you are lying! For shame!"

"No, not at all; it is true."

"How could you see the King?"

"I went to the Pitti garden just as he came out. At the gate, I mean, down beside the stables, and when I saw him I moved, and he stopped. 'What do you want?' he asked. Then I told him they had taken my son for a soldier and I wanted him let off. 'What can I do, *vecchia mia?*' said the King. 'They have taken my two sons for soldiers and I cannot get them off. Indeed, I like it.' Then he put some money in my hand, which I saw was gold. 'Mind, don't come again,' he said. Then he drove off, smiling kindly at me."

A little girl belonging to a noble family of Turin, reduced to poverty by the gambling of the father, was brought by a friend to the King's ante-room, by way of exciting interest. As he passed, he looked at the child standing with downcast eyes, drew her to him, kissed her, and placed some money in her hand; then, looking round to assure himself no one was near, he drew from his pocket notes to a large amount and fastened them into the long plaits of her hair. "Take care, *cara mia*," he said, 'no one undoes your hair but mamma, you understand."

The noble example he set of visiting cholera-stricken Naples in 1865 was followed by his son, the present King.

Not a miserable slum or underground vault in the squalid over-peopled quarters, that even to drive through makes one sick—that was not visited by the King. In the hospitals the somewhat rough-spoken Sovereign comforted the patients with gentle words, and taking in his own strong palm the damp, feeble hands of the dying, spoke to them in words which surprised those who knew him best.

"Have courage, *poverino*," he said to one man, turned livid under the awful scourge; "try to get well." The doctor, standing by, shook his head. The sick man found no words to utter; but in the evening, instead of dying, he recovered—the King's words having caused a salutary crisis. "I am so glad," he exclaimed, when informed of the circumstance, "but nothing must be said. If they spread the report that I work miracles, the Neapolitans will tear me into little pieces to wear as relics!"

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But the day was rapidly approaching when the King would himself stand in need of those kind and Christian words he gave to others. Always at Rome for the opening of parliament in early winter, he left again for Turin in December, to visit Rosina, who was ill. (She subsequently died of cancer.) On his way back at Christmas he caught a cold, but received, notwithstanding, the senate and the parliament, the foreign Ambassadors, and those who were accustomed to present their homage to him on this occasion.

On the evening of New Year's Day he felt worse, and owned it. On the 4th he was evidently suffering from one of his violent attacks of fever, complicated with inflammation of the lungs. In this condition he had the incredible folly to rise from his bed and stand smoking at an open window. This, indeed, was what killed him. Night air at Rome is never very salubrious, and night air,

taken with a severe congestion of the lungs, would in all climates be fatal.

Worse and worse grew the poor King, his full plethoric habit telling against him. Indeed, from the moment he was struck down, the disease took a fatal hold which no doctor could combat.

When a miliary eruption broke out, he was told that he had better lose no time in seeing a priest. Half sitting up in bed, for the oppression of his breathing was great, the strong man, with his hands folded together, received the news in perfect silence. Fixing on the doctor his piercing eyes, undulled as yet and slowly unfolding his hands, "Is it come to that?" ("*Siamo li?*") he said, speaking slowly. "*Ebbene,* I will do as you say. Let the *Cappellano* be called."

The *Cappellano* came and the King confessed. The parish priest was applied to for the host, but some difficulty arose. Leave had to be obtained from the Pope to administer extreme unction to a schismatic under the ban of the Church. The Pope made a condition that he should sign a definite statement of submission and of restitution to the Holy See. This Victor Emmanuel as long as he had breath in his body refused to do. There was a good deal of sending to and fro from the Quirinal to the Vatican, but nothing came of it, and as each hour the King grew worse it seemed that he was destined to die without the sacraments at all. Seeing the urgency of the case at length Pio, who, spite of his backslidings, loved and prayed for "*quel povero, Vittorio Emanuele,*" setting down all the Church spoliation to the account of Cavour—despatched one of the papal Prelates to the Palace with authority to give absolution on condition of some retractation, even by word of mouth.

But the Prelate was not admitted. Rather than sever the recently formed kingdom of Italy, Victor Emmanuel,

patriotic and resolute to the end, would have died and gone to his account unshriven, trusting to the mercy of God—an act of heroism on his part not to be lightly esteemed.

The Pope, with tears in his eyes—and we know what beautiful, benevolent eyes they were—exclaimed: "The wretches! they want him to die a heathen! He, the son and the father of a saint! Oh! if his daughter, the Princess Clotilde, were here!" Whereupon Pio himself telegraphed to the lady, wife of Prince Napoleon Buonaparte, at Moncalieri, near Turin.

Poor Princess Clotilde, the Cinderella of the family, what could she do? Certainly not set her foot within the precincts of the Quirinal, which, in her view, belonged legally to the Pope, and exposed all who lived there to anathema! However, in obedience to the Holy Father, she waived her convictions and started; but, alas! she lived far away, and before she could reach Rome, the King her father was dead, and she, fearing to enter the walls of, to her, an accursed and prostituted city, turned back, protesting by her absence from her brothers, King Humbert, the Duke of Aosta, late King of Spain, and her sister, the Queen of Portugal (come all the way to attend her father's funeral and to comfort the new King), against the invasion and spoliation of the papal rights. Had the Princess Clotilde arrived in time, no one can say what might have happened. Personally, she had great influence over her father from the day he had opened to her the state reasons which existed for her union with Prince Napoleon, saying at the same time, "that he loved her too tenderly to insist upon the marriage, if she felt it was repugnant to her feelings." A moment of painful silence ensued, during which she clasped his hand, murmuring a prayer, then she replied in a firm voice, "Father, I will marry the Prince." After which he—too deeply touched for words, with tears

in his eyes, yet not daring to kiss her after the sacrifice he had imposed on her, declared he would never refuse her anything she asked in future.

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A second time the Pope's Prelate, Monsignor Marinelli, came to the Quirinal, and a second time the palace door was shut against him. What at all risks was to be prevented was any pretended retractation against the act which had made Italy one. The ministers knew that even in the full flow of health and strength Victor Emmanuel was haunted by remorse, and had always protested against entering Rome, and that when urged he had replied to the cynical Cavour, "I will go willingly with you to the gate, but I give you notice I will leave you to enter alone." And the influence of the Princess Clotilde was also dreaded, when, during a former illness, she had induced him to sign "the act of repentance and submission to the Holy See." "If done once under the pressure of illness," reasoned the ministers, "why might not the same occur again?"

Every means, therefore, was taken to prevent such a catastrophe. Not only was the papal Prelate, Marinelli, driven from the palace, but the eminent danger of the King was withheld from his own sons.

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Again and again Pio sent anxious messages, and gave eager orders to administer the sacrament and papal benediction at whatever moment the King desired, provided he would sign or promise some act of restitution.

At length, as the death shadows gathered, it was felt that, as a matter of decency, *something should be done.*

How the difficulty was solved remains a mystery to this day; but the King *did* receive extreme unction by the express permission of the Pope, and *did make* no promise of restitution whatever. His last words were, "*I figli!*

I figli!" To his son Humbert, who was hanging over him, he put out his hand and murmured "*Addio*," Umberto kissing it kneeling, and covering it with his tears. On the other side of the bed knelt the Conte Mirafiore, the son of Rosina, a perfect specimen of physical strength and beauty, to whom the King was much attached. It was a strange approximation.

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No death in the world ever called forth a more passionate expression of grief. It was as if the entire nation had lost a father. From the son, kneeling convulsed by grief by the side of his dead father until the doctors had to draw him away, down to the lowest beggar, all joined together as one great family.

I was at Palermo at the time, and even in republican Sicily there was not a single shop in the Corso, however mean or sordid—and the houses at Palermo are a study in this line—but hung out some bit of crape or black on door or window. If this was the case in republican Sicily, what was it not in Rome? The whole population turned out, looking as if stricken with some nameless fear; a dense and stationary crowd gathered on the Quirinal hill, all staring up at the windows of the palace in which he lay as if they expected the very stones to tell them of Victor Emmanuel.

As the sun set, scarcely a carriage was heard abroad; a dead and mournful stillness came over the city. All voices were hushed, even as his was hushed.

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No subject was spoken of but the death of the King and that man would have been a bold one who at that supreme moment had dared to allude to those weaknesses and foibles which had marred his great name. Even the Pope, who, to the last entertained a sincere liking for him, declared that he had died "*come Re e Cristiano*," and all

the clerical newspapers treated his memory with a compassionate gentleness very much at variance with the abusive blasts with which they usually covered his name.

If ever man deserved to be called the father of his country, it was the "*Re Galantuomo;*" and so the Romans thought when they came to bury him. Such a funeral never was known before or since. Not Augustus in all the pride of empire ever commanded such a show!

The long streets along the line of march were draped with black, and tricolor flags displayed, with pendent knots of crape attached to the colours. Every living soul, and it need not be said that every one who had legs to stand on, was in the street—in the deepest black, and the balconies and *loggie* filled with funeral wreaths and bouquets of rarest flowers to throw on the hearse as in a carnival of woe. All the streets lined with troops, and the Bersaglieri, those swift and ready troops with flying plumes always on the wing, such favourites with the King, as the mountaineers of infantry—standing three deep, with drawn cutlasses.

The Corso, from its great length (nearly a mile) and architectural beauty, presented the grandest spectacle of a nation's woe. Every aperture and cranny from which sight could be obtained was a mass of black, to say nothing of the funeral flags, trophies, and draperies which waved from palace-balcony, gallery, and door. Regiment after regiment poured into the streets, descending the hill of the Quirinal, followed by glittering squadrons of cavalry, and infantry in every shade of uniform—dark-blue slashed with red, pale-blue and silver lace, gold and silver epaulets, plumed helmets, and the flash of brilliant embroideries, gold lace, cocked hats, standards, some new, others blood-stained and shot-riddled, decorations, jewelled collars and diamond stars, all massed together in one glittering blaze, the procession not walking abreast, but loosely broken, which added to the effect.

The civil dignitaries followed the syndics of Rome and all the principal capitals of Italy; the Chamber of Deputies, four hundred in number, the senators, all black-coated with white cravats; judges in crimson velvet robes; the gorgeous display of foreign Ambassadors and ministers, in brilliant uniforms, covered with jewels and orders; special envoys from reigning sovereigns, the Archduke Regnier of Austria and General Canrobert; the titular cousins of the King, the Knights of the *Santissima Annunziata* in curious velvet mantles trimmed with ermine, and a single figure on horseback, General Marchese Medici, then an aged man, in splendid uniform, grey and wrinkled, with a look of deep sorrow in his face, bearing the dead Sovereign's sword, drawn in so many battle-fields in the cause of Italy.

Behind followed the line of royal princes, the present King walking first; Amedeo, the ex-King of Spain, next, and the Prince Imperial of Prussia, leading a little fourteen-year-old boy by the hand, the Crown Prince of Portugal.

After these the funeral car, gold on a black ground, and open, so that the coffin of the dead monarch could be seen within, on which lay, tied with crape and tricolor, the crown and sceptre, and beside it the wreaths sent by the Queen of England and the Emperor of Germany. Eight horses, a mass of plumes and drapery, bore on the weight, and falling reverently from the uncovered multitude above, a shower of flowers and wreaths.

Far longer was the procession than I have told, and many a touching incident brought tears to many eyes, specially the sight of the war-horse the King had mounted as a youth when the constitution was given to Piedmont, called the "*Cavallo del Statuto.*"

Four hours were consumed in the passing of this surging mass to the Pantheon, the great domed monument of

ancient Rome, come down intact from the age of Agrippa—a huge frowning temple in the thickest part of the city the portico supported by double pillars of enormous size.

And in the Pantheon we will leave him, the *Re Galantuomo*, in the Rome he had won, sleeping peacefully, far from the malice of priests and the evil tongues of men—alone yet surrounded by his people's love!

CHAPTER V.

GARIBALDI.

PERSONALLY I knew little of Garibaldi. He stands out in my memory as I saw him last, stretched at full length in an open landau, passing through the Via Tritone at Rome, his finely featured face pale as a corpse, his deep-seated eyes contracted almost out of his head, a look feeble, emaciated, decrepit, with a general expression of languor and suffering which touched the very soul. All that remained intact was his red-lined cloak and his red cap, which left the pallor of his visage the more exposed. Driving rapidly, he passed from my sight, while a few *vivas* rose from the foot-passengers about, and men took off their hats and women stared.

The heroic Garibaldi was a thing of the past. His day was done. He had become an anachronism. It is well said that many men are most honoured in their death, especially soldiers and actors who expire on the stage of their triumphs at the moment which gives them fame!

Buccaneer, free lance, Pirate, General, Saviour of King and crown, country and freedom, Garibaldi should have fallen sword in hand!

What I saw was in 1874. He had just been chosen by several constituencies to represent them in parliament (one being Rome), and he had come up to take his seat. The burning question was, Would he swear the oath of allegiance to that Sovereign whose soldiers had wounded and crippled him at Aspromonte, after he had placed two crowns on his head?

Would he? Could he?

He had landed from Caprera at Civita Vecchia, where people sat up till two in the morning to receive him in the dim light and escort him from the boat to the station, clambering to the roof of the railway carriage, hanging on to the lamps, to the wheels, anywhere, at the risk of their lives, just to see the red tip of his cap or hear the sound of his voice.

On crutches, unable to move without assistance, his hands contracted with rheumatism, his face corpse-like, his hair grisled, he was carried like an infant in the strong arms of his son Menotti.

Arrived at the Roman station, the same scene was repeated; the *popolani*, madly excited, again collected to welcome him; and when he appeared, the ever sweet smile playing on the still fine-lined face, and the white teeth shining out of the thick auburn beard like pearls—a wild yell of love rose up in the air, so shrill and piercing in its intensity it could be heard half over the city.

On his way to the Hotel Costanzi (now sold to the Jesuits for four millions of francs), cheers and *vivas* met him at every turn. Traffic was stopped that his carriage might pass, even the inexorable omnibuses paused in their grinding course, and those lines of horrible carts, laden with stone and brick, the curse of modern Rome, always building—drawn by jaded miserable animals hardly to be recognised as of the same species as that lordly quadruped *the horse;* led by drivers whom nothing in heaven or earth seems to arrest—even THESE stood still to let the hero of a hundred battle-fields pass by!

Arrived at the Hotel, Garibaldi, weak and feeble as he was, *must* come out and make a speech (he was as fond of speechifying as his great rival, Pio Nono—the despair of his ecclesiastic ministers, as he was sure to let out some State secrets).

Standing on the balcony of the Hotel: "Romans," Garibaldi said, "I am here. I am very glad to see you, and now, a *casa*. Be Roman still in patriotism as in order."

He *must* end with a flourish! His oratory was of the florid type, which delights in superlatives, yet in this *flux de paroles*, unlike the Pope, he contrived to say generally the *right* thing. Now, how was this man—reduced to crutches by Italians, at the command of an Italian general—going to conduct himself in parliament as a deputy?

His comrade, Cairoli, a leading politician, afterwards minister, had rallied to the throne. Victor Emmanuel was to open the parliament in person. These were old friends, one his companion in arms, the other his Sovereign.

Garibaldi, impressionable by nature, was one of those who generally take their colour from their surroundings. These surroundings were, on the whole, loyal; but on the other hand, he had about him, in his own family, others who were not simple, noble and honourable like himself, but full of rancour and cupidity, and for their own purposes ready to foment republican intrigue.

What sums of money were extorted from the government to keep Menotti Garibaldi quiet, who will ever know? Whenever he outran the constable, or generally stood in need of cash, a republican conspiracy was sure to be announced—"The throne was to be shaken; anarchy ensue. The potent name of Garibaldi would outweigh the scale of order!" All this was quite understood, but to avoid scandal and save the name of a hero from disgrace, the money required was always forthcoming.

However, to continue—when Garibaldi appeared in the Chamber of Deputies, almost lifted into his place on those rows of benches which form an amphitheatre opposite the Presidential table and the throne—a dead silence ensued.

Then the democratic Left cheered lustily. Again cheer upon cheer rose up, until the silence necessary to take the oath of allegiance seemed impossible. At length Garibaldi rose slowly and painfully on his crutches, and, when the oath of fidelity to the King was administered, stretched out his crippled right hand, and in a deep, solemn voice responded, "*Giuro*"—I swear.

It was a great relief. Garibaldi was not a rebel! With marvellous magnanimity he returned good for evil.

Amid a volley of applause unchained like the winds of heaven, his glorious career alone remembered—all parties joined frantically, Right, Left, officials, diplomatists, reporters, until the dome resounded to the echo—Garibaldi sitting in his place, bowed his venerable head, a serene smile breaking over his expressive features.

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As I have said, the King was at Rome to open parliament, but they had not met. Victor Emmanuel, whom Garibaldi had crowned, but whom also, it must be said, he had vilified liberally in his moments of direst wrath—the cession of Nice, for example—or when frustrated in some desperate enterprise, such as a raid on the well walled city of Rome with untrained volunteers—or marching with bands of Red shirts into a neighbouring state protected by treaties—to say nothing of his wound, made no effort to see him. But years had passed by; illness had weakened the hero. The King, brave as a knight-errant in the field, and his illustrious subject, who had lent eternal glory to his reign, both loved valour. They had fought for a common cause—Liberty to the land of Italy. "*Fuori d' Italia lo straniero!*" had been their common cry. Such men could not long remain estranged; and so General Medici thought, who had fought with Garibaldi in the expedition to Sicily—Medici, one of the Red-shirted "*Mille*" of Marsala, now, as the French say, *rangé*

at court, and aide-de-camp to the King, and respected and trusted by him above all other men.

So a hired carriage was ordered (perhaps the same landau in which I had seen Garibaldi stretched in the Via Tritone), and along with General Medici, or rather *Marchese* Medici (for many good things had fallen to his lot, and last, not least, the hand of a wealthy English lady, devoted to him as long as he lived), the hill of the Quirinal was mounted together, and the great subject passed under the arched *Portone* of the Palace.

What passed in that notable *tête-à-tête* between King and subject—rather between the King-maker and the King-made—who can say? Neither told.

Like two great rival potentates, they sat opposite each other and spoke words heavy with the fate of the past, pregnant with the future; only with this difference—Victor Emmanuel, full, robust, Herculean, greedy of life after his manner of living, honoured, crowned, sitting in the Pope's palace, on the very throne, as it were, of the long line of defunct Hierarchs, and Garibaldi, whose quick sword had done such work, whose brain had schemed and won the battles, whose hand had clutched the southern crowns and placed them, not on his *own* brow, but on his *Sovereign's*—Garibaldi, white, emaciated, aged, without limbs to bear him or hands to write, a living man, inanimate but for the radiancy of the soul within, looking out of the half-closed eyes with gleams as of lightning—Garibaldi, too great for a subject, too loyal for a rebel, after a life of enduring zeal, magnanimous courage, and never-ending eagerness for victory or death—living on the charity of the nation he had made—a pensioner on that very Sovereign whose head he had crowned!

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A singular interview that, and one in which the mind loses itself in conjecture as to what words each could find

to greet the other, if to greet at all, and not to pass in absolute silence in the rush of thought, as scene after scene of bloody warfare, bold skirmish, and subtle ambuscade rose up; the parricidal attack, and bitter goal of imprisonment on one side—on the other the pride of royal blood in the ancient Sebaude race, which never bows its head before a foe, and deems even heroes born but to obey!

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Anyhow, leaving the presence of the King at the Quirinal that day, while Menotti Garibaldi and Marchese Medici sat without in the painted ante-room, each in different trains of thought, weighing what was to be the issue of the visit—Garibaldi came out, hobbling, alas! on his crutches, but so full of the aroma of former days, so strong in the old spirit of command, that he proudly refused all help, and insisted on walking alone!

Who would have said that, looking at them both, the full-blooded, hearty King, replete with life, vigour and energy, despising exposure, courting fatigue, a very colossus of strength, would have been struck to death so soon after the decrepit veteran who, with the tottering steps, was led from his presence. Such is life—a game of chance, "where he who lives doth win."

The effect of the singular interview between the Sovereign and his conquering subject must have been beneficent, for Garibaldi, as deputy, declined to enter into politics at all, avoiding thus all chance of collision with the King. Most inconvenient and injurious might his presence have become in Rome had he put forth his might as a democratic leader for purposes of his own, and very noble was it in him to abstain.

The revolutionary element, ever present in modern kingdoms, specially in Italy, a new country—where the seething masses, as in a boiling pot, had not yet settled

down—wanted but the hand of Garibaldi to make it overflow.

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Whatever mixed sentiments may have existed between himself and the King, all the manly tenderness of his nature welled up towards the beautiful girl, daughter of Victor Emmanuel's brother, the Duke of Genoa, Margaret of Savoy, now Queen of Italy.

As a man he admired her faultless features and that fragile form and face in which Saxony and Italy give of their best—sparkling Italian eyes, fair German skin, and rich tresses of blondest hair; and when she, to whom Garibaldi was an object of the intensest interest, begged to have the roots of some wild flowers that had grown in the rugged soil of Caprera, he himself plucked them with his own hands, adding a nosegay of the homely blossoms. "And," said he, "tell the Princess, with the flowers from Giuseppe Garibaldi, that if ever she wants a friend, she shall find one in me."

How ready he was to follow when women led the way is shown by his unfortunate marriages. The daughter of the Marchese Raimondi of Como came to his camp when fighting at the Italian lakes in 1859. She was young, Giuseppina, with a lovely face and gentle voice; in her hand she carried a letter which she pretended she had intercepted from the Austrians. Garibaldi thanked her, and they parted. Next day her father arrived, and openly entreated him to marry his daughter, "who loved him to despair."

"Impossible!" cried the General; "I am wedded to my dead Añita, the mother of my sons. Besides, Marchese, how can your daughter care for me? She has only seen me once."

"Ah! but, General, it is not so much personally yourself, but it is the cause of Italy that my daughter

adores. You, to her, are the embodiment of her country's cause."

No sooner were the words uttered than Garibaldi gave his consent.

And on the steps of the altar, but unhappily, after the binding ceremony of the Catholic Church, he found too late that this abandoned girl had had an intrigue with an officer, his greatest friend, and that the marriage with himself was but a blind to cover her too apparent shame! Yet, far from taking vengeance for the dishonour put on him, he was with difficulty prevented from adopting her unfortunate child. "Poor babe," he said, "the fault is not his; I loved his father dearly."

Again, the third time. Francesca, his last wife, came to his house at Caprera, much against his will, as a wet nurse to his daughter's child, and so well did this low and illiterate person know how to work on his too sensitive heart by her pretended enthusiasm for the Italian cause, that he actually married her, and she became the mother of Manlio and Clelia.

Women all through his life made a dead set at Garibaldi. There was a devotion of look and manner about him which encouraged it. Madame Mario and Mrs. Chamberlain—whom we have all known at her charming villa at Putney—devoted their lives and fortunes to him.

Women beset him in swarms when he came to England. Women were only kept out of Caprera by the zealous care of the low-born Francesca, who *sans façon* would have boxed their ears. Women of every nation persecuted and importuned him in every possible way. So many locks of hair were asked for, which Garibaldi, always courteous, did not like to refuse, that a young soldier in attendance was literally shaven *bald;* and Prandina, his doctor, on one occasion when Garibaldi was too ill to be seen,

was induced to dress up in a red shirt and personate him in a darkened room, was literally smothered with kisses!

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In my notice of the great banker, Prince Torlonia, I shall mention an interview he had about this time with Garibaldi, who was induced to visit the Popish millionaire, as having, by the draining of the Lake of Fucino, contributed to the country's good. They met in most friendly guise—although one feels Torlonia must have looked on Garibaldi as little less than *Antichrist*—to consider the feasibility of turning the course of the Tiber, "to improve the sanitary and agricultural condition of the Campagna." For which purpose the curious combination of a committee, composed of Garibaldi, Torlonia, and Victor Emmanuel, was proposed. The canal was to be three kilomètres long and one hundred wide, turning the course of the river at Ponte Molle, and ending by an emissary at Fuimicino, near Ostia. The flat Campagna, beyond San Paolo to be raised with what was dug out, the land drained into it, and cultivated and colonised, for the small sum of eighty thousand pounds sterling. Forty thousand pounds were given by the Italian Government, but, like the four thousand pounds subscribed for by his admirers in London, as the bribe of the Governor of the Castle of S. Angelo to deliver Rome into Garibaldi's hands—it *was never heard* of!

Was this money received by Garibaldi or not? There is the mystery! He was surrounded by domestic brigands in the members of his family. To what extent these persons bled the Italian nation in the name of Garibaldi no one knows, or wants to know. It is well to drop a decent veil before the misty setting of so bright a sun.

Garibaldi had an income of £2000 a year assigned him

by the Government, and a charming villa out of the Porta Pia, surrounded by a park, commanding a view of mountain and plain, palace, ruins, walls, bastions, churches, and temples, enough to turn the head of any lover of the picturesque; also the island of Caprera all his own.

But what is £2000 a year, and a villa, and Caprera, when *all* was in his power? At one word he might have made himself Dictator of Italy; and if that £4000 I speak of had been rightly administered to the Governor of Sant' Angelo, and not stolen—instead of the reverse of Monte Rotondo and a hasty retreat, Garibaldi would, ere another night had passed, have slept in the Vatican!

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As far as the canal was concerned, it is a mercy it was never carried out. In such a climate as that of Rome it would have caused a pestilence. In a city where, to move the earth at all, even for necessary drains and gaspipes, causes fever, what would have happened with the mud of the Tiber, collecting since the time when Romulus and Remus fought on the Palatine—permeating the atmosphere, and the great open trench of the waterless river sending forth mephitic vapours over that already unwholesome valley?

Good heavens! who but lunatics could have conceived such a plan? It is the rapid course of the river Tiber which, muddy as it is, is the salvation of Rome, carrying away infection and epidemics, and spreading abroad wholesome breezes from the Umbrian mountains. And to turn *that* into an open sewer, into which things good and bad have been thrown for countless centuries, is something too horrible to contemplate!

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With Garibaldi the Soldier I have begun, with Garibaldi the General I will end. All the details of his career are

equally romantic. He lived in those stormy days when actual history became an epic.

On his early life in South America I will not enter! Thrilling as it is, after the fashion of the "Vikönigs" or "Orlando Furioso," it concerns not us.

The early influence of Mazzini and the idea of a free and united Italy first lit up his youthful imagination. The vaporous dreams of unpractical patriots were under his influence destined to become solid realities. Liberty was the goddess he worshipped; and when he could not unsheathe his sword for her in Italy, he passed into other hemispheres to fight in her name. Land and sea were to him alike. As brave and reckless a captain on the wide ocean as leader on land, his very faults and reverses were all for glory. How wild were his notions, how Utopian, yet how poetical, is shown in his romance, "The Rule of the Monk," written to illustrate the evils of the Romish priesthood—a book full of sylvan heroes and virtuous brigands, utterly impossible in every-day life. All the Italian patriots are described as heroic, living lives of Arcadian felicity and married to loving and courageous women under the greenwood tree—every one joining the hands of every one else, and pronouncing them man and wife before a rural altar, much in the fashion of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whose works probably Garibaldi was profoundly ignorant.

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The position of Italy was such as to call forth his wildest sympathies. The north and the centre were in the hands of Austria—an iron military rule, offensive, strict, bureaucratic; passports to be shown everywhere, and even then not always ensuring safety; Milan crammed with white-coated officers; Venice fallen into a sullen sleep, from which there seemed no awaking; Tuscany—Austrian again—under a Grand Duke of the

House of Lorraine, surrounded by foreign troops, not daring to trust his Italian subjects; Modena in a like state, and the Papal States, worse governed than all the rest, and invariably announced to the traveller by horrible inns, bad roads, and shoals of the foulest beggars, who, as one changed horses, gathered round the carriage, displaying disgusting wounds, the cruel ravages of fever, palsied limbs, and mutilated bodies; those incapable of walking being, as in the Bible, carried by such as could.

The revolting cruelties of Ferdinand II. of Naples and his abominable son, the atrocity of the prisons, the intrigues of court and state, have filled many volumes. Sicily was absolutely savage; the Abruzzi and Calabria a stronghold of brigandage of the most ferocious type.

To travel anywhere was a work of danger. Coming even from Florence to Rome at that time by Vetturino there were many *mauvais moments*. One never knew if the driver was a confederate or not.

This was the Italy into which Garibaldi was born. If his views assumed some of the exaggeration of the time who can wonder?

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All the world knows that Garibaldi came from Nice (then Italian), of humble parents; but his education was of the better sort. He learned languages, read books, and studied mathematics and geometry. Of classical history he was very fond. He never forgot it during his varied life. Going as a boy with his father to Rome, the Eternal City made a profound impression on his youthful mind. Rome, and afterwards Greece, filled him with the same fervid longings as Byron.

To induce him to become a priest was his father's desire, which may account for the exceptionally good education he received. But the love of the ocean, beside which he was born, drew him towards a sailor's life, and

he started, second in command, in a brig for the Black Sea. In this and other voyages he came to know the East—Athens and Constantinople, a new world, which opened his eyes to what was passing in his own.

In 1834 he returned home, and his aspirations for liberty took a definite form. He became a member of the Society of Young Italy, headed by Mazzini, at that time only known as a promising young lawyer of Genoa with advanced views.

A crude attempt at revolt from the Government of Charles Albert ended in disaster. Garibaldi was obliged to fly for his life in disguise, and, after great privations, reached Marseilles, and ultimately sailed for South America.

Here he met the only woman he ever truly loved, his first wife, Añita—a real Dulcinea, after the fashion of Don Quixote, whom he first saw washing clothes by the bank of a river, whether under the shade of a palm-grove, or in an oleander-wood ruddy with blossoms, or amid vines and olives, I do not know. Anyway, the surroundings were romantic, specially the fact that Añita was married. That the highly moral Garibaldi should have run away with another man's wife is regrettable. The doctrine of natural affinity preached so long ago by the great master Goethe is his only excuse.

Unfortunately the family of the lady (ordinary mortals) did not see it in this transcendental light, and Añita was ignominiously turned out of doors by her parents.

Dark, tropical, strong and graceful, she was a real Amazon. The honeymoon was passed in fighting; Añita pointed the guns on board her lover's ship against her countrymen. At another battle on land she was taken prisoner, but escaped and galloped sixty miles over a morassy wilderness of giant reeds to join him.

Naturally he adored her. Her feats by flood and field,

in sieges, battle-fields, retreats, once swimming a river hanging on to the tail of her horse when about to become a mother—read like a chapter out of Baron Munchausen. Twelve days after the birth of her first child, Menotti, Añita to escape capture mounted her horse, her boy strapped across her lap, and took refuge in a dense tropical forest full of serpents.

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At length, fired by the stirring news from Italy, Garibaldi decided to return.

The Pope at that moment headed the popular movement, and blessed the revolutionary banner of freedom.

Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, was attacking the Austrians in Lombardy under Radetzky, and the Roman volunteers were fighting against tremendous odds about Verona and Vicenza to gain Venice.

Up to this time Garibaldi was, according to law, proscribed and a rebel. With characteristic decision, he went straight to "the tyrant" against whom he had taken up arms, and requested an interview.

Charles Albert, with the traditional *bonhomie* of the House of Savoy, shook him by the hand, and complimented him on the great name he had made in South America, but when, glowing with honest pride at the praises of his Sovereign, he asked to be enrolled among the royal troops and fight for the liberation of Italy, the King turned cold, hesitated and said that he must consult his ministers.

This was a fatal mistake. The very man of all others who could have saved the royal cause was repulsed!

Naturally he threw himself into the ranks of the revolution. Hence the false keynote in the whole career of Garibaldi, by nature the most loyal and constant of men.

It was miserably small in Charles Albert, beset with enemies, not to overlook Garibaldi's youthful escapade

and most impolitic to remind him that his ministers had sentenced him to death. But his noble nature was incapable of malice, and, to return good for evil, he raised an army of thirty thousand men to support this same Charles Albert, now hopelessly beaten by Radetzky and falling back on Milan.

But the Milanese refused to receive them, and the unfortunate King fled, returning only to carry out the surrender of Milan.

Garibaldi, with his volunteers, was but twelve miles off, at Monza, fighting his way forward to defend the master who had branded him as a traitor. Before he and his volunteers would make peace, every Austrian, he declared, should be driven out of Italy!

And these famous volunteers, what a collection they were! A motley crew of beardless boys side by side with bronzed veterans who had fought with him in South America, his ragged-looking staff, red-shirted and red-cloaked, including a chaplain — Father Gavazzi — all mounted on Spanish saddles: he himself red-shirted also and red-cloaked, not tall, but with the chest and shoulders of a Hercules, an Olympian head covered with matted hair, flowing into a long flaxen beard, giving immense individuality to his face. But the depth of expression lay in his eyes, heavily charged with brow and lid, yet lighting up at moments into a glow of inspiration, and sending out sparks as of fire upon those around. Some special charm there must have been in him to lead those about him in absolute slavery to his will.

Both in South America, Sicily and Italy, no deprivation, no defeat, no danger loosened his hold on his followers. It was only at the very end of his career, when for years he had fallen into obvious extravagance and folly, that he found these willing tools fall from their allegiance.

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The siege of Rome forms a very notable fact in Garibaldi's career.

When Pius IX., in a moment of cowardly panic at Rossi's assassination, fled from his capital and the republic was proclaimed, Garibaldi sat in the National Council as member for Macerata. It was his sonorous voice which first raised the cry of *"Viva la Repubblica!"* Mazzini was beside him. The new government desired to ally themselves with Piedmont, Charles Albert again fighting against all-powerful Austria. Alas! this well-intentioned but unfortunate Sovereign was but a frail reed to lean on! His crushing defeat at Novara had led to his abdication and the accession of his son, Victor Emmanuel. All Italy lay within the grasp of Austria and Ferdinand of Naples; a dark out-look truly, into which no ray of light seemed to penetrate!

In France Louis Napoleon ruled as the President of a so-called Republic, like his uncle's Consulate, in reality, but a prelude to Empire. His early enthusiasm for Italy, where he had fought as a youth in the republican cause (much to the despair of his mother, gentle Queen Hortense), gave hopes that, now in power, he would support the popular party in Rome. Not at all—*autre temps, autre mœurs!*

Instead of support, General Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia with a French army, and advanced upon Rome.

Then it was that that havoc I so well remember when I first arrived was perpetrated—the beautiful Villa Doria devastated as a bivouac for French soldiers, the picturesque wilderness of trees cut down, the gardens torn up, with masses of the dead gathered into pits, later to be collected and to have a graceful monument erected over them; the Villa Corsini treated in the same cruel fashion, the woods of the Villa Borghese felled; the city walls on the west side towards the sea riddled with shot and showing great

breaches where cannon had struck; the buildings on the summit of the Janiculum mere shells, through which the daylight shone.

Where the fight had been the thickest Garibaldi led. His place could be traced by the destruction his defence had made. It was precisely on the Janiculum that he had repulsed the French and taken five hundred prisoners.

At this extraordinary victory of volunteers against a regular army Rome was delirious with joy. Garibaldi seemed more than human to the acclaiming crowd, who would at once have made him Dictator.

But the French were not the only enemies in the field. The King of Naples was advancing to conquer Rome for the Pope, his guest at Gaeta. The Neapolitans were as near as Albano, which means twelve short miles from the gates.

Garibaldi, by a flank movement, marched his troops to the left, towards Tivoli, and encamped among the chaotic ruins of Hadrian's villa, on the Campagna, under the heights of Tivoli. From thence, through the widely opening hills of the Latin valley, he reached Palestrina, where the Neapolitans met him; and had he been in his red shirt, the Devil in person, with horns and hoofs (as they believed he was), they could not have fled more ignominiously.

The treacherous policy of France at this time, and the confiding simplicity of Garibaldi, who, out of the battle-field had the credulity of a child, operating together, found the French again on the Janiculum at the Porta San Pancrazio, dominating Rome. But this time they had come so stealthily that all the outposts were taken.

No use for the bell of the Capitol to clang out or for all the other church bells to echo, drums to beat in every quarter and trumpets to sound! No use!

Again the lonely loveliness of the Villa Doria Pamfili

was desecrated with blood; the topmost crest of the Janiculum again fought for inch by inch; the ill-fated Villa Corsini, a superb palace on the Tiber, with a park on the slope of the hill—occupied by the French. Yet time after time Garibaldi brought up his troops to attack, and only desisted when his men fell like leaves before him!

There was no possibility of resistance. Rome, in spite of incredible galantry, was taken. Garibaldi, weak in council, had been caught napping, and not all his daring would conquer what was lost.

Now it was that Medici, the trusty friend of Garibaldi, performed such prodigies of valour in the defence of Villa Vascello, on the topmost point of the Janiculum over Rome, that the ruined walls and garden were afterwards given to him and his family in perpetuity, with the title of Marchese Medici di Vascello.

The final assault was awful. The French streamed through the streets of the Trastevere before Garibaldi, who, covered with blood, his clothes burnt, ragged, hanging about him in shreds—beat a retreat.

"Soldiers," cried he to his defeated bands collected in the glorious square of St. Peter's, "Soldiers, with *me* you will find hunger, thirst, cold, heat, no pay, no barracks, no food, alarms, forced marches, a life at the point of the bayonet, but GLORY! Let whosoever loves his country follow me!" and four thousand men actually *did* follow him, leaving Rome, by the side of Tivoli, to gain the mountains of Tuscany.

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Once more Garibaldi found himself an outlaw, a price upon his head, flying with Añita, who had never left him through those hot battle days, but stood loading one musket after the other on that hard-fought Janiculum hill of Rome.

Such of his men as had followed him under cruel deprivation and dangers dwindled to a devoted little band, ready to die with him—found rest for the soles of their feet within the bounds of the small republic of San Marino. Expelled from every other place, hunted, feared, despised, the fifteen hundred starving men and three hundred mounted troopers and horses, also starving, encamped upon the heights from which the gallant little town overlooks the Adriatic. Old men and boys, women, children, babies, all so begrimed and dirty, they looked scarcely human in their crimson rags. Gavazzi, the chaplain, a gigantic shadow, every shred of black gone from his back; the drummers with broken drums, trumpets with mouths stopped up with mud; colours dragging in the mire; Garibaldi himself so worn and battered, nothing but his noble face looked out from a tangle of rough hair, and those wonderful eyes, of which nothing could quench the fire; and poor draggle-tailed Añita, again very near her confinement, all her daring gone, and scarcely able to stand—were lodged in the Franciscan convent outside the gates.

But not for long. The Austrians, getting word of his retreat, threatened to sweep the small state of San Marino into the sea if it dared to harbour Garibaldi. Nor was he even to be allowed to retreat, but must embark then and there for America from the ports of the Po!

Not if he knew it, that untamable Garibaldi! While others slept, he fled with his Añita, leaving this note behind:

"I CANNOT accept the conditions, so I take my leave.
(Signed) "GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

And now his whole thoughts centred in his wife, who weak as she was, had toiled beside him to a morass bordering the shore.

"Will you leave me?" she asked with a sad smile, as they sat among the damp reeds; to which he answered by pressing her in his arms.

As the night came on, some kind-hearted fishermen of Cesematico lent them a boat in which to escape to Venice. But a contrary wind setting in, they could make no way before daylight. Tossed in the surf of the broad estuary of the Po, they passed the impatient hours until the rising sun betrayed them to the white-coated Austrians entering the town.

At last the wind shifted, and Cesematico and the Austrians were left behind. But Añita was dying. She lay senseless in her husband's arms while the white waves beat high against the boat, like phantoms come to bear her to another world.

Cost what it might, Garibaldi must land her, and land her he did on that desolate storm-bound coast, with Austrian scouts watching and word brought him that they were very near.

Alas, how low had he fallen! Not an inch of soil on which he can place his foot! Not earth enough even to dig a grave, and on the sand Añita insensible! Before she breathed her last he bore her to the covert of a cornfield, and with her head resting upon his knee, watched her breathe out the last gasps of a life of entire devotion to himself, with no one but her little dog for company.

This was the uttermost moment of Garibaldi's fate; the dying Añita on the ground before him, his two or three faithful followers shot within his hearing, no living thing beside him but a dog.

As he sat there, his head sunk in his hands, some peasants passing on one of those little field-paths, common in vineyards and olive-grounds, which supply the want of public roads in the remote parts of Italy, found him and spoke to him. Full of the passion of his grief, he raised

his head and pointed to Añita. By the help of these good people, the Austrians were baffled in their search, a cart was brought, and Añita placed in it. Jolting along over ploughed land and low underwood of pine and birch, at last they reached a house on the lands of the Marchese Guiccioli, and there, supported in her husband's arms, she died.

Again, the sound of the Austrian soldiers skirmishing about with shrewd suspicions that Garibaldi was at hand, met his ear. The hero, who felt he was born to fulfil a destiny not yet accomplished, had strength to tear himself from his dead wife and fly. Not even to make her grave did he tarry. The *contadini* promised to lay her at peace under the shadow of a pine near by. But, alas, poor Añita! Uneasy in death as she had been in life! The grave, hastily dug for fear of the Austrians, was shallow and before she had long lain in it, the dog, left behind, unhappy at her absence, scratched at the earth and turned up her barely cold body upon the sod!

So near were the Austrians they found the remains, and arrested the friendly peasants. What became of her little favourite I cannot say. Poor little beast! most likely it died beside the mistress it had so faithfully loved. There is a whole poem in the story of that dog!

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Meanwhile Garibaldi reached Ravenna in safety, and thence passed on into the mountains of Tuscany. So near was he to his Austrian pursuers that, resting at a little *locanda* in the mountains (for he carefully avoided all towns and villages), a party of Austrian troops came in and angrily asked him "if he had seen the Red Devil they had been tracking for the last hour."

Garibaldi answered "No," concealing his face in his hood, and they left him.

Ultimately he was able to sail to New York, but four

years after, as the master of an Italian cutter, he returned to Italy.

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The next shuffle of the cards finds him leading a hermit's life as the "Recluse of Caprera." Agriculture is now his passion, and his hobby to breed cattle, his herds straying at will over the rocky little island, overgrown by that aromatic undergrowth one knows so well in Italy, arbutus with white bell-flowers and ruddy balls, wild myrtle, lavender, lentisk, broom, as tall as the tallest man, and little dwarf ilex trees with dark changeless leaves.

The waves beat in upon a tideless shore, and there was infiniteness in the look-out over a boundless sea, save on one side where the sister island of La Maddalena, across a narrow strait, is backed by the heights of Sardinia.

The General lived in a neat whitewashed house, of one story, with green wooden blinds to keep out the sun; a house added to repeatedly, a wing here, a roof there, bulging out as convenience prompted, with many out-buildings and stables, and a garden formed with infinite labour on the surface of the granite rock.

Here the modern Cincinnatus, in love with his work, cultivated vines and sugar-canes, fruit-bearing trees and shrubs, salad, that indispensable ingredient of an Italian meal, and potatoes, which he ate with quite British relish.

The interior was comfortable but homely, his bedroom hung round with a cord, on which he suspended his clothes the library well-furnished with books in many languages: Shakespere, Byron, Bossuet, &c., on the shelves, for Garibaldi spoke not only French and Italian, but German and Spanish.

And thus he spent a busy, simple life, gardening, road-making, farming, with much inditing of truculent letters in few sentences, and receptions of admiring guests from all quarters of the world.

By-and-by, when the family increased and his daughter Teresita married Canzio and brought him grandchildren, the house was nearly doubled.

Along with the grandchildren came the *balia* from Tuscany, a certain Francesca whom I have mentioned—much against his will (he hated strangers under his roof) in time to find such favour in his sight that, as soon as the law rid him of the shameless daughter of the Marquis Raimondi, he married her—to me the lowest action of Garibaldi's life, for Francesca had not even beauty to recommend her, and was a vulgar, grasping, and illiterate woman.

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The tyranny of the Neapolitan rule in Sicily is well known. Garibaldi was the Perseus who broke the chains of that suffering Andromeda.

There is something feminine in the extreme beauty of Sicily, something soft and appealing in its melting tints, perfumed airs, and flower-strewn mountains, that lends a poetry to any struggle fought on its behalf.

Mazzini fell under the charm of this captive beauty and formed the first scheme for her liberation, but Garibaldi struck the blow, and did it at his own risk, without leave asked of the government of Victor Emmanuel. Cavour diplomatically shut his eyes and ears until he had sailed from Genoa. At Marsala, on the west coast of Sicily, the historic "Thousand" landed, much to the amazement of the townsfolk of that obscure little town, which lends its name to the native grape grown all over the island.

I have never been to Marsala, but I figure it to myself as a dirty little port, backed by more or less romantically shaped mountains, such as one sees every day in Sicily—a divine colouring on land and sea, as of a freshly created world with all the dew upon it—and a squalor of poverty within passing all bounds.

Now it is to be remembered that the lovely island of Sicily was held by Neapolitan troops—at once the most cowardly and cruel in the world.

Whatever was thought of the arrival of Red-shirted rescuers, climbing over the sides of the two steamers like some new species of flies, fear kept the inhabitants silent. Not a cheer was raised even when two fiery manifestoes appeared upon the walls in the most florid style of Garibaldian eloquence, declaring that he came in the name of Victor Emmanuel to liberate the people.

These were torn down, but little by little the Sicilians, cowards by nature, revengeful, false, and utterly unworthy of the lovely framework in which nature has placed them —raised their heads to freedom.

As the gallant "*Mille*" marched on, whole villages followed them, even monks when well out of earshot of the Neapolitans.

Over green mountains the Garibaldians passed, and through deep river-bathed valleys, striding through fan-palms and cactus, myrtle and cistus, fig orchards and vineyards, by narrow roads into the heart of the mountains, until, at the summit of a verdant height, opposite the natural pedestal on which thrones the Grecian temple of Segesta, the town of Calatafimi raises its precipitate front.

Here, in a sharp encounter, the Neapolitans were worsted. Then on by the still Arab town of Alcamo, encircled by crenulated walls, Garibaldi and his Red-shirts lead forward to Partenico—an earthly Paradise of beauty, full of the worst scum of Sicily—and Monreale, with its stately cathedral, raised by the magnificence of the Norman Roger, its historic cloisters and mosaics unique in the world of art.

Instead of descending by the Monreale road upon Palermo, below in the plain, some six miles distant, as

was expected, by a clever feint he glanced aside across the precipitous heights which hem in Palermo to the right, on the Termini road, near the Admiral's bridge, while the Neapolitan commander and his staff, believing him to be in full retreat, were gaily dancing on the Marina to the music of guitars.

Some skirmishing at the Termini Gate, and the trusty Red-shirts are in the heart of Palermo, the garrison of 12,000 troops retiring ignominiously to the castle-palace on the farther side.

Palermo was *en fête*, and if a city can be imagined as figured by one man, as one man it embraced Garibaldi. A terrible bombardment from the Neapolitan ships in the port somewhat marred the sport; and murders and atrocities, burnings and crushings laid bare half the town, but "All's well that ends well." In a few days every Neapolitan soldier had sailed away, and every pickaxe and spade was in requisition for the destruction of the fort. Garibaldi—frowning if called "*Sua Eccellenza*"—occupied the Royal Palace, where his rooms, opening on a broad terrace, still remain just as he left them, swept by draughts—no door or window which closes—the dirtiest brush and comb it was ever my fortune to see still on the toilette—nothing but water to drink. And so it came about that Sicily was liberated.

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Now there remained the nut of Naples to crack, which, as it turned out, was no nut at all and perfectly easy, so detested was King Bomba. Every one was rejoiced to be rid of him and King Bomba's son Francesco, who came in, so to say, on the crimes of his father. The march to Naples from Reggio was like an extravaganza in a play, Garibaldi so hugged and kissed by the peasants that it is amazing anything of him was left. Seven thousand Abruzzesi surrendering to one man, Colonel Peard, a kind

of military maniac, who had joined Garibaldi, and was so singularly like him that he was constantly mistaken for him and embraced instead!

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At Salerno, on the coast, Garibaldi received news of the flight of Francesco II. (the last King of Naples) to the Castle of Gaeta; the same Gaeta where Pio Nono, had passed nearly two years. Three hours after Liborio Romano, King Francesco's minister, turned traitor, or *patriot* as the case is put—sent a telegram addressed:—"To the Invincible Dictator of the Two Sicilies—Naples awaits you, impatient to confide to you her future destinies." And the next day, quite quietly, leaving Salerno by the 9.30 train, Garibaldi started for Naples—the only conqueror, I think, who ever arrived by rail. It was a slow train, emphatically. The whole population turned out to meet him, hanging upon the carriage and overflowing the line to that extent that the engine-driver was obliged to reverse his engine not to crush them. This was but the first prelude to the mad welcome at the station of Naples—men, women, donkeys, lazzaroni, soldiers, beggars, all screaming in different keys, with *obbligato* of drums, trumpets, brass bands, whistles and *pifferari*. Such a din! Naples on its most peaceful days is a perfect pandemonium. Fancy what it was now to welcome the big Hero with his red cap and long fair beard surging up and down on the edge of the waves of closely packed humanity come down in tens of thousands to meet him! The follies they committed in his honour are scarcely to be believed. Altars hung with fruit and flowers were raised to him with votive candles as to the Madonna; busts and statues crowned with laurel; colossal transparencies, with Garibaldi turned into an angel; doors and windows for miles wreathed with garlands, and at the theatre his stirring march, "*Fuori*

d'Italia lo straniero!" repeated so often that the unfortunate musicians at last fainted from fatigue!

The Volturno was the only real battle fought between the Neapolitan troops and Garibaldians, the last struggle of an unworthy race.

Then came the crowning glory of Garibaldi's life. In the early morning, Victor Emmanuel with his army advancing from Ancona, arrived at Capua in all the pomp of warfare, surrounded by a glittering staff—as gallant a monarch as ever drew a sword, and joining hands with Garibaldi, received in that clasp the double crown of Sicily and of Naples.

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All else is an anti-climax. From this moment Garibaldi should never have been heard of more. Too powerful for a subject, too loyal to become a king, he ought to have retired in dignified solitude to his island home.

Could the wily Ratazzi have lured him on to fight for Greece, as Byron had tried to do, or to take up any desperate cause of suffering humanity, some stray bullet might have ended his career with glory. Unfortunately Garibaldi did not see things in this light. He neither could nor would retire from the world. When present in the body at Caprera he was always giving audiences, writing incendiary letters and addressing all the world:—"Rome! Rome!" he cried, "who is not urged by thy very name to take up arms to save thee! Who feels not that thou hast deserved the tender embrace of a mother, or the ardent kiss of a lover!"

What was to be done with this imprudent Hero, who seemed determined to destroy the King he had himself set up? Looking at it in this point of view his interference was most mischievous. However desirable the acquisition of Rome might be, the government considered that it was for *them* to decide the moment of

negotiation or attack. Emphatically they declined Garibaldi's interference.

On the other side, Garibaldi held that he was meddling in what was his own. He neither could nor would understand his renunciation. Constituted authority weighed nothing with him. His will was still to be absolute.

A more delicate position for monarch and ministers cannot be imagined. Naturally and logically in a country like Italy in this difficulty, a Machiavellian policy was resorted to. Even the bluff, loyal Victor Emmanuel would appear to have lent his hand to it. Ratazzi, an *intriguant* by nature, false and subtle, found it a matter altogether to his taste.

Garibaldi was to be led on to attack Rome, not openly encouraged, but sufficiently supported to imagine he carried with him the government, and then (we blush to write it) caught and imprisoned.

What exact part the ministers took in this scheme no one will ever know, or if they did or did not, put into his hand a *certain letter, inducing him to go to Rome.* One would hope not.

The ostensible *pretext* for Garibaldi's rising was to liberate Rome (whither Pio Nono had returned, and where he governed with the support of Austrian and French troops), his *justification* that thirteen years before, at the time of the siege, he had been named Dictator; but in the act of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, he had distinctly ceded and committed all power into his hands.

Anyway he started, with the distinct connivance of the government, from Catania, laid his hands upon two steamers, one Florio's, the other an Italian man-of-war, the *Duca di Genova*, filled them with his Red-shirts, crossed the straits, and landed on the mainland at Melito, opposite Sicily.

A proclamation at once issued declared his hostility to the ministers, but not to the person of the King. There is *no doubt* that all the time Garibaldi believed himself, if not openly supported by Victor Emmanuel, at least in no way acting in opposition to his desires. And here the hollowness of the thing became apparent. Expediency is an excellent quality in statecraft, but when expediency results in treachery towards a man like Garibaldi, it becomes a crime.

Meanwhile the sad drama moved on to its conclusion. Garibaldi had with him about 3000 volunteers. General Cialdini at once advanced on receiving news of his landing. At his rear was Pallavicini, otherwise a most gallant soldier, and how *he* could bring himself to act upon the order, "To attack General Garibaldi *anywhere* they came up with him, and *anyhow*," is hard to tell.

Garibaldi, now aware that he was betrayed by a Judas, *without* the kiss of peace, encamped on the brow of Aspromonte, a flat mountain plateau, backed by dense forests, commanding the Straits of Messina, an offshoot of the line of Apennines, which runs all down Italy.

Who can paint the agony which rent his breast! Generals Cialdini and Pallavicini were his friends and comrades; their troops compatriots and brothers in arms!

As he sat within a woodman's hut in the dark night, while the soaking rain drenched his Red-shirts, bivouacked around, bitter was the cup of which he drank! When day broke, Pallavicini with fatal rapidity had advanced close by.

Nothing but a rocky streamlet lay between. Garibaldi, already astir, gave the order to his men, "*Not to fire.*" What parricide on the royal side fired the first shot no one will ever know, but sharp fighting there was, and shots rapidly exchanged. Alone on the mountain brow stood

Garibaldi unmoved, the balls falling thick around him and the smoke of the muskets darkening the air.

"*Do not fire!*" he shouted, passing along the line of his men with extended arm. Ere the words had passed his lips, two balls struck him—one spent, on the thigh, the other on the instep.

"*Viva l'Italia!*" he cried, tossing up his cap. Then a shiver passed over him as of a giant tree struck by the woodman at the core. As the shots continued, "What are they doing with my people?" he cried, took a step forward, staggered and fell—fell upon that Italian soil, to free which he had sacrificed his life!

Menotti was wounded also, standing just behind, and father and son were carried under a tree.

Perfectly impassive, Garibaldi pulled out a cigar, and while he smoked it, asked the surgeon "if amputation would be needful?" The surgeon could not say.

Then General Pallavicini came up, and lying down on the earth beside him—for Garibaldi could not rise—found voice to murmur into his ear, "That it was the most miserable day of his life."

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From the camp where a traitorous government led him, and a parricidal shot struck him down, the martyr of Italy was carried to prison. Alas! that one must write it! Long and great were Garibaldi's sufferings. Dr. Nelaton came from Paris to Pisa to extract the ball. He was lamed for life, and from that time the great General became an old man.

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But his country was with him. The gratitude of Italy rang true. From the snowy Alps of Piedmont, in the centre of Europe, to the palm and cactus covered shores of idyllic Sicily there was but one cry, "*Garibaldi!*"

As he was borne to prison, whole populations turned

out to meet him; women kissed his garments; men wept like children; fruit, flowers and wreaths poured in; ladies, English, German, Italian, *especially English*, fought for the honour of nursing him. One sat up all night to make his broth, another poured it out, a third watched over him, a fourth held his handkerchief, a fifth kept watch at the door.

Relics were interchanged as of a saint—strips of the blanket in which he was carried from Aspromonte, locks of his hair, combings of his hair-brush, rakings of his comb. For the bullet that wounded him, extracted by Nelaton, 30,000 francs were offered.

At last the dreadful mockery was over—he was set free.

Then came the dark days of Mentana and Monte Rotondo, and the dismal retreat from Rome, when for the first time his voice lost its enchantment. Here again he was the victim of treachery. Had his paymaster, Major Wolff, not absconded with the £4000 provided and subscribed for by English friends to bribe the governor of Sant' Angelo to give up that fortress, the dream of his life would have been accomplished—Rome would have been his, and a third crown his to bestow!

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT THE ROMAN BUONAPARTES.

MADAME MÈRE.

WHEN Madame Letizia Buonaparte appeared in Rome for the first time, her son the Great Napoleon, was First Consul, and her brother, Cardinal Fesch, Envoy from the French Republic.

Her second son, Lucien, was with her, at that time on ill terms with his brother and exiled from France, on account of his second marriage with Alexandrine Bleschamps, "*La veuve Jouberton*," a beautiful and brilliant woman, but a divorced wife.

Indeed, it was Lucien's estrangement from "*le petit caporal*," as Madame de Frensac calls Napoleon, as well as the support afforded her by the presence of her brother the Cardinal, which induced Madame Mère (as the modern Agrippina was called) to choose Rome as her residence.

The Eternal City was not new to the Buonapartes. Like his uncle the Cardinal, Joseph was at one time Envoy from the French Republic to Pius VI., and came, accompanied by Eugène Beauharnais, Josephine's son, and General Duphot, to make for himself a great name later in Italy.

Madame Mère's second daughter Pauline was to become a Roman princess of the first water, as wife of Don Camillo Borghese, but she was now separated from her husband, and, although affectionate, was too frivolous to be seriously counted on.

Lucien, on the contrary, a grave and steadfast man, so well known in Rome as Prince of Canino and Musignano, appealed strongly to his mother's sympathy, both in his public career, singularly independent and honourable—and in the simplicity of his private life. The very fact of his having married the woman he loved instead of the ex-Queen of Etruria, destined for him by his brother—admiring General Paoli and his liberal policy, and holding republican opinions, opposed to Napoleon's ambitious views—endeared him to his mother.

Indeed the independence of Lucien came out strongly in his matrimonial engagements. His first wife, Christine Boyer, an exquisite creature, of whom a lovely portrait is preserved in the Palazzo Gabrielli, now Taverna, was of low birth; and again he had insisted on marrying the *Veuve Jouberton* instead of a Queen and an Infanta!

In the early days of the family tree Napoleon was not particular, but a second marriage for love was totally inconsistent with the imperial position he had already planned for his brothers and sisters.

Madame Mère did not see things in this light, and for a long time also supported her youngest son Jérôme in refusing to give up his legal American wife, Miss Patterson, to marry the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, all which nettled Napoleon and irritated him against Lucien.

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Madame Mère, at all times a woman of strong practical sense and remarkable judgment, carefully avoided any interference in politics; she was, moreover, reserved in speech, and ever on her guard to commit herself to no opinion; accepting a position almost royal, but never seeking display; grave, sedate and reticent, a woman in every way fitted to be the mother of the hero of modern times.

Naturally her choice of a foreign home separated her much from him, but he never forgot her, listened to all she said on her rare visits to Paris, and solicited her advice with a respect he showed to no one else.

When residing near his court on occasional visits he expected her to appear with a retinue befitting her imperial position, to hold a *salon*, and to spend money freely in an imperial way—a manner of life little suited to her parsimonious habits.

"You must see more company, *ma mère*," he said to her when First Consul, "not live like a citizen's wife—company of another sort, befitting your rank. Above all, you are not to be laying by money," he added, laughing, well knowing her; habits "you must spend every franc you have."

"Then you must give me two millions instead of one," she replied; "for I must save, it is my nature."

The life of Madame Mère was the life of her children, so entirely did they fill every thought of her heart, specially her great son, the Emperor, who returned her devotion with tender regard. Her letters, which at least if not written by her, express her thoughts, are but an ecstatic cry of maternal love. Indeed, this constant correspondence with her absent children gives the best idea of her noble character. However distant, however occupied, the hand of the mother is upon them all, her heart ever with them.

Thus she lived at Rome surrounded by such of her sons and daughters as could join her, to be succeeded by grandchildren, cousins, and Corsican connections.

On the walls of the great Saloon of the Palazzo Buonaparte, now occupied by the Dutch minister, were placed busts of the Emperor, her brother Cardinal Fesch, and her husband Charles Buonaparte, beside pictures, drawings, and innumerable miniatures of every member of

her family; she sat opposite on a sofa, a distaff in her hand, from which she drew the hemp, raising her fine eyes from time to time to contemplate them. After the Emperor's death, the comfort of her life was the bust of the King of Rome, bequeathed to her from St. Helena, where it stood opposite the Emperor's camp bed, the last object on which his eyes rested.

Generally two attendants were with her, one working, the other reading.

When Madame Mère first arrived in Rome, she lived with her brother, the Cardinal, on the first floor of the Falconieri Palace, bordering the Tiber, where Lady Morgan saw her, and extols the luxury and comfort of her *entourage*. Then she moved to the Via Condotti, to a house afterwards occupied by Queen Hortense, then finally established herself at the Palazzo Rusticucci dall' Asti, to become historical as the Buonaparte Palace.

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We all know the lofty structure at the end of the Corso and opposite the new Via Nazionale and the Piazza di Venezia, into which the high-pitched windows of the southern front look. Immediately in front a vast mediæval pile frowns down a look of sulky contempt on its machicolated towers, at the degenerateness of the modern city. This, now the Austrian Embassy *auprès du Pape*, with its huge inner court and fragrant orange grove, figures often in old time as the scene of many a bloody skirmish between those everlasting fighters, the Colonna and the Orsini.

For twenty-two years did Madame Letizia drive in and out of the cavernous *portone* of the Buonaparte palace and mounted the broad dark stairs *a cordone*, surrounded by a little court of friends; of course these friends varied according to circumstances, but her chief intimates, many of whom had followed her from Paris, were Monsieur de

Bressan; D'Arlincourt, remembered by his most melancholy romances; Quelen, who acted as her chamberlain; Campi, a Corsican, a great favourite and intriguer; and a few others.

Out of this little circle, her other intimates were Madame de Fontanges and the Duchesse d'Abrantés, wife of Marshal Junot; also a servant called Saveria, who had lived with her in Corsica from the time of her marriage, and adored the name of Buonaparte as much as she did herself.

One feels that Saveria was a great character. Every member of the family she had brought up, except Lucien, was seated on a throne. She could tell innumerable anecdotes of them all, specially of Napoleon, whom she considered very like other boys, only singularly silent. He never cried; when he was very much beaten (and in Corsica this was the habit of education) he *did* shed a few tears, but never would utter a single word of excuse.

One day, Saveria said, he was suspected of having eaten a whole basket of figs, which had come from the garden of his uncle the *Canonico* (Cardinal Fesch). Now all that belonged to the *Canonico* was sacred, and this misdemeanour was therefore considered of the blackest dye. Napoleon denied the theft, and was accordingly whipped. Still denying it, he was again whipped, and kept three days on bread and cheese. Not a complaint passed his lips, nor did he even sulk.

As Madame Letizia happened to be absent at the time, these punishments were inflicted by his father. On her return a little playmate of Napoleon's came to visit at the house, and, touched with his sufferings, owned that it was she who had eaten the fruit, and that Napoleon knew it. "Why, then, had he not said so?" "Because," was his answer, "I would not get her into trouble. She had done wrong and I bore it."

He was then seven years old. Saveria said he was not a pretty child; his head was too big for his body, but that his eyes were *belli, bellini,* except in a rage, when no one could face him. Of all the children of her care, Saveria said, least was expected of Napoleon. Saveria was a true Corsican. In spite of her great nursling, she hated the French. "*Quei cani di Francesi,*" as she called them.

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As yet nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony between the Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon, so that the Buonaparte family was well received in Rome, not only by the French colony, but by those who were politically opposed to their nationality.

Madame Mère was still handsome and not more than fifty. She had been married at sixteen, and, although she had borne Charles Buonaparte thirteen children, her upright figure, brilliant dark eyes, black hair, worn in short curls on her forehead, and clear olive complexion were much admired. As to conversation, she knew little of literature and less of learning, and could not even express herself with fluency in either French or Italian (Corsican being her native dialect); but nevertheless the dignified simplicity of her address, her genuine straightforwardness and devotion to her children commanded universal respect.

Yet her knowledge of the world was extremely small, and but for her cold reserve and extreme taciturnity, she would not have impressed those who approached her as she did.

Left a young widow on the slenderest means, she was not disheartened, but educated her large family with the utmost care and judgment. Corsica was her home, Corsican was her tongue (the Emperor always spoke to her in that language, but wrote in French), and in Corsica, in her unobtrusive love of duty, she would have lived and

died. But the mother of the great hero must follow his fate, and as soon as his powerful arm had mastered the revolution, Madame Letizia and all his family came to take their place in Paris. There were seven of them: Joseph, a most excellent and conscientious, though not a brilliant man, remarkable for his good looks, was named a deputy; his wife, sister of Madame Bernadotte, who became Queen of Sweden, sharing his good position; Marianne Eliza, later known as Madame Bacciocchi and Grand Duchess of Tuscany—the Semiramis of Lucca, as she was called when she ruled in Italy—placed at a school at St. Cyr; Lucien, at first a hot republican, sitting at the feet of Robespierre, and nicknamed "Brutus" Buonaparte (classic names being, along with classic dress, the order of the day), President of the Conseil des Cinq Cents, and mainly contributing to the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, which placed his brother in power; and Louis, quite young and always melancholy, more like a son than a brother to Napoleon, who named him his *aide-de-camp* at Auxonne, in the regiment of La Fère, when they were both so poor that Louis slept on a mattress in his ante-room.

These were the humble days of the young General, when he had only four pounds a week to live on, wrote stories and pamphlets copied by Louis, and ran up washing-bills with *Madame Sans Gêne*, to become La Maréchale Lefevre. At this time he is described as a short and well-proportioned man, with thin dark hair, wearing a cocked hat, the rims fastened with two small black ribbons flying behind; his "coat" with velvet facings, his trousers broad and buttoned from waist to ankle, and small boots with yellow leather tops.

Then came the beautiful Pauline, the *enfant gâtée* of the family, always "*la petite Paolette*" to her great brother, who loved her well, to be married first to General Leclerc

(she will require a notice for herself); and Caroline, the youngest, then twelve, to become the wife of Murat and Queen of Naples, white-skinned, small-handed, rosy-cheeked, and tall, a juvenile *bona roba*, to grow up little less lovely than her renowned sister—at that time placed in a pension at St. Germain, with the discreet Madame Campan, the attendant and biographer of poor Marie Antoinette.

General Buonaparte, as he became after the siege of Toulon, was very anxious that his family should make a good figure in Paris before he left for Egypt. But, at the same time, a too apparent display was to be avoided. France was still a nominal Republic, and it would not do for the relations of the young General, advancing rapidly to supreme power, to set a bad example.

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There was a moment of intense danger to the Buonapartes when the Republic lapsed into the Directory, by the sudden return of Napoleon and his real assumption of almost absolute power. No language can convey the state of excitement in Paris as the crisis approached. Would Buonaparte be guillotined and his family exiled, or would he rule over France?

At every moment reports of what was passing were brought to him in his house in the Rue Chantreine, where he sat beside a table, with pistols at his side. The streets were so thronged with carriages and horsemen no one could pass. At length, at half-past eight, the decree was carried. He was safe, and mounted his horse to go to the Tuileries.

All through this crisis Madame Letizia suffered greatly, but her habitual calm never forsook her. A deadly paleness and the convulsive start she gave when any sound met her ear alone betrayed her terror. Truly she was a kind of mother of the Gracchi!

If the other members of the Directory had not been strictly guarded by Moreau, who had undertaken the task of jailer, and if he had not kept them under close restraint, *they*, and *not* Napoleon, would have been the victors on the 9th November; all these "*ifs*" resulting in the fact, that not Buonaparte only but his three brothers might have followed him to the scaffold, and their friends and partisans been exiled to Cayenne.

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The family re-union after these days of peril brought out Madame Letizia's maternal feelings strongly. She and her friend, Madame Junot, in their joy at Napoleon's success, liked to sit down and recall the early days of their romantic life in Corsica; and Madame Mère related among other particulars, that having been at Mass on the *fête* of Notre Dame, she had barely time to reach her home before Napoleon was born on an old hearth-rug in the family salon!

Also she recalled how, to escape the proscription in Corsica, she had once walked, followed by her children, carrying her youngest child Jérôme in her arms as long as she could stand, in order to reach a small sailing vessel which was to place them out of danger on the Italian coast.

And saying all this Madame Mère looked so dignified and handsome, one could well understand the interest she excited. These troubles in Corsica took place when General Paoli was conspiring to give up the island to the English, many of the most influential families—among them the Buonpartes—opposing him with armed force. On this account Madame Mère was in such great personal danger that she was obliged to fly. Even Napoleon, then a lad, though concealed in the mountains disguised as a sailor, was caught by Paoli's soldiers, but contrived to escape and join his family at Calvi, where they had taken

refuge along with their uncle the *Canonico* (Cardinal Fesch), until they could reach Marseilles in safety.

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One hears nothing of Madame Mère as connected with the Consular Court, or indeed in any of those pomps and ceremonies so loved by her son. She detested *parvenu* grandeur with the distinction of a born aristocrat.

When Josephine was queening it at the Tuileries with gaudy chamberlains, gold-laced ushers and lackeyed *aides-de-camp*, the First Consul receiving two hundred to dinner in the *Salle de Diane*, Madame Mère was partaking of her humble *pot-au-feu* with her son Lucien, the only one not affected by the imperial mania.

This was the time of the brilliant reviews in the Carrousel, Napoleon riding up and down the ranks on his white horse (*le Désiré*), selecting from each regiment two or three soldiers to question as to their food, dress and general well-being. "Conceal nothing from me, *mes enfants*," he would say. "Complain freely of your officers. I am here to do justice to all. Now you, *mon garçon*," addressing a drummer about sixteen; "you were, I believe, the brave fellow who beat the charge before Zurich?" Covered with blushes, the drummer raised his eyes, sparkling with delight at this public approval, "*Oui, mon Général.*" "It was you, too, who at Weser, by your presence of mind, saved your comrades?" Still deeper blushes and a fresh, "*Oui, mon Général.*"

"Well, I have a debt to pay you. Not a debt of honour, but a sabre—I appoint you subaltern to the Consular Guard. Continue to behave well and I will take care of you."

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Madame Mère was by no means elated at receiving a large fortune and the title of Imperial Highness, and at once took a most serious dislike to the Duchesse de

Chevreuse, who was appointed to attend her. Her keen eyes detected a lurking hatred under the thin veil of ceremonious politeness. (And it was quite true, for Madame de Chevreuse was plotting against the Emperor, and was exiled.)

The greatest inconvenience to which her exalted position exposed her was due to her inability to converse in French; but, nevertheless, she generally contrived to save herself from ridicule among the sarcastic spirits by which she was surrounded.

Little, as I say, did she mix in anything, and she was permitted to keep out of the way. Much as he loved her, was the Emperor ever ashamed of this noble Corsican matron? Perhaps so, at times. At least such was her feeling, but, much too proud to remonstrate, she never appeared conscious that she was overlooked.

On assuming imperial rank, Madame Mère left the abode she had shared with Cardinal Fesch and went to the Hôtel de Brienne, in the Rue St. Dominic, which was sumptuously furnished.

Her little court consisted of some of the ladies who followed her to Rome—four ladies-in-waiting, one lady of honour, two chamberlains, two equerries, a chief almoner, a secretary. Madame de Fontanges, whom we find in the Palazzo Buonaparte, was a Creole, indolent, handsome, and inoffensive. Then came Maréchale Davoust, Mesdames Soult, De Fleurier, and De St. Pern. Madame de Fleurier, an incessant talker, and as perfect a "*Madame Étiquette*" as the Duchess de Noailles, who so tormented poor Marie Antoinette. This kind of thing, talk as she would, never went down with Madame Letizia. Madame de St. Pern was a Corsican, Madame Delaury, her reader, a charming person, also a Creole. Among the men, the Comte de la Ville, half Italian, suited Madame Mère best. He too was a stickler for etiquette. M. de Beaumont she liked,

and there were Messieurs de Brissac, D'Esterne, and D'Estrées.

The evenings of Madame's *salon*, from six to eleven, Silvagni says, were very dull. She had no art of conversation. Madame de Brissac, though not of the household, came early and tried to enliven the party. She is remembered as being only four feet high, extremely lively, and coquettish in her dress, although slightly deformed. Her love for her husband was a subject of constant amusement. "He offered himself to another," she said, "but I waited—yes, waited patiently until she died."

Being deaf, when she was presented to the Emperor, she informed herself of the probable questions he would put to her. After making her three *révérences d'usage*, he inquired if her husband was brother of the Duc de Brissac, killed on the 2nd September, and if he had inherited his estates?

"Seine et Oise, Sire," was her answer, which was not altogether irrelevant, but the Emperor thought it odd, and further asked her "if she had any children." "Fifty-two," she replied, with a winning smile and another *révérence*, thinking her age had been asked. Napoleon, who hated to be bored, turned from her in disgust.

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In a family hitherto so obedient it will be well understood what a deep impression was made by the banishment of Lucien, to whom Napoleon owed so much.

The breach between them began on Lucien's return from Spain, where his conduct as Ambassador did not fall in with his brother's policy. Napoleon, esteeming Lucien as much the cleverest of his family, would willingly have made him king, and, as I have said, desired to marry him to an Infanta (anything, indeed, to retain him in his service); but Lucien, as an independent and serious republican, would not consent, and it is easy to understand how

they would clash. His marriage with "*la veuve Joubarton*" was the ostensible cause, but his freedom of thought and liberty of action was the real grievance.

The avowed partisanship of his mother aceboated Napoleon greatly, for he loved her and respected her opinion; and even when the vote of the nation had elected him Emperor and all was joy at the Tuileries, Josephine trying on the imperial crown she was to wear at the coronation, tears of joy in her eyes as she pressed his hand and thanked "*Buonaparte,*" as she loved to call him—her gentle influence failed to soften him.

Exiled Lucien was, and exiled he remained.

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The last time the brothers met was at Mantua, at the very height of Napoleon's power.

Lucien arrived at the Emperor's quarters at night in a travelling carriage. "Do not put up," he said to his cousin, who accompanied him; "I shall probably return immediately."

Napoleon was walking in the long gallery of the old palace, in the Piazza, with Eugène, Murat, and Duroc. He advanced and held out his hand. Lucien took it in silence. He had not seen him since Austerlitz, and he was deeply affected.

"Well, Lucien," said the Emperor, "what are your projects? Will you go hand-in-hand with me?"

Lucien drew back in astonishment. "I have no projects," he replied coldly; "and as to going hand-in-hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by that?"

An immense map of Europe lay on the table; the Emperor seized it and threw it open.

"Choose any kingdom you please, *mon frère;* I give it you and will maintain you in it."

He turned a keen look at Lucien. "Lucien, you have

only to go with me, and you may be the happiest and most esteemed of men. My plans are magnificent, but I must be seconded by my family; only you and Joseph can aid me. *You* best of all. Louis is obstinate and a fool; Jérôme a child without capacity. My hopes rest on you."

"Before we go further," said Lucien, avoiding the Emperor's searching glance, "I must warn you that I am not changed. What I was I am still, even as brother of the Emperor. Now, Sire, it is for you to decide."

"You talk absurdly, Lucien. Times have changed. Your Utopian republic is impossible. Follow my path, and you shall be chief of a great people." Napoleon's voice was soft and low.

Lucien, who loved him, felt sorely tempted to yield. He turned pale. "I cannot sell myself, dear brother; I cannot be your Prefect. I must rule according to my ideas of duty. You yourself would despise me if I did not." A dark frown clouded the Emperor's face.

"Why, then, have you come at all?" he asked with a haughty stare. "Republican, indeed, when I am Emperor! I suppose your next demand will be my deposition?" and he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and began to pace the gallery. "The same, always the same," he muttered. "Your duty is to obey me, as the father and the head of our race."

Lucien was growing warm under the attack. "I am no subject of yours," he exclaimed angrily; "I will never bow my head to any man. Remember my words at Malmaison."

A long silence ensued. The two brothers, separated only by the table on which lay the map of Europe, faced each other. The Emperor was white, almost livid. His eyes darted glances of fury upon Lucien, pale also, but calm and collected in the midst of his agitation.

It was Napoleon who broke silence.

"Reflect on what has passed, Lucien, and let us meet to-morrow." He held out his hand.

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From this interview, so graphically described by Madame Junot, the position of the brothers will be understood.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded, was a violent accusation on the part of Lucien that Napoleon had "violated his oath." "You are determined to destroy the republic," he cried, after a stormy discussion. "Well, kill her, build your throne over her, destroy her; but hear what one of her children says—'That empire which you are erecting by force will be overthrown by violence. You yourself will fall with it, yes, crushed, ground to powder —annihilated!'"

A letter written by the Emperor to his mother before this meeting is interesting:

"My brother Lucien proposes an interview. I will see him later. Tell him from me that his letter has found an echo in my heart. I am reserving the throne of Tuscany for him. He shall reign in Florence, and revive the age of the Medici, for Lucien also loves and understands art."

Madame Mère, as a good mother, attached herself to the fortunes of Lucien, and, as I have said, banished herself to Rome with him.

Napoleon had deeply offended her. Troubles, even in imperial houses, never come alone.

Jérôme was also in disgrace, having brought from America his beautiful young wife, Miss Patterson, but lacking the courage of Lucien, he resigned her at the Emperor's command to marry the Princess of Würtemberg, by whom he became the father of Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) and the accomplished and beautiful Princess Mathilde. Really, the great Napoleon was ruthless to

women. When it suited him, he treated wives no better than the Grand Turk does his harem!

Doubtless, with his autocratic nature, he found his family very troublesome. Obedient as they generally were to him, they were always full of dissensions among themselves; and all these quarrels naturally were referred to him. "I can rule the world," he would say in a rage, "but not my brothers and sisters."

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I dwell much upon the details of Lucien's life, because he and his family are so thoroughly associated with Rome. In person he was tall and rather ill-made, but with a face decidedly attractive—something of a sad and grave reproduction of his mother's, the hair low on the forehead, regular features, and a certain air of melancholy which became him. Decidedly, as to abilities, the most gifted of the family after the Emperor, and the least ambitious; indeed, the great grievance was that he had no ambition at all!

When negotiations were opened between Napoleon and Lucien, to obtain his consent for the marriage of his daughter Charlotte with the Prince of the Asturias, the same differences arose between them as before. On this alliance the Emperor's heart was set.

Although Charles IV. had consented to accept a Buonaparte Princess as wife for his good-for-nothing son, there was a series of the same complicated intrigues as about the Spanish marriages in our day.

At one time it would appear that Napoleon contemplated marrying an Infanta himself, but changed his mind out of regard for Josephine.

Then it was he decided on the union of Charlotte Buonaparte with the Prince of the Asturias, and wrote commanding his brother's presence in Paris to confer on the subject, any arrangement with Lucien being the more

difficult from the rooted antipathy—*hatred*, rather—that he felt towards Madame Lucien, "*La veuve Jouberton.*"

The abuse he condescended to utter about this poor lady was strangely beneath him, specially as, both as a wife and mother, her conduct was irreproachable. But what did that matter against the imperial will?

Again he tempted the republican Lucien with a crown. He was to be made King of Florence, and his wife to be created Duchess of Parma, on condition that he would never see her again!

Lucien tore the letter in pieces, and stamped on it with rage.

But I am wandering from the marriage of Charlotte. To this alliance he consented; and Charlotte, a beautiful girl of fifteen, a match for any sovereign in Europe, and of whom the Prince of the Asturias might have been proud, was sent to Madame Mère to be indoctrinated into her high position.

All the preparations for her departure for Madrid were made, her ladies were named and her trunks packed, when Lucien suddenly sent for his greatest friend, De Chatillon, who had followed him into Italy.

"Chatillon," he said, "I cannot do it! I cannot! I have tried for my brother's sake, but I dare not sacrifice Charlotte. She must not go to that profligate court. To the winds with all state considerations; I cannot condemn her to such a life."

Charlotte Buonaparte, who is described as a most lively young lady, with a strong will of her own, also objected to the Prince of the Asturias, and generally so ridiculed the whole Buonaparte family, including the great Napoleon, in letters to her father, which the Emperor saw, that she was sent back in disgrace to Italy, where she married Prince Gabrielli, the head of one of the patrician families of Rome. His palace—now, alas! sold—is a noble structure,

a little town in itself, with its many courts, entrances, high walls, numerous façades and ranges of windows, lying a little back from the Tiber, in certain dark streets in Monte Giordano. Here the sarcastic Charlotte, though not an Infanta, found noble suites of mediæval saloons awaiting her, not equal to the Escurial, it is true, but grand and venerable, the artistic dust of ages resting on the painted walls. From this marriage are descended the present Prince Gabrielli, who married his cousin, daughter of the second Charles Lucien.

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Late in life Madame Mère met with two serious accidents: one a fall on her own staircase, the other in the Villa Borghese, the property of her son-in-law, husband of Pauline, where the charming hills and green *bosquets* always reminded her, she said, of France.

In the Villa Borghese she fell heavily on her side and fractured her hip-bone. To a woman of her active habits, this was a great misfortune; about the same time her eyesight became dim, ending in a cataract over both eyes. But she bore all these troubles with a stately patience, and employed her mind in that constant dictation which brought her absent children near to her. "I think and think of them all," she said, "until I can think no more." Before these accidents she loved to walk on foot to hear Mass at Sta. Maria in Portico, or at San Lorenzo in Lucina.

She took pleasure also in listening to the music at the Trinità de' Monte at the head of the steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Pincio when the cloistered nuns sing from behind a lattice.

One day as she was driving on the Corso, two Austrian officers stared rudely into the window of her carriage. Madame Mère at once put down the glass. "What, gentlemen, do you want? If it is to see the mother of the

Emperor, behold me!" at which address the officers retreated, much abashed, making profoundest bows.

In the ruins of the Forum and in the Colosseum she often sat or walked, attended by her ladies. "*Ecco, Signori, la Madre di Napoleone,*" a Cicerone said in her hearing to some strangers he was accompanying, pointing out Madame Mère's tall monumental figure as she moved majestically among the huge fragments of imperial ruin. Nor was she offended, but turned smiling graciously on the strangers—all but the English, whom she would never receive or look at as "*the murderers of her son.*"

From the time of the Emperor's defeat at Waterloo and imprisonment at St. Helena, she never knew peace or happiness. Her continual prayer was to be allowed to join him at St. Helena. "My son," she said, "is ill, alone, and unattended, separated from me, among enemies; my other children are in exile; they are dying one after the other; my grandchildren are following their example. —But!" and she raised her head and looked proudly round with her blinded eyes, to the place where she knew his bust was placed, "I would not change my existence as mother of Napoleon with any monarch in the world."

The agony of sorrow she suffered when she came to know of his fatal illness is apparent in all her letters, and her distress at not being permitted to be with him. Lame and helpless as she was, and blind, she would have started at any moment. "*La pauvre* Madame Mère," as Napoleon called her!

Her passionate efforts to interest the powers of Europe, Austria, England and France, in his favour, exposed her to suspicion. She was accused of paying agents in Corsica, with ramifications all over France, for an insurrection in his favour.

A serious complaint was addressed to the Papal Court by Monsieur de Blacas, the French ambassador. Much

against his will the Pope sent his Secretary of State to enquire into the matter.

"Monsignore," she replied, "I have not the revenue they imagine, but *if I had*, let Monsieur de Blacas tell his master, Louis XVIII., that I would not use it to foment troubles in *Corsica*, but to *arm a fleet to liberate my son from St. Helena*, where the most infamous disloyalty has imprisoned him."

Then courtesying deeply to the Cardinal's secretary, she left the room.

This is a portion of a well-known letter on the subject—quoted by Silvagni, addressed by her to one of the Papal ministers by means of Cardinal Consalvi :—

"I do, and I ought to thank your Eminence for all you have done for us in our exile. My brother, the Cardinal Fesch, has told me of the generous manner in which you have received my petition for the great captive of St. Helena. The Cardinal also informs me that, to meet the earnest desire of *the Emperor*, you have made it your business to represent to the English Government the necessity of allowing him the comfort of having about him a priest of his own faith.

"I am indeed the mother of sorrows, and the only consolation I have is to know that the Holy Father forgets the past, and only remembers the affection with which he has always honoured us.

(Signed) "MADAME.

"27th May, 1818."

The intervention to which Madame Letizia alludes comes down to us in the shape of another published letter written by Pius to Cardinal Consalvi, dated "Castel Gondolfo, 6th Oct., 1817," to be laid before the Regent of England (George IV.), in favour of the captive Buonaparte ;

and apparently producing no effect whatever either on that royal egotist or his ministers.

"The family of the Emperor Napoleon," says the Pope, "has made known to us by means of Cardinal Fesch that the rock of St. Helena is fatal to his health, and that he is wasting away day by day. We have heard this with infinite sorrow, a feeling you will share with us, when we recall to you that it was, under God, the Emperor who principally restored Christianity in the great kingdom of France. The pious and courageous initiative he took in 1801 is ever present to us, obliterating from our mind the bitter remembrance of Savona and Fontainebleau.

"These were errors of judgment, the consequence of worldly ambition, which the Concordat, as a most Christian and heroic act, has wiped out."

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The upshot of all these negotiations in favour of the dying Emperor being that an Italian doctor Antomarchi and a priest, who had been the confessor of Madame Letizia, were sent out to him on the 5th May, 1821.

The arrival of Antomarchi gave Napoleon the liveliest pleasure. He at once began asking him news of his mother: "*Allons donc*, tell me of Madame Mère; she has loved me all her life. The best of women, the most excellent of mothers, with a courage and a determination above her sex, what does she do? Does she go out still now that she is lame?"

"She bears up wonderfully," replied Antomarchi, "and is full of resignation and dignity." "Does she see anyone; does she drive? What is her life? Very retired?" "Principally a few intimates and such of her children as are in Rome, but all her thoughts are for you, Sire, and she would cross the ocean to embrace you." "Of course she feels my position deeply, I am sure. How often does the

Cardinal, my uncle, visit her?" "Several times a day." "And my brother?" "Daily, almost." "And Pauline?" "Less often; she is so constantly confined by illness." "What was the last thing my mother said to you?" "That she herself, her children, her fortune were for you: at your slightest wish she would strip herself of everything." "Is she still fresh-looking and handsome?" "Yes, her health as yet is good, spite of blindness and infirmities."

From questions about his mother, Napoleon went on to ask about his wife the Empress Marie Louise, a much less satisfactory subject, seeing that her conduct to him was heartless beyond words; of all creatures living he had most indulged and loved her. "Is the Empress in good relations with my mother, or with any of my family?" "I only know that Madame Mère has written twice to her without reply." "Then she is either forbidden to write or she has never received the letter," replied Napoleon hastily, ashamed to confess to the fact of her ingratitude and indifference.

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In the darkest moments of the Imperial house we always come upon Lucien, who once more made his voice heard in the councils of Europe in favour of his nephew, the unfortunate King of Rome, guarded with jealous tyranny by his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna.

On this subject, Madame Mère, now an aged woman, writes to her son at Canino a letter, also historical, showing by its curt and authoritative style the respect in which she was still held by her children:—

"I do not understand why you have written to the Emperor of Austria. It is neither the time nor the occasion.

"I have nothing to add to this opinion, but my tender remembrances to your wife and your children.

"Your attached mother,

"MADAME."

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I have said that Madame Mère was greatly considered in Rome. Indeed, the Austrian Ambassador—who, as I have said, lived opposite in the feudal Palazzo di Venezia, with its machicolated towers ready to pour down lead on all rebels and traitors—seemed to consider that the mother of the son-in-law of his master was much too wealthy and honoured.

"Madame Letizia," writes the Ambassador in November, 1822, "lives to herself; Cardinal Fesch employs himself in his picture gallery, and the wife of Prince Borghese affects the invalid. If they want money, by Cardinal Consalvi's order, they apply to the banker Torlonia, a man who rose into a high position at the time of the occupation of the French. I hear that a hundred thousand crowns (*scudi*) were lent by Madame Letizia in order to enable his Holiness to furnish a suitable lodging for your Majesty, and subsequently paid back when you did not come to Rome."

Poor Madame Mère! The idea of her lending money to the Pope for the reception of her son's father-in-law and enemy the Emperor of Austria!

On the 5th of May, 1821, as the tropical sun set at St. Helena, Napoleon died. On the same day and hour, a stranger presented himself at the *portone* of the Buonaparte Palace, earnestly desiring to see Madame Mère. "Have you requested an audience," asked the porter? "Madame receives no one she does not know." "I have asked for no audience," answered the stranger, "but it is absolutely indispensable that I should see her

at once." So earnest and even solemn was his manner that the porter yielded and conducted him upstairs to the ante-room, where the servants were in waiting. Here his name and his business were demanded, which he refused to give, and again sternly insisted upon seeing her "on *most important business which must be told to her alone.*" As the porter had yielded, so did the attendants. Madame Mère was informed of what had passed, and sent her chamberlain to say she consented to receive him. As he entered, the ladies-in-waiting retired, and they were left alone. The stranger then approached her with the utmost respect, and began at once speaking of Napoleon as if he had just left him. "While I am addressing your Highness, the Emperor is freed from his sufferings. He is dead; kiss the image of the Redeemer," he added, taking a crucifix from his bosom. Then, in a solemn voice he continued: "You will meet again after some years. You will rejoin him who is the source of such profound sorrow to you. But before that, much will happen in France. Blood will flow, civil wars will break out, all Europe will rise as in a conflagration."

Speechless, Madame Mère listened to this mysterious stranger, who seemed to her some prophet inspired by God; nor is it recorded that she made any reply.

Silently as he had entered, he departed and was never heard of again.

Imagine her astonishment when, two months and a half after the authentic news of Napoleon's death arrived from St. Helena, to find that it took place on the same day and hour stated by the stranger. "She often spoke of this extraordinary visit," says Madame de Sartonville, her lady-in-waiting, "and said that the figure which had appeared to her had the same voice as the Emperor, his features, eyes, and commanding presence." All Rome was searched to discover who he could be, but in vain.

He came like an apparition and departed leaving no trace behind.

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When Antomarchi, who had attended Napoleon to the last, arrived to give her the details of his death, she was so utterly prostrated by grief, she could only listen to a portion of his sad narrative.

A second visit found her more calm. Over and over again she questioned him about each harrowing detail, interrupting him with her sobs.

A solemn reunion of such of the Imperial family as were allowed to come to Rome was held in the Great Saloon of the great apartments. Madame Mère, looking like an ancient cameo, in the deepest mourning, extended on a sofa, silently signing to each as they appeared to enter the second Saloon (there are these great rooms still *en suite* at the Buonaparte Palace) to look at the bust of the poor King of Rome, bequeathed to her by the dying Emperor, now placed in a dark niche lit up by torches. When all had passed out by another entrance in the same unbroken silence, the door was closed and she was left alone.

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When her son Jerôme, who had first heard the news, came to tell her that the statue of Napoleon had been re-erected in the Place Vendôme, tears flowed from her blinded eyes and she joined her hands in silent prayer.

"The statue of the Emperor on the Column," she cried. "The statue of the Emperor! I shall never see it—Never, Never! Ah, my poor eyes!" and so excited did she become that she caused herself to be carried into the Loggia overlooking the Corso, and lay there in the sunshine on the Emperor's camp-bed sent from St. Helena, fingering with delight a little model of the statue Jérôme had brought her—a venerable and beautiful matron, her

fine features intact, but her once brilliant eyes shaded by the cataract which deprived her of sight. Behind her, as a background, were ranged the pictures and busts of all she loved, by the great artists of the day—David, Gérard, Girodel Isabey, Bartolini and Canova—Napoleon, her husband in a full-length picture, her five sons and three daughters, Josephine, Queen Hortense, and Prince Eugène; the bust of the King of Rome I have mentioned, close at hand, the place of each so well known to her, that, blind as she was, she could indicate it with her finger.

Every day her brother the Cardinal Fesch came to visit and read to her; when he was prevented, his chamberlain took his place and amused her with talk of Corsica, France and her great son.

Such of her family as were permitted by the Papal government, rallied round her. Two of her daughters, Pauline and Elise Bacciocchi, were dead. Joseph and his wife, now called Comte and Comtesse de Survilliers, were not permitted to cross the frontier, but their daughter Zenaïde, married to her cousin Charles Buonaparte, son of Lucien, was in Rome. Her son Louis was himself dying at Florence, and Caroline, wife of Murat, ex-Queen of Naples, was also unable to overcome the ostracism which extended to her as widow of Murat, shot by his own subjects; but her daughter, the Contessa Rasponi—until lately living at Florence, in the shape of a dark-eyed bright old lady, and to be seen any fine day in Vieussieux's Library—was allowed to visit her grandmother.

At length, full of years and of honour, Madame Mère expired, one may say in state, lying in the Great Saloon of the Buonaparte Palace, with all her family around her. The funeral took place in the church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata on the Corso, adjoining the Doria Palace, near her own abode; her body was conveyed to Ajaccio in Corsica, the Roman Government not permitting

a public ceremony or that the Imperial arms should be displayed on the coffin.

Four years after her son Lucien died, also, at his Castle of Canino, near Viterbo; Joseph followed in 1844, and Louis soon after, and were interred in the Buonaparte Chapel in the historic church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where I have often examined their monuments.

Jérôme, the youngest son, survived them all, and lived for many years at a villa he built on the Adriatic, near Porto San Giorgio, but was forced by the suspicions of the Papal Government to part with it, as well as his palace in Rome, now belonging to Duke Leopoldo Torlonia. He too sought the freer atmosphere of Florence, and remaining partly there and partly in England, survived to see his nephew, Louis Napoleon, raised to the Imperial throne, to be created Marshal of France, Governor of the Invalides, and President of the French Senate; his daughter, the Princess Mathilde, the first lady in France next to the Empress Eugénie, and his son married to the daughter of the King of Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

QUEEN HORTENSE.

ROME was in those days a gay city, but no *fête* is recorded as being given by Madame Mère. She was too economical. But foremost in the rank of entertainers was her daughter-in-law, Hortense, wife of Louis, ex-King of Holland, living at that time in the Ruspoli Palace in the Corso, with her two sons Napoleon and Louis.

Hortense, a real *charmeuse*, with much of the Creole grace and fascination of her mother Josephine, was a great favourite at Palazzo Buonaparte, where she upset all rule, and made Madame Mère do what she pleased.

The friend of artists and an artist herself, her music, her dancing, her conversation had enchanted every one at the dull court of the Hague, where her husband Louis was King; how much more then here in Rome, where all talent is appreciated.

What a happy-spirited creature she was! How fascinating! And what a life! As a mere girl working as a dressmaker, until Josephine's marriage made her the idol of the great Napoleon, running races with him at *cache-cache* and *les barres* at Malmaison, and captivating even the *gros bonnets* of the Consulate!

No wonder she was popular. Her light curls played over her sweet face, half-hiding her pensive blue eyes; all the features delicate; a tall figure, slight, *svelte*, and graceful; and a beaming smile utterly irresistible.

In all she did (and there was much to deplore) there was the excuse of an ill-assorted and incongruous marriage.

Louis, whom she depicts as a domestic tyrant, was undoubtedly the least *aimable* of Madame Mere's many sons. It is written on his hard, long-lined face; an impossible creature, and provokingly *good*. Naturally this eccentric person, with long black hair and shirt-collars half over his face, who, even in youth, could never be brought to join in any of the fun at Malmaison, did not suit the gay Hortense.

Besides, when they married, she was in love with General Duroc, and Louis with her cousin, Emilie de Beauharnais—the motive of their union being to protect Josephine from the threatened divorce by the marriage of the brother of the Emperor with her own daughter, in the hope that Napoleon would adopt any son they might have. And such would have been the case had their eldest child, of whom he was very fond, not died. Curiously enough, however, another son did succeed him, in the person of Napoleon III.

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At her marriage, gorgeous as was the ceremonial at the new Imperial court, Hortense wept bitterly, and Louis looked the picture of despair. But he was much younger than the Emperor, and feared him too much to dare to oppose him.

In the same spirit of dogged submission in which he accepted the throne of Holland, he received his wife. But a wall of separation at once rose up betweeen them, which was soon to develop itself into vigorous and active dislike.

None of the family, however, appear to have taken Louis's part, and Napoleon thus writes to him when King of Holland:—

"Your quarrels with Hortense are becoming public. Keep for your home that effeminate character which you show in your government, and display more vigour in

affairs of state. You treat a young woman as a regiment should be commanded."

After the fall of the Empire, Louis, like the rest, gathered round Madame Mère at Rome, while Hortense lived at St. Leu, near Montmorency. He demanded that his sons should be given up to him: Hortense resisted, and appealed to the Allies. This was in March, 1815. It was decided that the eldest was to go to the father; but in the unsettled state of affairs Hortense was able to elude the decree, and sent them both into hiding with a trusty servant.

Then came the Hundred Days.

On the eve of Napoleon's departure, the little Louis, the child of whom Napoleon was so fond, cried bitterly, in all the agony of a child's woe.

"Don't go, don't go, *mon oncle*," sobbed the boy.

"And why not, my little man?"

"Because, dear uncle, the Allies will kill you. Let me go too, and save you."

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Queen Hortense came to Rome in 1824, after the death of her brother Eugène. For seven successive winters she inhabited the magnificent salons of the Palazzo Ruspoli, where she gave the liveliest of receptions. Thus her youngest son, the late Emperor, as a boy, came to be much in Rome, masquerading in the Carnival, and romping in and out of the palace of his grandmother, and at his Aunt Pauline's.

It is remembered of him that on the occasion of one of his mother's balls he was observed sitting silent and apart in one of the rooms, and when asked why he did not dance and enjoy himself like the rest, he replied, "You imagine I am as light-hearted as they! You are mistaken. I am thinking of how to repair the fallen fortunes

of my family." A grandiloquent answer, received with shouts of laughter by the company.

Even as a lad he became a political personage, having been invited by the Buonapartists to Paris to take the place of his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt, lately dead.

Count Arese of Milan, who to the last was his intimate friend, has much to say in his correspondence of his political connection with Italy, and how, living so much in the Buonaparte palace, and with his Uncle Lucien, he imbibed that enthusiasm for her independence which came out later in his campaign with Victor Emmanuel against the Austrians. Nor is this out of place in this record.

"The Prince," says Count Arese, whom I knew well, "never faltered in his sympathy towards Italy, which he loved as a youth as well as on the Imperial throne, spite of all obstacles. During all the years I knew him, I never saw him waver. 'Young and gallant, he refused none of the pleasures of his age. But young or old, pleasure never drew him from the severe studies he loved, nor from affairs of state. His interest in the Duke of Reichstadt was great. He felt called on to replace him, *even at that early age.* All this alarmed his mother, whose mind, spite of the dissipations of her life, was ill at ease."

That winter, when she arrived, as usual, with her two sons, she found Rome much disturbed. Pius VIII. was dead, and Italy unsettled and aspiring to freedom. The appearance of Louis as the possible successor to his cousin gave umbrage to the authorities. The civil governor called on Cardinal Fesch to beg that he might leave. The Cardinal demanded the reason for such an unusual request, and ended by declaring that the Prince had done nothing to be expelled; Jérôme, who was staying with his mother, went off to her with the news.

Yet every day Italy was more and more agitated, and Hortense in an agony lest her sons should join the patriots, in whom she had little faith. For the Austrians were too strong and too well-garrisoned all over the north to be attacked with any hope of success.

At length, on a certain Saturday (her reception day, for her balls went on as usual), as the servants were arranging the lights in a chandelier, the *gens d'armes* appeared on the stairs to take the young Princes prisoners. The rooms were full, the palace large, with many passages and concealed doors, and through one of these Louis and his brother escaped, and the *gens d'armes* went empty away. The next day they were beyond the frontier.

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The new Pope, Gregory XVI., was elected at this time. A worthy man, but quite ignorant of mankind.

The *fêtes* for the new reign and the Carnival falling together made Rome very gay. Hortense—looking out from her palace windows on the brilliant scene in the Corso, the balconies dressed with hangings and flowers, and filled with company—forgot her troubles, and sang and danced and made merry, as was her wont. At ease about her sons, she thanked God they were in safety at Florence with their father; surely he would watch over them and keep them from all dangerous influences! Thus she reasoned, and, volatile and gay, she welcomed her friends as usual.

But the *mauvais moment* so dreaded was delayed, not averted. While seated at table, surrounded by a numerous circle of guests, the insurrection, which had already been successful in so many other cities, broke out at Rome. All the French rushed at once to her palace for protection. Letters came too from her sons, imploring her to leave and promising to meet her. She started that very night, and, after a hazardous journey, reached Florence. But

neither Louis nor Napoleon appeared. *Where were they?*

Arrived at the hotel, their servant handed her a letter.

"*Your affection for us will be our excuse. We have accepted engagements we cannot forego. The name we bear forces us to help a suffering people.*"

The Queen was horror-struck. King Louis, always vague and pre-occupied, knew nothing, and could not understand how boys usually so docile could have taken such a step. Courier after courier was despatched to command their return. In vain. They were with the insurgents, about to besiege Cività Castellana, a strong fortress near Rome, and to deliver the political prisoners lying there confined for three years.

At length, although successful in the attack on Cività Castellana, and displaying extreme bravery, the young Princes seem to have become suddenly disheartened, and at the advance of the Austrians resigned their command. Yet, foiled as they felt themselves by unworthy intrigues, they still remained to fight as volunteers. But umbrage seems to have been taken at their nationality (the old grudge that will never die out between French and Italians), and they were obliged to retire to Ravenna.

Here they were again the butt of political attack.

The Austrians forbade them a refuge in Switzerland, and their uncle Jérôme and Cardinal Fesch implored them to consider that if they fell into their hands they would at once be shot.

In this dilemma Hortense, who throughout had shown the utmost judgment and presence of mind, resolved to carry them to England by way of Paris.

Starting with an English courier from Florence, she joined them at Spoleto, where they were all entertained by the great man of the place, Count Campello, whose son subsequently married their cousin, the Princess Marie,

daughter of Charles, second Prince of Canino, and until lately lived beloved among her many friends and relatives at Rome.

Illness intervened; both sons were in danger. The poor distracted mother lost one, Napoleon, and with difficulty saved the life of the other.

At length, in company with this surviving son, the late Emperor—after hair-breadth escapes, disguises, and the most romantic episodes, which I cannot detail, as I have already been tempted by the charm of Hortense to dwell too long on her story—she arrived in London.

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Madame Mère, as I have said, rarely left her handsome palace in the Corso. The same spirit of independence distinguished her in her fallen state as when her great son swayed the destinies of Europe.

The world might come to her, she would not seek it. Rather an awful old lady, I fancy, as she advanced in life, tall, solemn-looking, and dark-visaged, with a prominent nose, thin face, and large fierce eyes, a firm, well-formed mouth, and her hair long and curled on her high forehead in the mode of the day.

Not so her brother, Cardinal Fesch, handsome also, but fat, smiling, and plump, with a round sensuous chin, and altogether as keen and mundane-looking a personage as features could express. A very jolly Pope had he become one, which he most certainly would had he made up his mind to renounce the Archbishopric of Lyons and his nationality as a Frenchman.

None of the family had suffered greater vicissitudes of fortune. The intimate friend of Leo XII. and almost certain to succeed him in the next pontificate of Pius VII. (who had good cause for hating the name of Buonaparte), Cardinal Consalvi would, if he could, have gladly torn the purple from his back!

Pius had indeed created him a Cardinal, but at the point of the bayonet, so to say, by command of Napoleon.

His great nephew thought so highly of his uncle's abilities that, failing the Church and Lucien, he wished to make him King of Spain; but Cardinal Fesch refused. "I am a priest. I cannot and will not change," was his answer.

Inhabiting for many years the Falconieri Palace, his life was passed in a succession of intrigues to obtain the Popedom on his own terms. One hears little of him subsequently, except in connection with pictures, of which he was a highly reputed judge, his collection selling at his death for a fabulous sum. But he also possessed the heroic qualities of his race, and only took to collecting works of art when other hopes failed. "I have no confidence in my nephew," he used to say. "It is impossible for him long to defy the whole of Europe. I have therefore taken care of myself and laid by money." Many of these fine pictures were hung on the lofty walls of his sister's apartments, soberly yet handsomely furnished, as became the home of the mother of the Emperor.

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These were the days of the *mode de l'Empire:* straight-backed chairs, uncomfortable *fauteuils,* and tables and cabinets cut straight up and down, as if in rebellion against the redundance of the style *Louis Quinze*—a kind of Egyptian severity of form and ornament, which reflected the Emperor's campaigns in the East and the *faux air* of a soldier's tent, where space is precious.

Madame Mère herself loved to appear with a kind of Oriental drapery about her head, and her daughters and ladies with high combs, and tiaras, elaborate curls disposed on the forehead or in bands behind the ear; brooches of enormous size, short waists and large buckles; the arms bare or covered with the tightest of sleeves; short

petticoats to show the feet in satin shoes, sandalled—and open-work stockings. None of the Oriental mezzotints we admire so much now—electric blues and peacock greens were then known—or any of those delicate shades, subdued and refined, such as painters love—but instead glaring, crude reds and blues and yellows, arranged without taste and shocking to the eye, with heavy jewelry on ears, forehead, and waist. Gentlemen did not, as now, dress entirely in black, but tempered it with embroidered coats, looped and braided, of rich materials in deep shades of blue, brown and purple, cut open in front, with steel or diamond buttons, gay waistcoats, laced shirt fronts, and ample cravats; ruffles, white or pale yellow pantaloons, silk stockings, and cocked hats laced with gold.

I remember as a girl to have seen dandies with double waistcoats of two colours, light elastic pantaloons *collant* to the thighs and legs, and little pointed shoes cut like those of a woman. How the men ever got into their pantaloons or out of them, without ripping them up every time they undressed was the question.

The love of colour, too, was carried out from clothes to equipages, much gilt, and painted like stage coaches. I well remember in quiet old England riding in a sky-blue cabriolet, which was considered the height of the *mode*, on high springs, and with a long flight of steps, a kind of ladder, up which I was handed in great state.

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Before asking for the hand of the Archduchess of Austria, Maria Louisa, the Emperor called Madame Mère to Paris, and discussed the divorce with her. In a long interview of more than two hours he gave her such details of Josephine's conduct as both distressed and angered her.

"The Empress was," he said, "*une excellente créature*," but apart from the personal admiration he had once felt

for her, excitable, jealous, and credulous, constantly in the hands of fortune-tellers and *charlatans*, and, although always receiving large sums of money from him, in debt to an incredible amount. Nor was she ashamed of the most unimperial acts, to raise money by the sale of old clothes and furniture at a large profit, and by her imprudence and extravagance generally compromising his exalted position. All this had gone on for years, and was borne with as the freak of a young and beautiful woman, but as she grew older and her influence decreased, became at last insupportable to him.

"Do not excuse her," said Madame Mère, who, like all her family, always detested Josephine—talking over this conversation with her friend the Duchesse d'Abrantés: "I hope the Emperor will soon decide to divorce her, not only for the sake of his dynasty, but that she may no longer expose him to the contempt of the world."

The hard judgment of Madame Mère is not endorsed by posterity. The conduct of Napoleon to Josephine was base in the extreme. One may or may not believe in retributive judgments in this world, but it is certain that from the time he abandoned her his star forsook him.

But Josephine had been most unwise in estranging the whole Buonaparte family. Had she conciliated her mother-in-law, that powerful woman might have supported and saved her. But, on the contrary, all the Buonapartes, particularly Caroline and Murat, were her avowed enemies long before the clamour for the divorce began. When the evil days came, and Josephine felt that fate was against her, she bitterly repented what she had done. "They will never rest till they turn me out," she cried, the tears streaming down her face. "They have no mercy; they all want to ruin me."

Yet she was the woman to whom Napoleon had said, when the divorce was decided on, "*Josephine, ma bonne*

Josephine, you know if I have loved you. To you, and you alone, I owe the only moments of real happiness I have ever enjoyed. Josephine, my dearest, affection must be mastered. My will, your feelings—all must be sacrificed to the interest of France."

"Say no more," was her reply: "I am prepared."

It may be said of her as of Marie Antoinette, "that but for her misfortunes, no one would have known how great she was."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRINCESS PAULINE BUONAPARTE.

HER portrait is before me—the complexion a clear brunette, the most lovely eyes, gentle yet penetrating, pencilled eyebrows, an oval face, small classic head, and the bust and shoulders of a Goddess!

Such was Pauline Buonaparte, youngest sister of the Emperor, of whom Madame d'Abrantés says that it was impossible from any likeness to form a correct idea of her extreme beauty. There was a charm about her no one could resist. Gentle and charitable, at a time when such qualities were little esteemed, she was *par excellence* the feminine element of the Imperial family.

Of the perfection of her form she herself allows us to judge in Canova's famous statue in the Borghese villa at Rome, entirely nude. To my mind nothing Canova did ever comes up to this pseudo-antique, classic in its affectation, and natural in its want of truth! Whether the story of the "stove" is true, I will not take upon me to say, but we are told that in reply to some remark on the absence of drapery, Pauline answered with perfect *naïveté*, "I was not cold; there was a stove."

There is a point at which perfection ceases to be personal and belongs to art. Canova is said to have adored her *artistically*. This may have given power to his hand. Anyway, as long as Rome lasts, and the proverb says, "When Rome falls, falls the world"—Pauline Borghese will be enthroned on her richly carved pedestal within the sumptuous halls of her husband's palatial villa outside

the gates of Rome, buried in deep ilex-groves mysterious as those of a pagan temple—as the modern Venus Vincitrix, faultless at all points, in the same artificial style as the Venus de' Medici at Florence. With this difference, however, that though both are almost equally affected, one has the charm of classic correctness, the other the *faux air* of a Parisian *poseuse*.

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Pauline was born *coiffée*, as the French say, or, as we express it, "with a gold spoon in her mouth." When she left Corsica she was only thirteen, too young to know much of the poverty and privations her mother, Madame Mère, had endured, and old enough to enjoy the foretaste of the great position to be created by the youthful General Buonaparte. She has been called cold and heartless, but her devotion to her mother and constant affection to her brother does not at all bear out this accusation.

Nothing but the impossibility of obtaining "permission" prevented her from being with him at St. Helena, although she was suffering from the cancer of which she died.

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One evening during the Directory, before Napoleon was named First Consul, Madame Mère, in company with her daughter and Madame Junot, were going to the theatre. It was a moment of much anxiety; Napoleon was on the high road to almost supreme power, but as yet surrounded by rivals and enemies, whose plots and treachery might at any moment end his brilliant career. It was in fact a time of transition from the divided government of the Directory to the unification of consular power, to end in the Empire; and it was precisely the anxiety which these ladies felt that drove them to the theatre for a little change. Madame Mère was absent and uneasy, but, as the mother of a great man, held her tongue. Pauline was pale and

excited. But as no bad news had come, about seven o'clock the carriage was ordered, and they started.

The play, written by Hoffmann, was amusing—nothing remarkable, but enough to put them all in better spirits, when, just as the curtain was about to rise for the last act, one of the actors rushed on the stage in a *robe de chambre* and announced to the audience "that there had been an *émeute* at St. Cloud, and that General Buonaparte had providentially escaped *the dagger of the assassins!*"

At the words "*dagger of the assassins,*" a piercing scream rang through the house. It came from the box occupied by the Buonapartes. Pauline was in a most alarming condition; convulsive sobs shook her from head to foot, and it was with the greatest difficulty her mother and Madame Junot could hold her. Madame Mère, white as marble, whatever she felt, remained impassible to all appearance; a slight contraction of the lips the only sign of her agitation.

Leaning over Pauline, she seized her hand and addressed her in that deep serious voice which carried such weight with it, even with her great son:

"Pauline, this is a scandal; I cannot permit it. Do you not hear that nothing has happened? Be silent and get up. We must go home and hear the details."

Her mother's voice had an instant effect upon her. Supported on her arm, she allowed herself to be taken out of the box into the corridor.

"Look! There are the mother and sister of General Buonaparte!" was whispered as they passed. The incomparable beauty of Pauline, always statuesque, was increased by the pallor of her cheeks and the black circles round her eyes. The crowd, who had left their seats at the news of the attack on Buonaparte, drew back, forming two files, through which the ladies passed, murmurs of admiration following them to the carriage.

"Where are we to drive?" asked Madame Junot of Madame Mère.

"To the Rue Chantereine," was the answer. (This was the house where Buonaparte lived with Josephine before they inhabited the Tuileries.) But such a crowd filled the street—such cries of irate coachmen, men on horseback going and coming, a mob on foot pressing up to the carriage-door, some asking for news, others crying out that they could give it, all heaving and surging in the middle of a murky November night, in an ill-lighted street—that for a long time the ladies remained blocked in their carriage.

At last a young man, M. de Rastignac, passed, recognized Madame Junot, and took off his hat.

"This is a real revolution," he cried; "your republican friend Lucien has made a King of his brother, '*le petit caporal.*'"

Before she could silence him the words were out of his mouth. As he stood with his hand on the carriage door, he felt it rapped so smartly that he looked up, and there before him sat Madame Mère and Pauline! So horrified was he that without a word he took to his heels and fled.

Little by little the carriage proceeded, until after what seemed hours of delay, they arrived. Just as they were getting out, an officer rode up, followed by two guardsmen, whom they recognised as the aide-de-camp of Lucien, President of the *Conseil des Cinq Cents.*

"*Tout va bien!*" he cried, seeing the ladies' alarm. "Be calm, a consular commission is named of two members of the Directory and General Buonaparte."

Pauline clapped her hands. "*Voilà le beau temps revenu!*" she cried, cured in a moment of her hysterics. Madame Mère was silent. Did she understand that this was the first step in the victorious career of her son towards the Imperial throne?

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Naturally, Pauline had many admirers among the political supporters of her brother. Citizens Bellon and Fréron are mentioned—Fréron, a Terrorist, like her brother Lucien, and intimate with Marat. This creature she actually favoured, and wrote to him as her "*tendre ami*," "whom she loved as Petrarch did Laura." The young General Marmont was proposed, but declined the honour. Junot (afterwards Duc d'Abrantés), then a gallant young soldier making his way up to fame, was desperately in love with her, and confided his passion to her brother. Buonaparte listened, but did not commit himself by any observation. Junot, assuming that Pauline would accept him, showed Buonaparte a letter from his father, promising him eventually a sum of twenty thousand francs.

"You see, I shall be a rich man some day," he said; "do, General, intercede for me with Madame Letizia."

But the young General was cold. "All this is very well," was his answer, "but what, *mon ami*, are you to live on in the meantime? I cannot undertake to influence my mother. Your father is a strong man and may live many years. You have nothing but your pay, and my sister Pauline has not so much as that—*nothing*, in fact. You cannot marry."

Fancy the luxurious and petted Pauline, who was to become vice-Queen of Italy, having *nothing!* It reads like a joke.

There was also a plan of marrying her to General Moreau, which Napoleon favoured. Had this union taken place, a gloomy chapter would have been omitted from his history. It is certain that Pauline was then very intimate with Moreau, and counted on him as a firm supporter of her brother.

Pauline's first husband was the handsome General Leclerc, whom she married at seventeen. "*The only man I ever really loved*," she said, with that fickle heart of

hers, though she often used the same words afterwards in speaking of others.

How this petted idol of the Buonaparte family actually consented to follow "*le petit* Leclerc," as she called him, to his command in San Domingo is hard to say. That she found it a tremendous effort of conjugal affection, of which she very speedily repented, is certain.

"Alas! alas!" she cried, bursting into tears and flinging herself into Madame Junot's arms, "you are happy; you are to stay in Paris. What will become of me?" Then forgetting all she had before said of devotion to Leclerc, in her horror of the journey: "How can my brother be so cruel as to send his little sister away among serpents and savages! I shall be ill—I shall die!"

"At which," says Madame Junot, "I consoled her by telling her that she would look charming in the Creole costume. This at once arrested her tears."

"You think so, *chère?* You do? A Creole turban you think would become me? And the short waist and striped petticoat—it is pretty, *n'est-ce pas?*" Then, quite forgetting her despair, she rushed to the bell and ordered her maid to bring all the bandana handkerchiefs in the house, and, with the assistance of her friend, tied them round her lovely head. The effect enraptured her.

"*Chère amie!*" she exclaimed, "you are a providence to me. *Tiens!* I will show you how much I love you. You shall come with me; you shall be next to me in rank. I will go to my brother and talk it over with him. You know he is so fond of Junot, he will consent, I am sure he will."

The uneasiness depicted on her friend's face did not stop her.

Too busy in arranging the folds of her Creole costume, she continued:

"We will give balls and picnics in the mountains; Junot shall be governor of the capital (I don't know the name), and you shall make a fortune by selling slaves. Leclerc shall give a *fête* every day. Your mother shall go too. Yes, we will all go to San Domingo."

The arrival of General Junot interrupted the monologue, for her friend said nothing. Pauline seized upon him and repeated all she had just said.

"Is it not enchanting? We shall all be together, as in Paris. Come and embrace me, *mon Général*."

"Embrace you? Yes," cried Junot, laughing, "I am always ready to do that; but if you think I am going to give up the command of Paris for that of San Domingo, not even the devotion I owe you as the sister of my General would induce me."

A scene of violent tears and reproaches followed, but Junot did not go to San Domingo.

When Pauline finally set sail with a crowd of flatterers and sycophants, including two poets, who celebrated her as "Galatea" and "Venus" by turns, the toilettes she took with her were something incredible. Buonaparte gave her *carte blanche*. After all, it was a sacrifice, and Leclerc was so much afraid of her that he prudently held his tongue.

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Unfortunately, the whole affair proved a failure. It was thought that the First Consul ought to have left Toussaint l'Ouverture alone to be king of the Negroes if he liked, provided he was subject to the dominion of France. General Leclerc, who, as Buonaparte's brother-in-law, could not be criticised, was unsuccessful in all he undertook, and the much-talked-of expedition ended with the loss of San Domingo and of the immense army which had sailed from Brest. Yellow fever dealt freely with the officers and the troops, assassination and battle effected

what it spared, and the beautiful Pauline, after showing a courage and judgment no one expected, became a widow in 1803.

Like a modern Agrippina, she returned to France, bearing her husband's ashes; only she sailed in a man-of-war, and the classic urn was represented by a much-gilded coffin. When Napoleon heard that in her despair she had sacrificed her beautiful hair to the shade of her dear departed, he only laughed and said, "Bah! she knows it will only grow all the better."

Aware of her "truant disposition," he consigned her during the year of mourning to the care of his brother Joseph, and she lived with him and his wife in the Hôtel Marbœuf, Faubourg St. Honoré, on the spot where the British Embassy now stands. She looked lovely in her weeds, and, spite of her grief, protested violently against being made a "prisoner."

"I shall sink under it!" she protested to the few friends who were allowed to approach her,—"I, who want light, colour, *entourage, entrain!* My brothers are too cruel; I shall kill myself!"

But all things have an end, so had Pauline's mourning; and her whole soul became engrossed with the effect she should produce on her first appearance at a fancy ball given by Madame Pernon, the mother of the Duchesse d'Abrantés, to Napoleon and Josephine on his return from Egypt. Her costume, that of a Bacchante, was lovely—a white tunic embroidered in gold, sleeves formed by two cameos, a short waist with a golden cincture, bracelets on her bare arms, and her hair arranged closely round her head with a band of tiger-skin and grapes. Nothing could be more *ravissante.*

In the splendour of youth, with her lovely clear skin, black hair, aquiline features, and nymph-like figure, she naturally excited the envy of all the ladies, who vented

their spite by calling the classical nudity of her dress "*une toilette effrontée.*"

As she glided into the ball-room the murmurs of disapprobation were so general that Madame Pernon was obliged to rise in order to silence the company. No one ventured to deny the perfection of her beauty, but a lady, Madame de Contade by name, fixed her eyes upon her and whispered loud enough to be heard, "Did you ever see such enormous ears? If they were mine, I should cut them off. I advise Madame Leclerc to do so."

This speech brought every eye upon her. She felt she was being criticised (and the worst of it was that her ears were ugly), burst into tears, and was with difficulty prevailed on to remain.

I remember a somewhat similar scene taking place some years ago when I was in Florence, at a ball given in Casa Fenzi, when Pauline's cousin, Madame Wyse Buonaparte, —"*la Ratazzi,*" as she was called—also appeared as a Bacchante, in such classical undress that the excellent old Cavaliere, her host, then and there offered her his arm to hand her to the door! "*La Ratazzi*" was a very pretty woman, and tried to ape Pauline on every occasion; but it was but a very flesh and blood imitation of an almost ethereal original.

After her great brother had gone to inhabit the Tuileries with Josephine, Pauline continued to live on the ground-floor of the same hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré, the *Elysée*, now the British Embassy, with her brothers Joseph and Lucien, one to become King of Spain, the other, as I have said, a sturdy republican, to fall into subsequent disgrace with the Emperor, and live in Rome with Madame Mère. Two of Buonaparte's sisters were destined to sit on thrones, Eliza Baciocchi as Grand Duchess of Tuscany, which she governed with such skill as to win the

family honours next to Napoleon and Lucien, and Caroline, wife of Murat, to become Queen of Naples.

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At length the time came when, in the general glorification of the family, Pauline was to make a great Italian match, worthy of her name. Full as she was of whims and fancies, as became a spoilt beauty, she never dreamed of seriously opposing her brother's will.

The Milanese Count de Melzi was first proposed, and for her sake created a duke, but she did not like him. Finally, she condescended to accept the hand of Prince Camillo Borghese, whom she had already favoured by particular attention.

As the bearer of a great name among the papally descended patricians of Rome, and very handsome, the Prince pleased her artistic eye, but as a husband she found him utterly devoid of brains and more vain and fickle than she was herself.

Italians call such a man a *cerotto;* in English we should say a *nincompoop;* yet he is said to have been the real father of the great statesman Cavour. The Contessa Cavour was one of the Princess's ladies and adored by the Prince. On the birth of this child, so *nonchalant* was Pauline, that although fully aware of the fact of its birth, she stood sponsor at the baptism, giving it her husband's name, Camillo.

Her extravagance as Princess Borghese was enormous; she had married for money, and she was determined to enjoy it.

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The advent of the Buonapartes in Rome inaugurated an age of extravagance and exaggeration. The Directoire fashion suited Pauline to perfection. Her small head was made to wear glittering diadems; her dark hair divided in the middle, with two short curls on either side of the fore-

head as stiff as the false ones worn by Madame Mère. She spent a revenue in dress, and assumed Imperial airs, when she drove out of the great *portone* of the Borghese Palace in a *calèche* and four, with outriders and a *chasseur* armed to the teeth. The regal suite of rooms prepared for her private use in the palace, on the ground floor, still remain, most exquisitely adorned with frescoes—one saloon lined with mirrors, on which are painted lovely *treillages* of leaves, birds, and flowers, twining and intersecting the glittering glass. Priceless pictures lined the walls, and the most delicate of the world-wide statues of the Borghese mixed with the elegant works of the young artist, Canova.

Every one made what is called *anticamera* to her, that is, they were expected to wait for Pauline, like the great ladies whom Hogarth has immortalised in his *Mariage à la mode*—receiving them in the morning at her toilet—principally to display the beauty of her hair—arranged in a more intricate and minute manner than could be accomplished in the close setting fashion of the day. When, at length, the privileged visitors were admitted, they usually found her reclining before a gilded mirror, in a floating white robe, while the delicate curls of her glossy locks were being frizzed by the *coiffeur*, and piled, one by one, to form a pyramid of hair, raising up to the high comb at the back.

With the most gracious smiles—for Pauline had much of what the Italians designate as *smorfie*—she bowed her head to the happy mortals who had been permitted to penetrate into her sanctum, then, giving herself the last touches to her *coiffure*, turned from time to time to address them; her lovely eyes, somewhat a little too pensive, lighting up, while she bid them admire the beautiful things lying about, specially a choice basin of porcelain which had been used at the baptism of the King

of Rome, and a Cashmere shawl, presented to her by the Emperor. Then, breaking off suddenly, she would begin to unfasten her *peignoir*, which was accepted as a signal to withdraw, declaring "that she was *éreintée*."

When Lord Holland, however, on one occasion entered with two gentlemen dressed in uniform, on their way to an official reception, she started up and began examining them with her eye-glass, turning them round the better to criticise them. Lord Holland, being considered a personage, she invited to sit beside her, and began talking to him rapidly in French in the very best spirits; but no sooner were they gone, than she sank back again on the sofa, and declared that she felt so ill she must retire, at which hint every one rose and seated themselves in the ante-room.

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After a time she no longer condescended to share with the Prince the ancestral palaces and *feudi* of the Borghese, but must have houses and villas of her own. A villa at Frascati, and the charming Villa Pauline (at Rome), with its dense screen of ilex woods close to the Porta Pia, opposite the English Embassy and facing the Alban Hills, which still bears her name and is inhabited by her cousin, Prince Charles Buonaparte, the present head of the family, and his beautiful wife *née* Princess Ruspoli—also a palace at Pisa, afterwards rented by Lord Byron.

A gay court was always about her, and she delighted in the society of artists, who were numerous in Rome. Besides his constant adorer Canova, Pacini sung and played to her. All poets and authors were welcome. Pauline had been well-educated at St. Cyr, and was at least superficially acquainted with the literature not only of France, but of England and Germany.

Pauline's was a *mariage de convenance* (which her sisters' were not), but it was approved by Napoleon (who,

to show his brotherly regard, seized on the Borghese gallery of pictures and statues and carried them off to Paris); also by Madame Mère, always keeping up her authority over the whole family, and specially influencing her youngest and gentler daughter, Pauline.

Notwithstanding all their Imperial grandeur, every one grumbled. Each sister was dissatisfied with her lot and jealous of the others. Eliza Baciocchi complained that Lucca was a miserable hole, not worthy her intellect, and Caroline and Pauline were constantly in tears because they could not bear to live out of Paris.

At length the Emperor grew wroth.

"What do these women want?" he cried; "one would think we were dividing the family jewels!"

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The two Imperial ladies, Josephine and Pauline, had no love for each other, and the reason was this.

A certain Monsieur Charles was attached as adjutant to General Leclerc when at Milan, at the time that Josephine arrived, almost a Queen, at the Serbellone Palace. Napoleon was always away, but Monsieur Charles was present, young, black-haired, elegant, with a superb hussar uniform and a whole artillery of love in his dark eyes, directed invariably towards Madame Buonaparte.

Whether Pauline was annoyed that her husband's *aide-de-camp* should carry elsewhere that admiration which she expected from all, I do not know. But what I *do* know is, that in the most ill-natured manner she set herself to watch them as a rival beauty *can* watch. Josephine she had never liked, and this was an occasion to show it. So every time the gallant Charles, clanking his hussar spurs, entered the palace, Pauline made a note of it to score against Josephine.

How did Buonaparte know all this? Who told him

of the assiduity of Monsieur Charles? *Chi lo sa?* Pauline, or his own penetrating eyes? Be this as it may, to the chagrin of Josephine, the over-gallant Charles was arrested, and Pauline openly rejoiced.

"Imagine," she said triumphantly to her friend, Madame Junot, "my sister-in-law is dying of annoyance. My brother is furious. He says nothing, but looks as black as thunder. I have tried to comfort him, but he knew a great deal before he went to Egypt—*Voyons!*"

So the two ladies had no love for each other, although Pauline never advocated the divorce with the same bitter animosity as Caroline and her husband, Murat.

Nevertheless, when Pauline married, a visit of ceremony must be paid; and the court of the First Consul being at St. Cloud, this is what happened.

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The amiable Josephine, already assuming Imperial airs, was seated in the great gallery, hung with the priceless pictures collected by the Dukes of Orleans. (Alas! the whole palace and that unique gallery were burnt down during the Prussian occupation and the Commune.) Surrounded by her ladies and dressed in white, as was her custom, she reclined upon a sofa covered with blue damask, worked in gold.

When the grand Chamberlain opened the double doors and announced "Their Highnesses the Prince and Princess Borghese," every one rose, including Josephine, who, however, was already too much the Empress to advance to meet them.

Pauline, attired in a close-fitting robe of pale green velvet, was ablaze with the Borghese diamonds; the Prince, in a gorgeous uniform, like the major-domo of his wife—a well formed head and pleasant smile, but otherwise ill-made and awkward.

For a moment Josephine, who was so fond of jewels,

stood positively fascinated by the sight of the diamonds and emeralds with which Pauline was covered. Then she kissed her and made her sit down by her side. At length, when the conversation had become a little general, Pauline turned aside and found an opportunity to ask the Duchesse d'Abrantés, who was present, "How she liked her dress?"

"It is perfect," was the answer. "No one was ever so beautiful or so magnificent."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"And you do love me?" whispered Pauline, pressing her friend's hand.

"Nonsense! You know I do. But why did you come so late? The First Consul is gone; he was tired of waiting for you."

"I did it on purpose," was the answer in a low voice. "I did not want to dine. No one ever knows my brother's hours. It is of no consequence; I did not come to see him. It is her—Josephine. I want to face and crush her. Laurette"—speaking into her friend's ear—"look at her! See how agitated she is! I am *so happy!*"

"Do speak low, or she will hear you."

"What do I care? *Je m'en moque.* She tried to mortify me by making me drag through all these galleries, without coming to meet me as she ought. But it all turns out just as it should."

"Why?"

"Because the train of my dress would not otherwise have taken the proper folds; now it is just right."

The Duchess laughed, but Pauline was too well pleased with herself to be offended.

"All the same," she continued, "I must allow that Josephine is well dressed; that white and gold make a charming effect on the blue velvet." As the words

passed her lips, her eyes rounded themselves in her head, and a look of positive horror came into her face. From her own dress she gazed despairingly upon Madame Buonaparte's. Then she heaved a profound sigh.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed under her breath, "what will become of me?"

"What is it?" anxiously asked her friend.

"Why, don't you see? I never thought of the colour of the furniture. And you, Laurette, *you*, who profess to be my friend, never to tell me! It is shameful! Why did you not warn me?"

"And what was I to say? That the gallery of St. Cloud is blue? Why, you know it as well as I."

"Certainly, but at the moment I did not remember. And you see what has happened—I am come in pale green and I am sitting on a blue sofa! *Quel horreur!* Can you conceive such an effect as green upon blue? What was the name of the horrible ribbons of blue and green which the ladies wore in the Revolution? *Préjugé, vaincu.* Well, then, Laurette"—with another despairing glance at herself—"I am as hideous as they were."

"What a notion! Why, you are perfectly exquisite."

"No, no; I am a monster. I must go at once. Will you come with me?"

"No, thank you, I have my own carriage; and then there is the Prince."

"That is the same as being alone," answered Pauline, with a pout on her delicate lips.

"What? Is your honeymoon over so soon?"

"My honeymoon! With such a fool!"

"What do you mean? I thought you admired him immensely."

"Oh, not now. I did once, but now I do not care about him the least. Only let us go!"

Then mastering her feelings with the utmost dignity

she took her leave, descending the stairs like a queen, and returning with stately grace the salutations of the attendants. The majestic manner in which she balanced her exquisite figure, the carriage of her jewelled head, the glances she cast around, were worthy of a princess of the blood of the Valois. Her husband, who followed her, much embarrassed by his heavily embroidered uniform and the sword, which he was not in the habit of wearing, ended by falling flat on the steps of the carriage as they were let down.

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Worshippedi as an Imperial Princess and flattered as an almost divine beauty, there was much in Pauline's conduct which was reprehensible. But the Borghese family did not complain. The fault was considered his. Neglected and disliked by her husband, can it be wondered that she did not wholly escape blame? Among others, she is said to have had a *passion malheureuse* for a certain Colonel Canonville; and it came to be known in the following manner:—

The Emperor (as he then was) received from Alexander of Russia the present of a magnificent Russian pelisse lined with sables, which he presented to his sister. To his astonishment, the very next day, at a review, he beheld the pelisse on the shoulders of Colonel Canonville. Within twenty-four hours he was ordered out of France to St. Petersburg, and at the breaking out of the Russian War was at once placed in the front and killed.

A tremendous scene followed between Pauline and her brother. She would kill herself! Life was over! She would go into a convent! But Napoleon managed to quiet her, and no more was heard of the death of the hero, except that she always wore a little miniature of him in a ring, which she used to take off and kiss. "*The only man I ever loved,*" she would say, the tears coming into her

beautiful eyes, forgetting how often she had said the same words of Leclerc.

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But Pauline, though generally amiable, had not much mind. It would have been too much to expect. Nature must hold some balance in her gifts. By her brother's orders, she held her court in Paris, then at Turin as vice-Queen of Italy. At Turin she was a real Sovereign. But that did not suit her either—she never had good health, and was ever restless and dissatisfied.

Her summers were often passed at Aix-les-Bains in Savoy, also a favourite resort of Josephine's, several of whose letters to Napoleon after their divorce are dated from there, although he disapproved of it, as being rather too public a residence at that time. When Pauline and the Empress met at Aix the great actor Talma, who was there, recited for their amusement whole scenes from Racine and Voltaire. Often the quiet waters of the mountain-bound Lake of Bourget echoed to his sonorous voice, while the ladies lay back in their gilded gondolas, listening and enchanted.

But Pauline's passion was Paris; there she was in her element. The enormous sums she spent quite put to shame the extravagance of poor Josephine. Sometimes she appeared with her sister Caroline, almost as beautiful as herself, in the new quadrille of the "Hours." Then in the "Seasons," her *quondam* admirer, Junot (then Duc d'Abrantés), making theatrical love as a shepherd. Sometimes she posed in a classic tableau as Minerva, or Ariadne. Undoubtedly Madame Ratazzi (Wyse Buonaparte) imitated her in that celebrated costume of Pallas, in golden armour, in which she appeared at a club-ball at Nice.

Those were days when ladies of the Imperial court, under classical disguises, were not ashamed of being almost as naked as Pauline in the Villa Borghese; but,

fortunately for the morality of our half of the century, the revival of these indecencies by the celebrated *belle*, the Countess Castiglione, who, as Salammbo, at a court ball at the Tuileries, was wrapped *pour tout potage* in *a tiger skin*—was a failure. Whatever people do now, at least they *affect* a certain outward decorum.

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When Napoleon made Pauline Borghese's husband Governor of Piedmont, he created her in her own right Duchess of Guastalla. Nothing could exceed her curiosity to know something about the place.

"Tell me, dear brother," she said making her way up to him at one of Josephine's evening receptions, "what is Guastalla? Is it a large city with a palace and no end of subjects? Or is it a beautiful villa in the mountains?"

"Guastalla," answered Napoleon, "is a village in the States of Parma."

"A village!" cried Pauline, starting back aghast. "How horrible! This is really too much. What am I to do with it?"

"What you like," was the curt answer as he turned away.

"What!" catching him by the sleeve and detaining him, "you would have me" (and the tears gathered in her sweet eyes) "satisfied with such a position, when you have made our sister Eliza a Grand Duchess, and she is younger than I? Caroline has a state, ministers, a court. Napoleon, I give you notice, I will never forgive you if you treat me so ill. And my poor husband, why do you do nothing for him?"

"Borghese is a fool," answered the Emperor tartly. Even from Pauline he would allow of no discussion.

"That is true; but after all what does it signify? There are so many."

The Emperor shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

Pauline sank into a chair and burst into a violent flood of tears; and the end of it was that Napoleon, whose bark was often worse than his bite, created her Governess or vice-Queen of Italy.

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Like the other Imperial ladies, Pauline received company every week, but she was too capricious to be popular. Many beautiful women came to her (for Pauline was too secure in her own attractions to fear comparison), especially Madame de Barral, a noted *belle* of her day, and Madame de Mattias, with a lovely head and neck, but too stout in figure. The Emperor, who admired fat women, fell in love with her, but she did not respond. This seemed so strange to Pauline that she took Madame de Mattias aside one day, and in the most solemn manner reprimanded her.

"Do consider," she said, "that no one ever says 'No' to the Emperor. I am his sister, but to me his commands are law. Whatever he asked me I should reply, 'I am, Sire, at your majesty's order.'"

The *salon* of each of the Buonaparte ladies had a *cachet* of its own. That of Pauline was dress.

One evening she sent her gentleman-in-waiting, De Forbin, to bid Madame d'Abrantés to come to her at once.

"What in the world is it?" asked the Duchess, when she was told.

"Something evidently of great consequence," answered De Forbin, "the Princess appeared so anxious!"

"My dear Laurette," exclaimed Pauline, looking at her as she entered, having in the meantime quite forgotten why she sent for her, "how in the world can you put violets in your hair?"

"Madame, if you look, you will observe that they match my dress."

"I see that," answered Pauline, "but you should not wear them. They are unsuitable. Your dress should have been trimmed with bouquets of wild flowers, and the same in the hair. You must understand that artificial purple violets in your black hair have the effect of darkening all the *coiffure*. It is unbecoming. Do me the favour, Laurette, to go home and change them."

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"That evening," says the Duchesse d'Abrantés, "Pauline was resplendent in pink tulle over pink satin, trimmed with marabout feathers and diamond *agrafes;* the feathers held back by bows of pink ribbon, the body and waist encircled by diamonds set in a trimming of pink. Full, short sleeves, and in every seam of the body a *rivière* of diamonds. On her head with the accustomed curls, three marabout feathers placed upright, supported a crown of diamonds.

These elegant toilettes were mostly to be seen at her own house. She seldom appeared at the Tuileries. Madame Mère also showed herself little at court, except on special occasions, such as the marriage of the Emperor with Marie Louise and the baptism of the King of Rome.

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Spite of her Parisian preferences, the most important part of Pauline's life was passed at Rome. She bore one of the proudest names of the Roman aristocracy. She wielded an almost regal social power; she ruled absolute sovereign in the realm of art, taste, and beauty; and, like a fairy queen, lived in a palace so enormous that it takes several streets to encircle it. Close by the Ripetta and on the road to the Vatican, who does not know the massive structure of the Borghese Palace, uplifting itself from among the surrounding houses like a Triton among minnows?

All this seems splendid enough, but it did not secure

happiness. Prince Borghese became intolerable to Pauline, and, by mutual consent, they determined to separate, although Pius VII., who liked her, set four elderly Cardinals to work to make up their differences, the result being unsuccessful; the Cardinals deciding in their wisdom that the Palazzo Borghese should be divided: one-half to be occupied by Pauline, the other by her husband!

At last, to avoid further scandal, Pauline took up her abode, in the winter season, under the protection of her uncle, Cardinal Fesch, at the Palazzo Falconieri, close to the Chiesa della Morte; and in summer, when she did not travel, with her brother Lucien and his family at Frascati.

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At Lucien's villa, near Tusculum over Frascati (now called the Rufinella) they led a gay *al fresco* life, posing like pictures by Watteau or Lancret—in long, flowing dresses and dishevelled hair; the gentlemen, in full pastoral costume *à la Marmontel*—assisting in all the sylvan sports of the vintage and harvest, after the same affected fashion as Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at the Trianon—sometimes perched on the branches of trees, or hiding in evergreen *bosquets* of laurel and ilex, sloping down from the mountains to the villa, repeating verses and rehearsing plays; sometimes stretched on the hill-side under tents and umbrageous arbours, partaking of a mid-day collation, grouped *à l'antique* about the amphitheatre of Tusculum, or sweeping along the dark ilex avenues of the neighbouring Villa Aldobrandini, and gambolling and disporting themselves generally like grown-up children, as artificial and untrue to nature as if under the glare of the stage-lights. A life quite suited to the present tastes of the once grave Jacobin, Lucien, now grown into a portly family man, unconcerned about politics or as to who did

or did not sit on the throne of France—and his wife, "*La veuve Jouberton*," poetess, romancist, and *jolie femme*—both with a passion for theatricals (there was a theatre in the villa), which occupied all their thoughts; Lucien's sons and daughters, by both wives, assisting in representing his plays—for he had become a dramatic author—the other parts taken by Chatillon, the same friend he had consulted about the marriage of Charlotte, and the Princess Lucien herself.

Now, Pauline is not mentioned in the cast of these performances. She was generally ill and unfit for exertion; but separated from her husband, and fond of Lucien, she clung more and more to him and to his family.

About Chatillon, the French artist, a strange story is told. During one of his visits to Villa Ruffinella, or *Tusculum* (as the classic-minded Lucien loved to call it), while seated at table with a party of guests, among whom was Monsignore Cuneo, a band of brigands, headed by a famous bandit known as *Di Cesare*, broke in and actually carried off Prince Lucien's little son, and Chatillon, in mistake for Prince Lucien, from the dining-room. Lucien, greatly alarmed for his friend and his child, followed the band into the mountains, but could find no trace. Chatillon and the boy returning unhurt after some days, on the whole rather pleased with their adventure in the brigands' cave.

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These Arcadian adventures, however, were somewhat rudely broken in upon by the failure of Lucien's banker, and consequent scarcity of ready cash, Torlonia purchasing very cheap the famous Spanish jewels presented to him by Charles IV.

How the high-minded Lucien—so sternly patriotic he could never be brought to accept even a reward, much

less a crown, from his brother—became possessed of these jewels, as well as incredible sums of money, given by the execrable Godoy, Prince of Peace, is hard to understand. Something was said of a treaty with Spain signed by him without the knowledge of Napoleon.

The value of these jewels was incredible: set in a broad frame of pure gold, surrounding a life-sized portrait of the King, diamonds, all of the finest water, emeralds, and rubies, with hundreds of priceless pearls sewn in between.

I must not omit to note that when the Empire was proclaimed at Rome, Lucien consistently maintained the principles of his life by quitting his home and sailing at once, with his family, for Cagliari, in Sardinia, on his way to the United States, where he could enjoy a Republic. But, captured by an English vessel, he was carried under *surveillance*, first to Malta, then to Plymouth, and finally to Ludlow, in Shropshire, where he bought an estate. Here, in the delights of a learned leisure, he finished a work on Charlemagne, and wrote a history of Corsica.

Neither solitude nor exile came amiss to Lucien, a thorough *littérateur*, in the French reading of the word, who, though without any very decided gift of creation or organisation, lived within the limits of art and learning until somewhat of the congenial atmosphere became his own.

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With all her frivolity, Pauline had the *revers de ses qualités*. When Napoleon was on the road to the island of Elba, her old affection returned, and she rushed off to meet him at St. Maximin, lying between Nice and Hyères, where she had a villa.

Really ill at the time, and confined to her bed, after a rapid journey, the mad cries of the populace, furious against Napoleon for the losses every family had sustained in his campaigns, alarmed her so much, that she

was with difficulty kept from fainting. But when the Emperor entered her room in the uniform of an Austrian general, the indignation she felt at such a spectacle roused her. At first she refused to speak to him at all; then, in a broken voice, "What does this masquerading mean?" she exclaimed, turning from him and withdrawing her outstretched hands. "Why this horrible uniform?"

"Pauline, do you wish to see me dead?" asked he in a low voice. "Do you not hear the frantic cries outside? To escape death I must disguise myself."

She burst into tears. Not even her affection for him could conquer her repugnance to the uniform."

"I cannot—no, I cannot, Napoleon," she sobbed, "touch you in that detestable disguise.

To pacify her, he left the room, and put on his habitual uniform as General of the Old Guard, when Pauline, rising from her bed, clasped him to her heart in a paroxysm of tenderness. Napoleon was much moved; but the continued cries outside left them little time to exchange a word. The whole courtyard of the villa was filled with a crowd of at least four or five hundred people, shouting and vociferating in the most threatening manner.

At last, stung to the quick by the hatred displayed towards him, spite of remonstrances he insisted on descending. The sight of him, wearing the well-known cocked hat and dark coat in which he had performed such prodigies, silenced the crowd for a moment. But the officers who had charge of him and were answerable for his life, became seriously alarmed, and insisted on his returning to the house.

This he refused to do, standing erect amid the howling peasants, in momentary danger of death, until Monsieur de Monbreton contrived to whisper in his ear:

"Sire, your sister, the Princess Borghese, desires to speak to you without witnesses."

The Emperor remained with her a day and a half before embarking for Porto Ferajo, in Elba. Pauline would willingly have shared his exile had he allowed it, but the brother and sister were destined never to meet again.

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Afterwards Pauline joined at Naples her sister Queen Caroline, who still reigned there as wife of Murat. During her absence, her husband, Prince Borghese, wrote to Cardinal Consalvi to beg the Pope's permission to return to Rome. This was granted, but, mortified and humiliated at the manner in which he was received, he soon left for Florence, and did not rejoin his wife until about a year before she died.

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Something of the better part of Pauline's frivolous nature will be found in a letter written at this time from Naples to her brother Lucien in Rome, quoted by Silvagni.

"From the Palazzo of the Favorita, 18th June, 1814.

"I have received your letter, my dear brother, with the greatest pleasure, and I am deeply sensible of the affection you express. I may say I merit it, for I am deeply attached to you and to your family. I hope in the month of October to come to Rome, and to see once more my little nieces, and your wife, whom I so well remember. My health is always bad. The doctor gives me hopes that, by following a strict *régime*, I shall improve; but I want rest, I have suffered so much. Let us hope it will not be long before I see you and mamma (Madame Mère). I have promised to spend the winter at Elba with the Emperor, who is alone. He tells me he is very anxious to see mamma.

"The King and Queen here (Caroline and Murat) are very good to me, but I constantly regret being so far from

dear mamma. I beg you, my dear brother, to present my respects to his Holiness, and to tell him that I reckon on his goodness, and hope he will look upon me as one of his most devoted servants. Give me some news of my husband. He shows no signs of life; nevertheless it was my desire to have lived on good terms with him, if he had wished it.

"When you write to your wife and children say all sorts of kind things from me, also to Charlotte and Marie. How long we have been separated! Yet your children will always be like my own.

"Dear Lucien, write to me, and believe me always your attached sister,

"PAULINE."

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When Pauline did return from Naples she installed herself at the Villa Pauline, at Porta Pia, although, as Princess Borghese, she could have chosen among half the princely residences in Rome. She then left for Pisa, where she affected to be *bonne enfant*, and mix in the society of the place, which, even as I remember it, thirty years ago, was sufficiently aristocratic. Donna Cristina, *née* Scotti, of Pisa, the widow of the late Prince Corsini, perfectly remembers, when she was a girl, seeing Pauline at a reception at Count Mastiani's, looking like a "sylphide" dressed in a *collante* toilette of white cashmere, embroidered in gold, her hair divided upon the forehead and arranged in four curls *à la mode de l'Empire*. Spite of her feeble health and constant sufferings, she wrote to Lord Liverpool, imploring him to allow her to join her brother, now imprisoned at St. Helena, to nurse him in an illness known to be mortal. "If you refuse me," she wrote, "it will be a sentence of death to him." But she *was* refused, and Napoleon's death was a shock from which she never recovered.

Dangerously ill, in 1825 she went to the Bath of San Giuliano, near Pisa; but, feeling death approaching, she supplicated her husband to receive her in the splendid palace in Florence in which he had established himself. Camillo consented, and at the last treated her with more tenderness than he had ever displayed before. She died in his arms in the flower of her age, of that strange internal malady from which she had suffered all her life, said to be of the same cancerous nature as that which carried off the Emperor.

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In course of time the eldest son of Lucien, Charles Lucien, by his second wife, the much-abused "*Veuve Jouberton*," married to his cousin Zenaide, became head of the Roman branch of the family; and after him, his son Joseph, who died single, and, like his grandfather, was devoted to art, artists and society, keeping up the family traditions of the Palazzo Buonaparte in those splendid saloons inhabited by Madame Mère.

At Joseph's death, his second brother Charles Lucien has become Prince Buonaparte, and by his secluded life forfeits the outward splendour of his rank, lets the ancestral palace in the Corso where Madame Mère died, and, retiring to the Villa Pauline, lives there with his wife, whom I have mentioned as the beautiful Princess Cristina Ruspoli.

The other descendants of Lucien Buonaparte now in Rome, are Joseph's brother Cardinal Buonaparte, who, had he been less devout and unworldly, would have stood an excellent chance of being chosen Pope; the Princess Gabrielli married to her cousin Placido, the son of that "Charlotte" who refused to be Queen of Spain; Contessa Primoli, mother of two sons, the eldest Giuseppe, artistic himself, and loving artists—a thorough Parisian and well-known as the favourite of his aunt the Princess Matilde; the Marchesa Roccagiovine living in the palace

of that name, and the Contessa Campello, now dead—in her time a famous Roman *belle*, and said to resemble her cousin the Princess Pauline.

The Marchesa Roccagiovine is esteemed the cleverest of the four sisters of Charles Lucien, and as she excels in conversation, she loves to collect about her illustrious persons of all ranks and conditions, artistic, patrician, political, diplomatic and literary.

It was in her house I met that superb *mask* of a man, Prince Napoleon, *Plon-Plon*, the *César declassé*, as he is called, only son of Jérôme, who, if his deeds came up to his appearance, would have been a fit successor to the great Emperor. Such a regal presence, so calm, so dignified, I never beheld; nature herself had placed the Imperial stamp upon his brow.

As he stood in the centre of the crowded saloon of the Roccagiovine Palace, receiving with sovereign grace the homage of the company, he placed himself accidently under a portrait of the great Emperor, and one might really have believed he had come to earth again and stood before one.

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CHAPTER IX.

CANOVA.

I CANNOT take leave of Pauline Buonaparte without mentioning Canova, who has immortalised her by his statue.

By no means born in the purple, Nature had stamped him as noble. Pale, with that fine olive tint of the south, calm, grandly featured, with lofty forehead, speaking eyes and abundant locks of blackest hair parted in the middle *à la merveilleuse*, no wonder he caught the discriminating eye of a beauty-loving Princess.

Intense hard work brought him fame in an emasculate style, which in those fierce days of revolution and carnage recommended itself by force of contrast.

Napoleon, ever on the look-out to connect himself personally with all that was illustrious, ordered two colossal statues of himself, one for Paris, the other for Milan. The one intended for Milan went to Naples and was rechristened as a Charles III. The Duke of Wellington possesses the other at Apsley House, another copy in bronze is hidden away in the cellars of Brera Gallery at Milan. The sitting figure of Madame Mère is in the collection at Chatsworth. Rome only possesses the statue of Pauline Buonaparte as Venus Vincitrix in the Borghese Collection.

Napoleon over and over again tried to persuade Canova to settle in Paris, but in vain. "Your Majesty," was his reply, "may command me to devote the rest of my life to his service and I will obey him. He may even demand

my life, but he cannot insist upon my renouncing the art, which has made my name, without destroying for ever the magnanimity of his bounties to me." "But not when you have all the masterpieces of Italy transported to Paris? The Farnese Hercules will follow, why not you?" "I implore your Majesty to leave Italy her treasures," was Canova's reply. "Your country can always indemnify her losses by excavations," returned the Emperor; "but you do nothing, neither the Pope, nor Borghese. I shall set about excavating myself."

After the battle of Waterloo, when the Allies entered Paris, it was Canova, who negotiated the return of the statues and pictures, the glory of the land. It was most difficult. The Russian Emperor Alexander would have liked them transplanted to Petersburg. It was only through the English, who supported Canova, that he made himself heard; at last he prevailed, and the rescued gods and goddesses returned to their desecrated altars.

Every kind of honour came to Canova. Pio VII. created him a Marchese and Count Palatine; medals were coined in his honour, the Roman ladies worshipped him, and men of all classes respected and admired him.

Yet he never became ostentatious or vainglorious: his modest studio, to which all the Kings and Queens of Europe flocked who came to Rome, was in a narrow dirty street, opposite the Hospital of San Giacomo, leading to the Corso. The fact is recalled by a tablet, placed by the Roman Government, over the door.

(This studio was afterwards occupied by his pupil, the celebrated Gibson, upon whom his mantle had fallen—an artist also, visited and petted by the great ones of the earth.)

Canova's private house was close by the studio, in another obscure and dirty street, where he lived in comfort, although the 176 statues (a hundred of them life-size) he

had executed, besides a mass of smaller works, must have made him a wealthy man; but this did not appear in his manner of living.

A portrait bust has lately (1893) been erected of him on the Pincio. It bears the dignified expression and features of a Greek philosopher. Indeed, personally and in his nature, Canova had much of the ancient classic.

CHAPTER X.

A TRAGIC POET.

WHEN the fiery Marchese Alfieri first electrified Italy with the vehement verse of his classic tragedies, great was the general amazement.

Art and Poetry had died out since the time of Michelangelo, Ariosto and Tasso, and tragic art never existed in Italy at all. Nothing was left but the smoothly polished verses of Metastasio, in the Arcadian style, vapid, colourless and elegant. More than Canova did for sculpture, Alfieri did for the drama.

Both working under the potent inspiration of love. Canova's fancy all aflame with the lovely Pauline Buonaparte, Alfieri's muse flowing to the name of the Countess of Albany, the uncrowned Queen of England, as centuries before Dante's great genius bowed before the angelic Beatrice—and Petrarch's soft rhymes echoed to the name of Laura.

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Count Alfieri was a Florentine of ancient lineage, and of most eccentric and violent habits, in riding and walking to an excess unknown to the gentle-going Tuscans.

But he was tamed and drawn to Rome by his passion for Louise de Stolberg, wife of the young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of Flora Macdonald and of the '45—the idolised youth for whom so many gallant lives were sacrificed, so many historic castles wrecked, and broad ancestral lands confiscated—degenerated into a gross and vulgar sot, who

could not even attend the theatre without a bottle of wine at his elbow.

Now he was living at Rome, a premature old man and an exile, under the title of the Count of Albany, in the noted square of the Holy Apostles, within a dark old palace which his father, the first Pretender, had also inhabited, with a deep cavernous entrance, the word "Balestra" still cut in stone over the portico.

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Alfieri, himself, in his memoirs, describes his first sight of the wife of Charles Edward at the theatre at Florence and at the Cascine, and declares that he avoided the golden-haired beauty, and even fled to Siena, to resist what he felt would be an overwhelming passion. Returning strong in heroic resolves of indifference, he immediately succumbed, from the moment of his introduction to her in the palace of her husband, to what was destined to be a lifelong passion of extraordinary force and constancy.

The Countess of Albany is thus described in a contemporary memoir as she appeared in 1773:—

"The Queen of hearts" (*Regina dei cuori*) is of middle height, with dark eyes, soft, blonde hair, and a dazzling complexion. To this add the reddest of lips, and the most delicate of forms, constituting together beauty enough to turn all heads. The Pretender, her husband, is tall and lean, as becoming his Scottish parentage, red faced, good-natured and talkative when sober; likes speaking English, and is given to relating his own adventures. After every sentence he would ask in Italian, "Do you understand?" But this once well-beloved Prince Charlie became in time disgusting to the refined little Princess, his wife. He was not a merry drunkard, but had *le vin triste*, and in his mad fits of intoxication beat her and occasionally tried to choke her. All through what he calls "*the martyrdom of the Countess*," the letters of Sir Horace Mann, our minister

at Florence, the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, keep us informed of the Prince's cruel and indecent behaviour, his sympathies all for the Countess, married at twenty-three to such a reprobate, and he applauds the forbearance and tenderness she long showed him, spite of the terror with which he inspired her.

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It was at Rome, and under the inspiration of her presence, that most of Alfieri's plays were written. *Merope* and *Saul*, one of his finest tragedies, are specially mentioned.

At that time he lived in the *forestiere* quarter of the Piazza di Spagna, now degraded into shops and offices, although then a favourite position on account of the sun and the limited number of letable quarters elsewhere. His house, or rather *flat*, forms the angle to the *scala* of the Trinità de' Monti. In May, 1781, he moved into a more retired situation at the Strozzi Palace on the Viminal Hill, where the sound of wheels seldom penetrated.

Here the Countess of Albany often visited him, and as she was as fond of furious riding as himself, horses were kept constantly saddled to enable them to dash out at any moment over the green Campagna, with all the ardour of love, in solitude. As Alfieri was a man of fortune, he could afford to spend much money on his horses, which he sometimes imported from England. Also to run his *Barberi* in the races of the Corso during the Carnival, going in and out of his stables continually to overlook the grooms. But it was when he lived in the Piazza di Spagna that he might be seen in the early morning at the Fontana di Trevi close by, sitting on the stone parapet that encloses the seething water, meditating for hours, silent and absorbed, or eating his modest lunch of bread and stracchino.

Silvagni tells us that he rode every morning to the

Rospigliosi Palace, and it was there he mounted the famous mare *Isabella*, painted by Guido Reni, in his fresco on the ceiling of the Pergola, or garden house, as drawing the chariot of Aurora as she inaugurates the break of day.

Up to a certain time, the Pretender, sleepy and insensible, tolerated the love-making between Alfieri and the Countess as consonant with the depraved habits of the day. Afterwards, it is said, he contemplated shutting her up in the convent of the Ursulines, but such a cruel scene of violence took place on St. Andrew's Day—the Scottish saint—whose memory Charles Edward celebrated by a grosser drinking bout than usual, endeavouring to throttle the Countess in bed (which he might have done, if her screams had not woke up the servants), that the poor little lady herself determined to fly from her brutal master and put the walls of a convent between them.

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It fell out in this way. The devoted Alfieri managed it all "for the liberation of his beautiful pure rose," as he calls her in his poems. The Catholic Church grants no divorce, only a legal separation, so a little comedy was got up on the occasion. The Countess was to visit a display of embroidery at the convent of the Blanchette, and Charles Edward (whose jealousy once aroused never permitted her to go out without him) accompanied her, as well as a Madame Blandini, and her *cavaliere servente* an Irish squireen. The Countess, rapid on her feet, ran up the steps leading to the convent door, Charles Edward, whose legs were dropsical, following more slowly, was kept back by the Irishman. Before he reached the top, the ladies had entered and the door slammed in his face! Intense rage and swearing on the side of the Prince, thundering for admission. All in vain! Nothing appearing but the Lay Abbess behind a grating, majestically

informing him "that the Countess of Albany would not be restored to him." This happened in Florence, where the poor little Countess was in mortal fear lest the government would give her up to her husband. But Alfieri was equal to the occasion; he managed to meet her, as he informs us in his Memoirs. "I saw her," he says, "but, O God, my heart seems to break at the recollection—a prisoner behind a grating! We were separated, and who could tell how long it might not last?"

Afterwards the Countess did obtain a legal separation from the Prince, and a kind letter came from her brother-in-law the Cardinal York, offering her a home in his superb Palace of the Cancelleria in Rome, now one of the grandest monuments of the new street of the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, leading up to the Vatican; Alfieri accompanying her from Florence along with the useful Irish friend, both fully armed and disguised as servants. No wonder that Charles Edward offered a reward of a thousand sequins to any one who would shoot Alfieri!

It might be imagined that all these agitations must have interfered with Alfieri's literary activity, but, in spite of such harrowing interruptions, he was not only an assiduous student of Latin and Italian classics, but tragedy after tragedy flowed from his pen. Nor was he, it is said, a facile composer. He tells us that he wrote and re-wrote and cut and revised to reduce his grand conceptions to the terse and epigrammatic form in which they are presented. *Saul* was at this time composed, followed by *Mahomet*, which was dedicated to Benedict XIV. While he lived near Sta. Maria Maggiore, then a solitary spot, as I remember it, with a few houses grouped round the great Basilica.

In the afternoon he gratified his passion for riding over the lonely empty spaces within the walls of Rome, now, alas! cut up into streets and squares of hideous

modern houses; sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the Countess, with whom he would return to the Palace of the Cancelleria, sure of not encountering the eye of Cardinal York (rather a stickler for propriety), who lived generally at Frascati. Within the palace they would talk "the Lady and the Poet" (as they called each other), she taking the deepest interest in his compositions as he read aloud to her what he had written during the day.

When Alfieri was not with her, he consoled himself with the society of the learned Pizzetti, the "*Lida* of the *Società Accademica*, which met for improvising verses and debating poetic subjects in the halls of the Conservatorio on the Capitol. . . ." Silvagni says, that it is barely possible to conceive the impression made on the "*Arcadians*" by the fierce metallic verses of Alfieri, accustomed to the smooth platitudes of their cherished idol Metastasio. The very appearance of Alfieri, manuscript in hand, with his long, thin face, rough, red hair, hungry-looking eyes, and sudden gesticulations, so electrified them, that he seemed no other than a revivification of the terrible Tribune of the people, Cola di Rienzi.

Alfieri's great desire was to see his play of *Virginia* acted; but as the performers—common fellows, accustomed to low comedies of the Goldoni type—were utterly unable to reach the height of classic declamation, he hit on the plan of an amateur company consisting of the noblest patricians of Rome.

After all, however, *Virginia* could not be acted: there were too many characters and too frequent changes of scenery; but *Antigone*, with only four *dramatis personæ*, was chosen. The ladies and gentlemen were enchanted, and studied their parts with alacrity. The Duchess Zagarola, sister of Prince Rospigliosi, was Antigone, who, Greek as she was, wore a hoop and stomacher, according to the same

criterion of fashion as reduced Garrick to act Richard the Third in a wig and sword and full court suit; the Princess Giustiniani was Argia; the Duke of Ceri, Emone; and Alfieri himself played the villain, Creon. The theatre chosen was in the Palace of the Spanish ambassador, a great theatrical amateur.

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How they live again in contemporary annals, these Princes and Princesses of the Roman aristocracy, who consider themselves the equal of Kings! The Corsini and the Barberini, the Odescalchi and the Rospigliosi. The beautiful Duchess Santa Croce to be revivified in her descendant the lovely Countess Santa Fiora of to-day, the possessor of the ancient palace of that name near the Tiber—and her rival, the Princess Altieri, each led into the theatre by a Cardinal, as her *Cavaliere servente* (a position which the Church neither disapproved or disdained). Princess Rezzonico, niece of Clement XIII., proud of her beauty and more so of her title of *Senatrice*, already seated in the front, habited (according to the diary of the Abbate Beneditti) in a rich brocade, trimmed regally with ermine, and a high diadem of brilliants on her head. The Princess Rospigliosi, a galaxy of jewels. Donna Leopolda di Savoia, married to Prince Doria, with large pearls sewn all over her dress. Her sister, Princess Colonna, with a priceless collar of emeralds. And last, though not least in rank, the Countess of Albany, her light and girlish figure, and silk-like hair, most remarkable among the flashing eyes and dark locks of the Roman ladies. What glances Alfieri must have shot at her under the stage paint and curls of Creon! Every noble matron envying her—for his romantic passion was well known, and that, as claiming to be Queen of England, she aspired to precedence over all; but the first place was reserved for the Princess Rezzonico, niece of the Pope. And as the Countess of

Albany passed to the front of the little theatre, she was fain to turn back and content herself with a seat among the ambassadresses.

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Of course the success of the play was enormous. People in society love to applaud each other (specially when the author is one of themselves); but all the same *Antigone* is far from being the most powerful of Alfieri's tragedies. His works are little read now, but he has the credit of having founded a style of his own, in an age of general literary effeteness. "He wrote," says a contemporary writer, "as if we were the sole audience, and *he* himself the only playwright. Limited in his mental vision and strong in inventive muscle, his ideal, both in life and in composition, was within his reach; and he both wrote and conducted his life in a manner he entirely approved. And as he lived in a time and a country which had entirely neglected the tragic stage, his own ideas were thrust upon the public before they knew what they were." Alfieri was not a poet: he did not invent in verse, but thought out and elaborately finished every sentence in prose, then translated that prose into verse, as he would do into a foreign tongue!

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But, alas! the freedom of the intercourse of "the Lady and the Poet" in the Palace of the Cancelleria came to an abrupt end, when Cardinal York was informed that they were creating a public scandal. The Pretender, Charles Edward, ill at Florence, says Sir Horace Mann, persuaded his brother the Cardinal that his supposed ill-usage of the Countess, his wife, was a fiction invented by her, to enjoy greater liberty in her intercourse with Alfieri, the immediate consequences being, that the Cardinal intimated to her that, unless Alfieri at once left the Papal States, the doors of the Cancelleria would be closed against her.

How Alfieri raved at this separation is not to be detailed

here; his letters would fill a book, but kind fate came to his relief. The Pretender consented to a legal separation, and in the month of August, 1784, the lovers flew into each other's arms at Colmar on the Rhine. "I met her," writes Alfieri, "and remained speechless from excess of joy."

Yet further good fortune awaited them, for speedily all that remained of the once fascinating "Bonnie Prince Charlie" collapsed. Undermined by drink and evil living, he died, and the Countess and her lover set up a joint establishment at Paris. It is said that they never married, because "loving was poetry and matrimony prose." Perhaps they were unwilling to experimentalise on what had been such an unique attachment: perhaps she clung to her rank, for to marry Alfieri would have been to lose her royal state. But who can philosophise on the mysteries of two such singular beings? Neither of them cared for the censure of the Church, and the Society of that day at Paris would applaud them the more from the fact of their illicit connection.

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It must be confessed that from this time the romance of the position ceases; security involves commonplace. We are now in '91, and "the Poet and the Lady" were driven from Paris by the thunder-muttering of the approaching revolution.

To London they came, as we learn in Horace Walpole's letters (deeply interested in them by the relation of his friend and correspondent Horace Mann at Florence)—and strangest of amalgamations, the widow of the Pretender was presented at Court. That Alfieri should have permitted an act so derogatory to her dignity is only explained by the change a life of incessant excitement had made in him. He was only forty-two, yet the creative power had left him. He still clung to the Countess as the

love of his life, but the fine edge of his passion was gone. The weakened mind reduced the soul which it enshrined to deadness.

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Again they were in Paris and again in danger, escaping by a miracle at the Barrière: the carriage is stopped, Alfieri leaps out, passports in hand, as wild-eyed and excited as the mob around him.

"Look! look!" he cries, "we are Italians not French; read the name, *Alfieri;* look at me! We want to pass! Let us pass; by God, I will pass!"

To which the mob, howling, replied—

"Burn the ——; throw stones at them; they are running away; they are rich and noble; take them to the Hôtel de Ville!"

It is a question of screaming, the mob against Alfieri, with his pale face and red streaming hair. The Italian gifted with the shrillest organ prevails; they pass the gate, the postillions at a gallop, the Countess dead with fear. Thus says Alfieri in his Memoirs.

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Then comes the final return to Florence, where they settled on the sun-swept Lung' Arno beside the murky Arno, in that noble palace which bears his name engraven on the front (now descended to his nephew, Marchese Alfieri), close to the graceful balustrades of the Ponte della Trinità.

But Alfieri is now a premature old man: no summer suns of Italy, beautiful gardens, dark solemn forests, black on the softly tinted mountain-side, nor glorious expanses of unclouded skies, can rouse him. The fair city of Florence lay before him, but it was no longer to him the enchanted region as of old. The Countess tended him and loved him still, but she no longer inspired him as the ideal of his fancy. He rode, he walked, he

studied desperately, as of old, but with a feeling that power was going from him. Perhaps by these violent means he hastened his end; for death was waiting, and he knew it.

Less and less he ate, he who was already so abstemious, but Nature rebelled and gout increased, spite of his *régime*.

On the 3rd of October, 1803, he succumbed to sufferings he could no longer baffle, the Countess seated beside his bed. As both were Atheists, neither of them thought of calling a priest, but a neighbour was more pious. It was of no use, however, for as the priest entered the room, Alfieri expired, leaning against a chair, and "without agony or effort" this stern and ardent spirit passed away, and was laid to rest along with the greatest names of Italy, in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, a monument, by Canova, to commemorate him.

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"Oh, God, what a misfortune to lose One whom one adores and venerates!" writes the poor little Countess, grown into a square, stout, middle-aged German. "A twenty years' friendship with so perfect a being, and to lose him at the age I most needed him!"

She formed a deep friendship with Ugo Foscolo, who had something of the abrupt roughness and power of Alfieri, but never forgot that she was or ought to have been a Queen, until death came to break her regular habits in 1824, at the age of seventy-two. She, too, is buried in Santa Croce, but not in the same tomb as Alfieri. Indeed, the lady of his love had greatly changed, and came to have no affinity at all with the delicate little being that for so long nestled in his breast for love and protection.

CHAPTER XI.

ROSSINI.

UNDER the Papal rule Roman Princes thought it no degradation to mix themselves up in artistic and theatrical matters. According to this fashion, the Duke Sforza Cesarini undertook the management of the Argentina Theatre, and actively busied himself in every detail.

This was in 1815, at the time of Rossini's first arrival in the Eternal City. Every one was excited; his fame had preceded him. The Duke at once sent for him.

"You must write me an opera at once, Rossini," he said, "before Carnival."

"But, Eccellenza, you must give me time."

"There is time. Quite enough; you have twenty days; your work shall come out at the Argentina."

Rossini thought for a moment, then laughed a long loud laugh.

"Eccellenza, I will do it."

"Understand, Signor Maestro," continued the Duke, positive and overbearing as is the fashion of Roman Dukes, "in forty days everything must be complete; afterwards you may make any changes you please. This is the 26th of December, 1815, on the 5th of February, 1816, you must be ready. Do you agree?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, I do not want to press you too hard; you shall have all your expenses paid during that time, in the house where you are. I will give you three hundred Roman scudi besides."

"Excellency, I accept," replied Rossini. The opera was to be *Matilde di Sabran*, and was to be brought out at the Argentina; but Duke Sforza's projects were destined to be forestalled.

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Rome was at this time disgusted with the mediæval follies of the Pope. Four Cardinals by his order governed the city. Half of the population lived upon the Papal revenue, ate, drank, and made merry without work and without thought. But the four Cardinals *did* work, and enjoyed their little tyrannies which, touching dramatic matters, consisted in the most stringent censure of the theatres. Tonsured professors, who never moved out of their chairs at the colleges, were the accepted judges of the æsthetic. Not at all understanding what to do, they hated the trouble of the details. Musicians and dancers were to them as the sons and daughters of Baal. The theatres a sink of iniquity. Never were such stupid critics so absurd, so ridiculous. The harmless word *eziandio* was a trouble to them because one syllable "Dio" meant God, and must therefore be so profane, the innocent adverb was expunged from prose and poetry alike; "*Diavolo*," too, was a forbidden word. The devil was the enemy of God, and as such could not be mentioned. "*Angel*" was a substantive not to be permitted at any price, nor *angelic* as an adjective. The names of Pius, John, Gregory, and Innocent were eliminated because they had been borne by Popes. But more specially the word "*Patria*" was obnoxious; no one must have a "*patria*;" no one must be patriotic unless he desired to be carried off by the *gens d'armes* and imprisoned, San Angelo, for example, where Cellini lay long ago.

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But to return to Rossini: violent hands were laid on him. Cartoni, the impressario of the Valle, would not

hear of his agreement with the Duke. His first opera must appear at his theatre, so, to ensure no falling back into the hands of Sforza Cesarini, who was naturally furious at Rossini's defection, Cartoni and his friend Paterni shut him up until the opera was finished. What were Rossini's feelings with *Matilde di Sabran* in his pocket, are not recorded; but as Rossini was a cynic, not easily moved any way, he submitted with perfect good grace.

"What name am I to give the opera?" asked Rossini of Cartoni.

"Call it the *Barbiere di Sevilla*," was his answer.

"But Paisiello will kill me; he has a *Barbiere*, to say nothing of *Beaumarchais*."

"Never mind; you will make people forget Paisiello, and *Beaumarchais* is not an opera. With that title we shall escape 'the censure;' they will never find out the difference between you and Paisiello. Never!"

"Very well, Signor Impressario, your idea is original; it pleases me. But wait and see, the audience may find it out and hiss me."

"Then they will hiss me too," is the answer; "you will be in good company, Signor Giovacchino."

Some days after Cartoni met Rossini.

"Did I not tell you," he said, "the Paisiellites are as quiet as lambs—not a word. Paisiello is forgotten by the public; they never give his opera now, but if they do make a row, all the better, people will come the more. Besides, dear Maestro, I make you a bet—" he paused. "Of what, Signor Impressario?" "That you will give us such a *chef d'œuvre*, that no one will ever mention Paisiello or his *Barbiere* again."

"Very well, Eccellenza, I take your word; in three weeks the opera will be ready."

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And here we come upon a fact worth mentioning. In

the same house where Rossini lodged lived the great singer Garcia (father of Malibran and Viardot), and Zamboni, and other artists, all in rooms opening into a central Sala, in the Italian way. In the Sala was an old piano, and here Rossini worked at his opera. Work, indeed! he slept hardly at all, never spoke and never sang a note. This went on for seven days and seven nights. His friends at last could stand his struming no longer.

"How long is this to continue?" they cried.

"Well," he answered, reflecting, his hand to his brow.

"Well, indeed! It is bad, *male:* we cannot sleep for the row you make on that cursed old instrument all night; we are dead with sleep; our heads beat like sledge-hammers."

"You, too," broke in Garcia, in an irritated voice, "cannot have a pleasant time of it; you have done nothing but make a noise."

At these words, Rossini leapt to his feet, his fine classical face aflame, and his arm extended as if wielding the *bâton* for a tragic overture.

"I have done nothing you, say, Garcia? Listen, I will sing you the air of *Almaviva.*"

"Really?"

"Yes, listen." And with his clear, strong voice, Rossini sang that ever lovely melody—

"Ecco ridente il Cielo
Spunta la bella aurora,
E tu non sorgi ancora,
E puoi dormir cosi?"

Garcia was speechless, and Zamboni moved to tears. "And now," continued Rossini, "I will let you hear another piece; listen, *ragazzi miei.*" Then he sang "*Largo al factotum della città,*" as perfectly as if he had practised it for a month; then the cavatina of Rossini in a *falsetto;* the air of Bartolo and of Don Basilio, the duet of the Conte,

the quintetto, then the marvellous finale. His listeners were as in a dream; they had passed from one astonishment to another; Garcia positively howled with delight; Zamboni gave shouts of joy.

The opera was finished, and how? As under the influence of a divine inspiration. The music was all in his head; he had only to get it copied. At length he slept soundly, not even the *colpo di cannone* of the "*Calunnia*" would have woke him!

Next day he flew to the Valle, writing down the notes, which were all in his head, slowly at first, then faster and faster, as hard as his pen could go. Nothing stopped him; he read nothing over, but passed from page to page, flinging it to the copyists. In a few minutes, they were all at work, pages multiplying into quires. The notes and the orchestration all done as if by enchantment. As soon as it was finished, the work was carried to the stage, and the parts were distributed to the singers; at once the rehearsal began, a fever, a frenzy—Rossini's brain galloping to that extent that he totally forgot some of the pieces. The opening symphony was wanting! For a moment Rossini stood confused, then rushed out into the little Piazza before the Valle Theatre and then and there wrote it, on the top of a barrel of rice at a *pizzicarola's*.

Then the aria Almaviva sings as Lindoro, *Io son Lindoro*, was missing; this necessarily enraged Garcia (who was to be the Conte). "Where is my romance?" he cried.

Don't ask me," answered Rossini; "I have had enough; I will not write another note; compose it yourself, Garcia."

And I," broke in Zamboni, "must I also compose my recitative, as Garcia will his romance? May I?" to Rossini. "*Benissimo!*" cried the Maestro, "only leave me alone." And thus it came about that the romance, *Io son Lindoro*, was written by Garcia and the recitative by

Zamboni. In his great haste Rossini is accused of plagiarism from Spontini and from Cimarosa. The air sung at the piano when Count Almaviva appears disguised as the singing master, "*Quanto mi sei cara amabile Rosina*" is distinctly borrowed from Cimarosa.

The first night the immortal *Barbiere* was mercilessly hissed at the Valle, to the disgust of poor Cartoni, not by the verdict of the public, but by a *claque* got up by the Duke Sforza, furious at being cheated out of *Matilde di Sabran* at the Argentina, and determined to revenge himself on Rossini. At the next performance, no *claque* dared to appear, and the same triumphant success attended the ever-green *Barbiere* as in our day (eighty years after, 1815 to 1894). And further, in Venice, at the Teatro della Fenice, two other of Rossini's operas were announced, *Mahometto*, and a new work called *Semiramide*, the libretto taken from Voltaire's tragedy.

However much the Venetians hated Rossini, they were forced to follow the mode, not willingly, certainly; but still it must be done, and now a grand revenge was in their power. The ignorant public might insist on having his music, but they, the *dilettanti*, would put him in his place with a *bel fiasco* to *Semiramide*. *Evviva!* Down with Giovacchino Rossini, the Pretender of Pesaro!

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It was a lovely evening: only the city was in opposition. The great Maestro had much offended the Venetians by the production of an absurd *pasticcio* called *Bruschino*, not really written by him at all, though bearing his name. When they had come to the Teatro San Mosé to applaud, they heard such a chaotic and discordant composition, that the entire house hissed it unanimously.

Rossini was most indignant.

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Now seated among his friends at one of the little marble

tables at Florian's *caffè*, with his usual impertinence he declared in a loud voice "that the Venetians were *asini*, and understood nothing of music; a set of fools, only fit to be sent to sleep with the *rococo* music of the past; neither understanding beauty nor harmony; trembling before any novelty, and insulting those who would teach them better." These remarks created such a fury of rage, it is astonishing no personal violence was offered him.

The year 1823 was altogether dedicated to Rossini, very different indeed from the time when the Duca Sforza Cesarini was trembling for his scudi. All over Italy his works were being given, among others *Torvaldo e Dorleska* —a work of which I do not even remember the name; at Perugia, the ever-vernal *Barbiere* and *Aureliano in Palmyra;* the *Cenerentola* at the Pergola in Florence; the *Gazza Ladra* at Ancona; and at Bologna, *Matilde di Sabran;* Pisa, Leghorn, Turin and Milan, all following the same example of devotion to the *maestro* of Pesaro, not to forget Naples, also in ecstasy over the divine "*Signor Rossini.*"

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But now to return to Venice and *Semiramide.* The air was so clear and limpid every tower and Campanile, every palace front, with the grandly sculptured windows, the lofty sea-gates and pillars (and they are boldly outlined with eastern tracery), the Piazza of San Marco, with its majestic colonnade, broken by cavernous streets, through which the water flows, stood out under the moonlight clearer than at mid-day;—the red-fronted ducal palace, the bricks dyed by the sun of centuries, full of barbaric beauty, and the fair white cathedral, fretted with dome and tower, until no level line remains—every tracery, embroidered boss, arch and pillar visible in chastened splendour; the waves lapping upon the marble steps of the *Canal Grande* with a thousand scintillations of light.

It was the Carnival, and groups of maskers in dark

mantles flit across the Piazza and in and out of the brilliantly illuminated *Caffè*, under the marble arcades, to be lost among the black shadows as they come and go with subdued sounds of laughter and whispered talk; *heads* bending so closely together, that lip touches lip, and hand clasps hand, under rich mantles of dark damask or sombre silks, covering the head and disguising every undulation of form; men and women alike muffled up and undistinguishable except as to height, only that here and there a diamond tiara peeps out under thick folds, or a rare gem sparkles on a snow-white breast, revealed just for an instant, to be again hermetically concealed.

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Within the Theatre of the Fenice every seat was filled. Friends there were a few, but of enemies many a score; and Rossini knew it, as he stood motionless at his desk, in the centre of the orchestra to conduct *Semiramide*, fully aware of the storm about to break on his head. Not a muscle of his inexpressive face moved (for it was a fat, inexpressive face at all times, and became more so in age), as, without an apparent movement, he took in the audience—all the great composers present in the stalls. Pacini, full of the triumph of his *Vestale*, rushed to Venice to embrace the young Giovacchino, whom he loved; Perucchino and old Foppa, and the Venetians, Monte, Pindimonta, and Torti, most of these enemies—range upon range, and others in the stage boxes and galleries flourishing and gesticulating as if already *Semiramide* were condemned.

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To the murmur of many voices a silence succeeds, still as death, as a *pianissimo* passage opens the opera, stealing over the senses like the lull of a summer breeze, growing, growing into a *crescendo* so fierce it seems to bring down the very walls. Then a delicate melody and a rush of notes bursting as from the flood-gates of song,

exquisitely rendered by the orchestra—all to the beat of the Maestro's *bâton*, with a face perfectly imperturbable.

This was the overture. The curtain rises upon the temple of Belus, the Magi lying in adoration before the idol, the high priest standing in the centre with extended arms to the sighings of tremulous violins, his voice supported by the orchestra in full rounded chords, sonorous and grand, softening as he enters the temple of Belus, while the people of Babylon draw near the idol to offer gifts. At this moment the friends of Rossini essay a round of applause, but his enemies hiss it down.

It is now that Assur, the haughty Babylonian captain leading the chorus, calls with his powerful voice upon Semiramide, who has entered, to declare whom she will select as the successor of her dead consort, Nino, and out of the midst of the Satraps, Governors, Chiefs, and Princes the voice of the beautiful Colbrain is first heard (the wife of Rossini), darting lightnings from Andalusian eyes, while, with majestic gesture, she sings,

"Fra tanti regi e popoli
Dei Numi nel soegiono,
E perchè trema e palpita
Misero cor cosè?"

The sorrow of which she complains is not for the murder of Nino, in which she was assisted by Assur, but is caused by her despair at not seeing among her court the handsome Arsace. Such was the extraordinary power of the Colbrain's voice, sweet, entrancing, penetrating, that the audience are forced into some recognition, but became again cold, when the apparition of Nino rears itself at the back of the stage; Nino, that murdered king and husband, irrepressible, revengeful, come from the dead to oppose the growing passion of the guilty Semiramide for Arsace, whom she has selected as his successor to the Egyptian throne.

At this moment a little old singer, whom Rossini particularly disliked, because he said he was "only fit to hum lullabies to children," dares to exclaim very loud, "Are we listening to exercises of *solfeggi*, or is it a *preludio* to something better?" A *boutade* received with clapping of hands by Rossini's enemies.

When the great contralto Mariani enters in the armour of Arsace, and raises her wondrous voice in a stately recitative, no applause follows, but the scoffers are at least *silenced*. Arsace, personally, is glad to be called to Babylon by the Queen. He will see his love, the gentle Azema, little imagining that he is the lost son of Nino, and that he has inspired his mother Semiramide, also ignorant of his existence, with a guilty passion, to which she has sacrificed the life of his father Nino, in order to espouse him and place him on the throne. Full of hope and joy Arsace sings a delicious pastoral, little adapted indeed to a warrior who has just overcome the Scythians. This air *is* applauded, and Rossini's friends can clap their hands in unison with the audience. But again a chill falls with the entrance of Assur, who reprimands Arsace for coming to Babylon "*without leave*," Arsace giving for reason his love to Azema, in one of those florid Rossinian *cadenze à la mode*.

"Azema will certainly not die, *zitella*," cries an impudent voice from the box of the Comtesse Poli (already there are three pretenders to her hand), but the Poli, an ardent *Rossinian*, at once silences the audacious youth, who retreats, and is heard no more.

Already the public is wavering.

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Again Semiramide (the Colbrain) comes to the rescue. The manner in which her husband's music is received enrages her, but she conceals her feelings and smiles sweetly on the audience. The great duet with Arsace is

received with thunders of applause. Rossini, from his desk of conductor, glances at his valiant Isabella, then turns to bow to the public. At all this, great alarm among Rossini's enemies. "*Semiramide* shall be a *fiasco*," they still declare; and they glide from box to box to whisper, sneer, and laugh.

All this time the magnificent duet between Assur and Semiramide is going on: the two accomplices of the murder of Nino are quarrelling, he reproaching Semiramide for what she has done, on the principle of thieves falling out and giving the honest man his due.

"Give me only a *libretto*," had said Rossini. "I do not care if it is good or bad, it is all the same to me." But even the great sceptic appreciates the efforts of his wife and of Galbi as Assur, a splendid singer and actor.

The march follows, *received in silence* by these prejudiced Venetians; but when the Colbrain (Semiramide), in a joyous cry, rejoices at the martial triumph of Arsace, and advances, pale and agitated, to the footlights, the diadem of Babylonia on her royal head, some subtle current of electric sympathy fills the house, and, as she curtseys her thanks, cries of "Rossini! *viva* Rossini!" thunder around the walls.

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When all is over, Rossini, behind the scenes with the Colbrain in her dressing-room, listens, without speaking, to the congratulations of friends pressing in. "*Isabella mia*," he says at last, very gravely, "put on your cloak; we must go home. It is late. I sent to have our supper prepared. The maccaroni will be overdone."

CHAPTER XII.

ROMAN HOUSES.

IT is well said by a contemporary writer that the Napoleonic civilisation did much to raise the social character of Rome; also the enlightened *régime* under Pius VII. and his minister Cardinal Consalvi, for ten years at the head of the state. The theatre, though still classic, became poetical and passionate under Alfieri and Monti; Rossini's *chefs-d'œuvre* rejoiced the ear, and Canova charmed the eye, if not by his power, by his grace.

I have already mentioned, *à-propos* of Pio Nono, the *Caffès* and *Circoli* (clubs) of Rome, and how they were frequented by all classes, including Prelates and even Cardinals, who thought no harm to sit and gossip with the rest, and read the meagre sheets which then passed for newspapers.

At the Giraud Palace, Silvagni says, assembled all the *élite* of Rome; the pedantic Duchess Lante, sister of the still more pedantic and pompous Prince Massimo, married to a princess of the House of Savoy, and her three daughters, prominent leaders of the *mode*. The Marchese Azeglio, the elder, was her admirer, also Camillo Borghese, husband of Pauline; the Signora Morici was another flame of Azeglio's, who seems to have plucked the ripe fruit from every wall. Louis Buonaparte, then in poetic youth, living with his mother, Queen Hortense; and the Cardinals Spina, di Gregorio and Cavalchini; Count Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador; Funchall,

Portuguese Minister; Montmorency, French, and Suwarrow, Russian, Envoys filled up the list.

The Veras, an old Roman family of the upper *bourgeoisie*—represented in our day by the purblind Cavaliere Giulio, who goes to every dinner, ball and reception, in blue spectacles, and recognises his friends by *their voice*—gave concerts to a long list of Romans and *diplomates;* indeed, the Veras' guests included all the great patrician and artistic names of Rome.

The Lozzanos (Spaniards), exiled under Charles IV., received pretty much the same circle; for Rome neither was nor is large enough to possess more than *one* set, which makes it to this day so *cancanière* and ill-natured. Formerly it was *the set* of the Roman Princes, most exclusive and intangible. Now it is *the set* of Romans, and *forestieri* of all nations, mixed up together in a less aristocratic fashion. But people perpetually meeting, day after day, night after night, see too much of each other and fall into gossip, for want of something to say. A report or a scandal interesting to *all* goes the round, and bursts forth at last, like the bomb of Don Basilio, in the song of the "*Calunnia.*" In a limited society there is no time to take in fresh impressions, and continually dwelling on such as they have, causes them to become *idées fixes.* The spite of near neighbours is proverbial. The same may be said of small societies; and from this cause Rome was, and ever will be, socially, nothing but a *coterie.*

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Many other names occur as keeping open house about this time, specially among some strangers, held in high repute.

Queen Hortense, with her sons, as I have said, gave balls full of *entrain* in the Ruspoli Palace, and her brother-in-law, Lucien, Prince of Canino, when not at the Villa Tusculum, or at Musignano, assembled all the

archæologists, *literati*, actors and authors in his Palazzo in the Bocca di Leone (now Palazzo Torlonia).

Cornelia Martinelli, a *savante*, is also noted as holding a literary salon in Palazzo Bolognetti, where the eccentric Prince Royal of Bavaria, quite the social hero of the day, worshipping Italian art and letters, and adoring Canova, music and beauty often appeared. With him, too, came his *fidus Achates*, Prince Henry of Prussia, who lived in Rome so long, and purchased for his residence the lovely Villa Mattei, on the peak of the Cælian Hill, a choice nest overhanging the stupendous ruins of Caracalla's Baths, the Aventine, the broad stretch of the green Campagna, and the Appian Way up to the purple outline of the Alban Hills. A beautiful outlook as into the promised land, seen from its broad palm- and orange-bordered terraces, changing with varying lights and broad shadows, like earthy waves; a fleck of sunshine *there* bringing out a cornice on the tomb of Cecilia Metella; a bright light *here* resting on some lonely tower of the circus of Romulus, the white town of Albano, lying like a lily on the hillside above, in a blaze of sun; and beyond the sheeny ocean stretching out beyond to Porto d'Anzio and Nettuno, in a peacock-shaded expanse of blue and gold!

Well do I remember how much I was struck with the beauty of the Villa Mattei when I first came to Rome, and was permitted to enter the gilded *grille* to pick violets under the arched ilex berceau, which extends beyond the house, and while hastily tearing the sweet flowers from the earth, looking round in trepidation lest Prince Henry should suddenly appear from behind an antique vase or sculptured tomb, with which the over-arching avenue is lined—and drive me out ignominiously.

There have I often encountered Fanny Kemble, in the zenith of her fame, talking, or rather reciting to herself—a volume of Shakespeare in her hands, pacing up and

down the dark yew clipped terraces, unconscious of witnesses.

She gave a reading at Rome, never to be forgotten, of the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, which filled, as with actual living images, the ruins of the Capitol, and took one straight to the foot of Pompey's statue—"where all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell." I never heard mortal read like that before or since; the spirit of the place was strong upon her, her aspect as of some Fate or Nemesis, risen to curse the world.

Here, too, Harriet Hosmer went to study the Bible, not as a holy book, but, as she took care to tell you, *as the finest prose in the world.* Indeed, I could multiply pictures of these classic gardens to any extent, so exquisite in themselves that they made others poetic, to say nothing of the entertainments given by the German Princes, when they ate like ancient Romans, and were served by the loveliest female models, arrayed in classic draperies calculated to reveal rather than to conceal their charms.

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But to return. To the various Roman receptions of that date I must add the name of that ecclesiastic artist, Cardinal Albani, who brought the great Winckelmann to Rome, and understood antiquity so well that he has left a priceless collection in the Villa Albani, which, with its classical façade, porticoes and statues, looks as if bodily transported from a picture by Claude. It wants but the lines of beating, frizzling waves, a golden trireme or two upon the strand, and a group of Grecian figures, Dido or Helen, to make it identical.

Cardinal Albani was a very great man in money, position and talents, a real prince of the Church, but who condescended to amuse himself now and then with a little gambling—*la partita*, as it is called, always with a

certain old Cavaliere for his partner (who boasted he had played with four sovereigns: all the same, be it said, the Cavaliere was not alone, but came with a beautiful wife whom the Cardinal very much admired), a sort of clerical "hell" indeed at the Cardinal's classic villa, with card tables all about for tombola (the baccarat of that day), and various games of chance, permitting *intermezzos* of talk and love.

Here, as to a Prince of the Church, came very good company indeed, and very lovely women, quite aware that the host appraised them with quite as masterly an eye as his marble Venuses, or that famous alto-relievo of the Antinous, crowned with lotus leaves, all the world raves over.

No one now lives at the Villa Albani outside the Salaria gate, its architecture marred by unsightly blocks of unfinished houses falling into premature decay; but there it still stands supreme in its own beauty, facing the vine-crowned hills of Frascati, another purchase of the great Prince Torlonia (who, like the *Marquis de Carabas*, owns all one sees), and opens the villa as a museum to the tourist world.

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In Casa Alborghetti they gambled too; but made music at the Ruspolis, where the great Rubini sang, accompanied by the harp; and some who are old enough, like myself, to remember him in his prime with Persiani in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and his famous *fa di petto* will never hope to hear the like again. What a divine voice! What a power of *mezza voce* filling the vast Haymarket Opera to its utmost corner, yet breathed out as in a dying whisper! So sweet! so sure! No *tremolo*, no *sforzando*, but a sound divine that came with the strength of an archangel and the softness of a dove! No one who has heard Rubini in the last *aria* in *Lucia*, and then, after he has stabbed

himself, whisper it again, in an ecstasy of love, can know of what enchantment the human voice is capable!

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Prince Massimo received, but later in time, at his mediæval palace, *alle Colonne*, now amalgamated in the new street of Via Nazionale, traversing Rome from end to end, from the railway terminus to the Ponte Sant' Angelo—the Prince, a big fat man, with heavy sallow cheeks and very ponderous manners, always pressing upon every one his "book" (as he called it), being an account of a progress he had made with the Pope; in fact no book at all, with simply a string of names of the towns and municipalities they had visited.

Well, Prince Massimo, who, for some unknown reason, had been created an Oxford Don—so *entêté* with the English that, far from despising *forestieri*, as was the fashion then, he could not live without them—was a very aristocratic gentleman indeed, married into the royal house of Savoy, and at heart most pompous in consequence (except to the English). His son, the present Prince—kind and good, but not an "*inventor of powder*," cousin to King Humbert, and husband of one of the most intellectual women in Rome, daughter of the Duchesse de Berri, by her second husband Count Lucchesi Palli—has managed to embarrass his revenues completely. A sad pity, for Massimo is one of the most illustrious names of Rome, the family inhabiting the feudal palace for many centuries, although I do not go the length of asserting they *really* are descended from the Pretor Fabius Maximus, as they pretend.

The present Princess is a great Papalina, and lives in the company of Cardinals and Nuncios. If you go to see her up the dark staircase, which modern gas has never illumined, you may fall perchance on the General of the Jesuists (as hard as any other man to

tumble upon), or run against a Bishop *in partibus*, also a hard "quantity," on the steps.

She (the Princess) receives but once a year, and then in the family chapel and a little suite of rooms adjoining, where you are entertained with tea and cake, while Mass goes on in the chapel close by, odds and ends of *Chorales* and *Glorias* struggling through as the door opens, along with that delicious scent of crushed box and bay, which always accompanies *feste* in Italy, the reason being, that in that same chapel, or in one of the little rooms, I don't know which, close by, *San Filippo Neri*, the popular saint of Rome, and worshipped by the poor as holiest of the holy, raised a Massimo ancestor from the dead. Hence all this singing and praying and tearing and crowding—for all Rome comes, rich and poor, and kneels and prays; the better sort only admitted to the small room close by; Princess Massimo, in the most gracious manner, supporting the fatigue of this reception from early Mass at seven in the morning until six at night; two streams of people, one flowing in, the other flowing out, and blocking up every hole—staring, elbowing and *smelling*, the majority being low townfolk and peasants—in a most prodigious way.

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The three great feudal families of Rome are the Orsini, Colonna and Gaetani. All through the Middle Ages their internecine wars deluged the city and the Campagna with blood. Various Roman Princes are not in the direct line of the descent: most of them were enriched and advanced by the Popes of their family, such as the Chigi, Doria, Borghese, Altieri, Aldobrandini and Odescalchi. The Odescalchi, Altieri and Chigi were not rich in the days of which I write. Prince Chigi, long since dead, ran into debt, but the present Princess is an heiress. (I am speaking of the Roman branch, not the Marchese Chigi, of Siena,

who rejoices in all the broad lands bequeathed to his ancestors by the Chigi Pope, Alexander VII., who left two nephews, one created a Roman Prince, Chigi Albani, the other a Tuscan Marquis, Chigi Zondadari.)

Not rich either, the Odescalchi at that time, but reinstated now in great power and wealth, in the person of Baldassare, the present Prince, a man of much originality and political influence—a magnate of Hungary, moreover, by right of his mother—living in his huge palace in Rome, and his noble castle of Bracciano.

All the Roman palaces are comparatively modern: the Palazzo Colonna, like a true Roman house, looks nothing at all outside; a row of shops runs along the front, as well as the church of the Apostoli, pushed violently into a corner. Over this odd medley of buildings is fixed the *stemma* (arms of the great house of Colonna).

There is a cortile inside and enormous suites of ancient rooms hung with tapestry and pictures, ending in the gallery, the finest room in Rome, more than two hundred and twenty feet long, and brilliant with frescoes, paintings, mirrors, chandeliers, statues, marbles, ivory and gilding—all blending in a dazzling whole, looking out on a terraced garden, bright with flowers, rising to the sun, the site of the Baths of Constantine on the Quirinal Hill, and the spot where the horses were excavated which adorn the summit of Monte Cavallo. Here is the authentic portrait of Vittoria Colonna, among many pictures and numberless family treasures.

I remembered the words of Gibbon, as my eyes first swept down the gorgeous space, speaking of the palaces of Roman Princes "as the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude, the perfect arts of architecture, painting and sculpture having been prostituted in their service, and their galleries and gardens decorated with the most precious works of antiquity

which taste and variety have prompted them to collect."

Why Gibbon is so severe on Roman Princes is plain. No doubt the walls of these palaces were often raised by the destruction of ancient monuments. The favour of the Colonna Pope Martin V. founded this palatial example of family pride, but he did no worse than his predecessors.

The reigning Prince Colonna is just dead (1894), leaving three sons, Marino, d'Avella and Sonino, each bearing princely titles, beside daughters, among them the beautiful Duchess Sforza Cesarini. Although a liberal in politics, as a *Cardinal Assistente*, he was attached to the Papal court by descent, and was buried with the pomp of a Cardinal, all the Sacred College assisting in a gallery, in the church of SS. Apostoli, so as not to mix with the noble families attached to the court of the rebellious King of Italy.

Now the Duca Marino, well known in London society, is Prince Colonna and *Cardinal Assistente* in his turn, along with Prince Orsini, the title given by Pope Sixtus V. to the heads of these, the two greatest clans in Rome, in order to "*assist*" in repressing the brawling and bloodshed among the retainers of the Roman patricians, when they met at public ceremonies in the churches. Colonna and Orsini, representing the others, were named lay Cardinals, to give them the right of "*assisting*" at the Mass, without followers or retainers of any sort, as was in the warlike fashion of the day.

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The Pope as King must be included in the chronicles of the *salons* of Rome. He received at the Quirinal, Kings, Cardinals and Princes, standing under a gorgeous canopy, the triple crown upon his head and a jewelled crucifix beside him—in the last of an endless suite of enormous halls.

The view from the long range of windows opposite is

unique: the Quirinal crowns the summit of Mount Cavallo, the sun blazing on the group of gigantic horses, and their god-like leaders, Castor and Pollux, excavated from the Colonna Gardens, the name of Praxiteles and Phidias on the pedestals—and between them, under an obelisk, erected by Augustus, a most delicious fountain scattering abundant spray.

At the Quirinal the conclaves of the Sacred College always assembled, and at a large window opening to a balcony, over the entrance, the new Pontiff was presented to his people.

When the Pope is dead the Cardinal Chamberlain knocks three times at the door of his chamber, he calls on him by his Christian name, then by that of his family: "*Dunque è morto,*" he says—the fisherman's ring is taken from him and broken, and the bell of the Capitol tolls, responded to by all the other bells in Rome. Nine days after, the Cardinals assembled in the Quirinal, the immense extent of the building, running down to the street of the Quattro Fontane, divided into little suites of rooms only used on these occasions by the Cardinals, who were literally *locked up*, by the hereditary keeper (a Roman Prince), food being conveyed to them in turning cupboards, such as are used in convents. Each room had a bed, a chair and a table; the walls are hung with serge, and the outer entrances walled up. This was to force them to despatch, and to ensure their ignorance of outer events.

Neither end was effected. Desperate intriguing went on in the choice of a Pope, and much time was lost. The election took place by ballot in the chapel, opening from the great Hall of the Palace, by which you now pass, when invited as a guest to balls and dinners given by the King and Queen of Italy. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

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The Doria Palace in the Corso is, in point of artistic

finish and elegance, the finest in Rome, which may in part be due to the English influence in that house, the mother of the present Prince being a Shrewsbury Talbot. The present Princess, a Clinton, sister of the Duke of Newcastle, maintains the English tradition.

So large is the building, that there are several *corps de logis*, extending into neighbouring streets. The central *Cortile* filled with a most poetic grove of camellias.

The historic gallery, running entirely round the four sides of this cortile, forms a gorgeous succession of four halls, hung with a collection of pictures, second only to the Borghese. Here is Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Queen Joanna of Naples (now said to be by Bronzino), but, by whoever painted, one of the finest portraits in the world; the likeness of the Doria Pope, in an illuminated niche, and of the famous Admiral.

I have seen this costly gallery, the scene of two historic balls, one given by the late Prince, fifty years ago; the other, two years since, in honour of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy, when twenty crowned heads and reigning Princes were present, including the Emperor and Empress of Germany. "When you come to see me at Berlin," the Emperor said to Prince Doria, after he had been led through the magnificent halls, "I can show you nothing like this."

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Among the former *salons* of Rome must not be forgotten that of Charles IV., King of Spain, who came after his abdication in 1808, and whom I have had occasion to mention as intriguing (matrimonially) with the Buonapartes to obtain the hand of Lucien's daughter Charlotte for his son Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, in consideration of certain famous jewels, said to have been presented to her republican father, Lucien.

Charles lived in Rome eight years with his eccentric

wife, Maria-Luisa of Parma, a most tremendous dame. Nor were the Spanish Sovereigns alone, the Queen being attended by her *Cavaliere*, the Prince of Peace (Godoy), so much heard of in that day in treaties between the great Napoleon and Spain. It is too long to go into the strange career of this successful favourite, who, unworthy as he is, belongs to history as a rascal and an intriguer.

Charles, with his court, resided at the Villa Borghese, protected by the soldiers of the very King whom he affected to consider a usurper!

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My own recollections carry me back to about 1852.

When I first came to Rome the city was in full French occupation; very perceptible, even to the most unobservant eye, by the universal presence of French soldiers and Zouaves.

As Pio Nono could not govern alone, indeed on no terms would he have been permitted by the Romans to return at all from Gaeta, he did so by force, "*under the protection of the great Catholic powers*," a very high-sounding phrase, meaning, in point of fact, treating Rome like a conquered city. Politically a most shameful proceeding, which, in our days of better established principles of nations' rights in choosing their own rulers, would not have been permitted.

Words cannot paint the execration of the Romans, both for the French and the Pope, who brought them.

Both were too powerful to resist or even to conspire against. Now and then, when chance favoured, a priest or two were stabbed, just to show the general sentiment.

The French army of occupation was very numerous and extremely well-officered. Individually, nothing could be more courteous and long-suffering than the French officers and soldiers (*that* even the oppressed citizens were forced

to allow), but as an historic fact they were the instruments of insult to the nation.

Rome was so filled with Papal spies (*sbirri*) and so watched over by the French police, even the most trifling remarks upon the government were dangerous.

Not the Inquisition, in its palmiest days, was more uncompromising. *That* had at least the excuse of religious proselytism, but Pius maintained an execrable tyranny over Catholic subjects for absolutely selfish ends. Why should the temporal power of the Pope be forced on an unwilling and resisting people? And what had his temporal power to do with his spiritual office as head of the Catholic Church and father of Christianity?

Pius and his minister Cardinal Antonelli, at the Vatican, held in their hands all the threads of this vast conspiracy against national liberty. From the Vatican emanated the oppression of their own countrymen; not by any fixed or stable laws, but absolutely *a capriccio*, according to their good pleasure.

Such a system, if you come coolly to consider it, appears now, and appeared at that time, to me, perfectly monstrous.

If any man had the courage to raise his voice against it he was exiled or imprisoned. Those whom Cardinal Antonelli favoured enriched themselves as he did, and enjoyed perfect impunity. Such a law as *habeas corpus* was unknown. No man possessed his own body, or had any legal redress if he lost control over it.

There was the French Prefect of Police in the large palace in Piazza Colonna, with its noble marble colonnade, the French Commandant in Palazzo Ruspoli, the French Ambassador at Palazzo Colonna, and French barracks and guard-rooms all over the city.

No wonder that, politically, the memory of Pius is execrated, and that Cardinal Antonelli is consigned to the deepest Inferno imagined by Dante.

An ardent and generous people cannot be treated like slaves, or, if so treated, abhor the hand which degrades them, be it Pope or Potentate.

Never was power so wickedly abused as in the foreign support given to Pius to tyrannise over his people, and never has retribution been more just than the loss of his sovereignty.

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Yet it must not be imagined that Rome was dull in the days when I first passed through the Porta del Popolo in a lumbering *vetturino*, coming from Florence, and forthwith rushed into that state of transport common to all first arrivals in Rome.

The Cardinals, as a body, contributed their share, giving great entertainments to which all were bidden. Specially I remember a gorgeous *fête* at the Palazzo Altieri, before half the palace was let off and divided as it is now, and my astonishment at the incredible *fila* of saloons filled with the *crème* of the Roman world.

As I saw one Princess after another enter, literally *clothed* in diamonds, I seemed to be moving in a scene of enchantment; the great object being to stand near the door, or in the long avenue formed by the guests through the rooms down which each passed, conscious that every eye was upon her to learn her name and such particulars as could be conveniently whispered. What they wore, or of what colour were their dresses, was really quite immaterial. All that one saw were diamonds, and all one's impression was that they had by some magic process stepped out of the mines of Golconda.

Nothing of the kind is to be seen now, except when the beautiful Queen Margherita dons her jewels at the court balls in the shape of thirteen rows of very large pearls falling from the throat to the waist, her head and the front of her dress sheeted with emeralds and diamonds,

the very seams in the bodice and sleeves marked out with *rivières*.

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Now, although not of the time of which I am writing, can I pass the name of the Queen of Italy without telling all who may not know, how beautiful and learned she is —yet so little of a pedant, that, unless honoured by her notice, one would only esteem her the sweetest and most condescending of Sovereigns. In the troubled waters of Italian politics, she has carefully abstained from taking part; but it is the general opinion that, were it not so, her powerful mind and clear, just grasp of understanding, might have been of marvellous assistance to the King and to the nation. Can a more wise and fascinating peace-maker be imagined between the Vatican and the new dynasty? The Queen, too, is a devout Catholic, strictly performing all the duties of her Church. If you chance to repair to the *Sudario* during Holy Week, you may have the distinction of kneeling by her side, on one of those hard and uncomfortable rush *prie-Dieux* provided for the pious in the nave—or at Christmas, you may enjoy the odour of the lovely posies and flowering plants with which she ornaments the cradle of the infant Christ.

An accomplished musician and perfect Latin scholar from her girlhood, Queen Margaret is mistress of German (her mother's tongue), French and English. Of all current literature she prefers English; and there is not a work of any importance, or a novel, or an essay, she does not eagerly read, and critically appreciate. Few, very few women of any station, have her knowledge of books, which, joined to a royal memory, makes of her the most charming and intelligent of Sovereigns.

The high-minded tone of the Italian court (the most correct in Europe, and which has of necessity, to a certain degree, permeated Roman and Italian society) comes from

the Queen; unlike Cesar's wife, "*she never was suspected*," and is, in act and character, as pure as she is beautiful. Her blonde presence has ever brought with it the blessing of virtue; her clear blue eyes are incapable of resting on ought that is unworthy.

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But to resume. The Roman Princesses of former days, as a class, grand and haughty dames, were much troubled to keep in mind their descent from the Agrippinas and Livias, of the Imperial time, and given to clubbing together and clanning in a very *noli me tangere* way. But, indeed, something must be said in excuse for a certain amount of arrogance in these ladies, when one sees the historic palaces in which they live, the superb chambers, decked with priceless treasures of art, they inhabit, and the train of servants and retainers which crowds their halls and ministers to their caprices.

From infancy they were nurtured in this splendid *entourage* of their ancestors, and served with a devotion and respect enough to turn wiser heads; each lady with her own *coterie* like a feudal Queen, and no approximation with the outer world, except such as became her in a princely point of view.

And precisely this point of view in the times of which I write led them to hold, as part of their state, the duties of *hospitality* somewhat in the same spirit as a sacred image is uncovered to the curiosity of the vulgar gaze.

Still, not to question too minutely the motive, the thing was done magnificently, and I, among other strangers, profited by the show.

Specially I recall a splendid *fête* in the vast Corsini Palace in the Borgo, now sold to the municipality, and, alas! the beautiful hanging gardens lying on the slope of the Janiculum, broken up, the sweet woods cut down, the

flowers trampled, for no purpose apparently under heaven, but to destroy!

When I arrived at the Corsini Palace, after passing through a huge mediæval hall, lined with armorial frescoes, an embroidered throne, under a rich *baldacchino* in the midst, the Princess, a plain but very noble lady, received me, and, with the utmost graciousness, *offered me her hand*, which, considering that, amid the many hundreds who were present, half of the company at least must have been utter strangers to her, was an excess of courtesy really admirable on her part, specially in the manner in which it was done, as though knowing you well, and rejoicing to recognise you, not out of etiquette or obligation, but as mistress of the house.

This was the fine old art of hospitality which departed with the feudal palaces. As Rome is the ancient mistress of the world, so those who came there in those days received that large and princely welcome befitting the dignity of the city.

From the hall, with the throne, significant of the feudal power of life and death in the hands of the Prince, I passed into an immense gallery, succeeded by ten vast rooms, lined with pictures, the Corsini arms richly embroidered over each door. All these decorations and pictures are now retained by the learned Corporation of the Lycée, who possess the Palace, giving here Conferences and Lectures, but the essence is gone from the casket; the great house of Corsini has passed for ever from these walls.

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Other receptions and balls there were by the dozen at the Borgheses, Aldobrandini, Salviati, Fianos, and Rospigliosi, but it is my personal recollections which guide me now.

There were pleasant parties at the Marchese Bargaglia's,

minister from the Florentine Grand Duke to the Pope; and as the Marchesa was *not a grande dame*, like the Corsini, she thought nothing of asking you to rise and relinquish your seat on the central ottoman in the large saloon (had you been so ill-advised as to place yourself there), to make way for the Roman Princesses, as one by one they entered. For, be it said, it was then an unvarying rule, that wherever these exalted dames found themselves in meaner company they should sit together—a *bouquet*, as it were, to perfume the rest; their attendant *beaux* forming a wall around to separate them effectually from common folk.

Nothing short of a crowned head or Princess Royal in that day, when this rule prevailed in all its rigour, could have broken through it; and as I do not recall such being present, it was absolute.

I have mentioned elsewhere the balls at the French General's, which were most agreeable to those not entering into the political position.

As the elegant young French officers of some of the best families in France found themselves placed in such a painful *taboo* at Rome, they were only too happy to have a chance of dancing with lady diplomates and strangers—and dance they did, with hearty good-will, and made most delightful partners.

Later, that ambassadorial dandy the Duc de Grammont and his most amiable wife, *née* Mackinnon (now dead), gave splendid entertainments in the great tapestried salons of the Colonna Palace. Who that saw, as I did, that most resplendent man—like D'Orsay and Byron worthy to be called "*beautiful;*" his broad breast decorated with ribbons and orders; his tall and stately figure dominating the company; his head covered with ambrosial curls, a diffusive diplomatic smile on his perfect features—could have presaged his miserable end, dying broken-hearted, abused, and

abandoned, as the tangible victim of the disastrous Prussian War.

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The Rospigliosi Palace, built by the Cardinal Scipione Borghese, and purchased by Cardinal Mazzarin for the convenience of his beautiful nieces when resident in Rome, has been long the scene of princely hospitality of a more elevated tone.

I have mentioned the Duchess Zagarola of that day acting the part of Antigone with Alfieri, when that stormy-minded poet conceived the idea of representing this play in the palace by patricians of his own *coterie*.

In 1852, as Princess Rospigliosi, she continued the intellectual traditions of the house. Seeing how clever she was, a French woman *née*, and full of the finesse and talent of her nation, she could appreciate the charm of manner and conversation of Cardinal Antonelli, who at that time it was the fashion to decry. Never was this singularly gifted man more brilliant than in the salon of Palazzo Rospigliosi, to reach which, one has to climb such a succession of stairs, as only those versed in Italian palaces can attempt. The noble suite of rooms, hung with tapestry and satin, are literally *under* the roof, which happens, by a singularly Italian arrangement of property, to be occupied by the eldest son of the house, while the younger brother, Prince Pallavicini, enjoys the still more sumptuous suite on the first floor, containing one of the finest ball-rooms in Rome.

The old Prince Rospigliosi—who occupied the whole of the vast pile, guarded outside, towards the Piazza di Monte Cavallo and the Quirinal, by an escarped wall of defence, as of a castle, ready to repulse attacks alike of citizens or invaders—was the person who made this singular division between his sons, which still continues.

But the glory of the Pallavicini Palace is the Casino of

the Aurora, to the left of the *cortile*, placed in a beautiful little terrace-garden, full of orange trees and delicious roses. In the central room at the end is the celebrated fresco of Guido's *Aurora*, on the ceiling. Now, why paint those master-pieces on ceilings, which break one's neck to look at? Here are the twelve lovely Hours—lovely in every mould of beauty; delicious heads with braided hair, blown by the winds which flutters through the draperies, a dark, a brown, a golden one—floating before Aurora. Phœbus precedes her, the hair of the god of daylight fine as spun gold; and Aurora really does fly after him on ambient air, so swiftly, one wonders she does not disappear before one's eyes. Her saffron robe, rounded by the breeze, harmonious with golden clouds behind her; and the classic steeds literally springing from the background.

Nor does the name of Pallavicini lose in the possession of the present Princess, *née* Piombino, one of Queen Margherita's ladies-in-waiting—a genuine *Grande Dame*, of a type of finished manner and dignified bearing, which is rapidly passing away, to give place to the hysterical activity of the *fin du siècle*.

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A great feature in all the society of former days was the presence of the Cardinals and Monsignori. At the Embassies and great houses it was etiquette for them to appear, and, nothing loth, they came in shoals, always early, and remaining in the outer saloons, where men chiefly congregated: the red *berretta* and deep purple *soutane*, with small red buttons down the front, red stockings and gold buckles, very noticeable in the crowd.

Naturally, as the great ministers and the Cardinals entered, circles formed round them; and as they moved a decorated crowd followed. But on no account could a Prelate be present in a room with dancing. Nay, as soon

even as the orchestra "tuned up" they vanished—a too close contact with ladies *décolletée* had to be avoided as mortal sin, or any touch of the hand in greeting. A Cardinal or Monsignore would rather die than receive a hand-shake, and the shifts they were put to with effusive English were most diverting. All these little shades and fashions being curious to observe, turned as they were into a code of morals for "the right ordering of Prelates!"

If the Pope drove out, and one had the misery to meet him, no escape being possible, you must kneel on the road, muddy or dusty, whichever it might be, and thus receive his blessing, dispensed with two fingers extended; not as a matter of choice, but insisted on by the splendid escort of noble *Guardie* always about him.

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The services of the Sistine Chapel, the High Mass at St. Peter's, in Holy Week, Easter and Christmas, and the great *fêtes*, especially that of St. Paul and St. Peter—when the Pope appeared with his hands clasped in prayer, kneeling before a *prie-Dieu*, and was thus carried round the colonnade of St. Peter's, half dead, as one conceived, of cramp from his strained position—took up much of one's time, and formed a notable portion of social life. To get up very early, and find oneself by 8 o'clock shouldering amid a vast black crowd of veiled ladies at St. Peter's (all wear black, in the presence of the Pope), and, if fortunate, to procure a seat in one of the *Palchi*, in which you remained for at least four hours, or, if unfortunate, stood—appears now little likely to attract the gay world. But in those days it was *de rigueur:* although faintings and grumblings, and general discontent among the ladies often called for the interposition of the handsome *Guardie Nobili* (all picked men, of the best blood in aristocratic

Rome, resplendent in chain armour, casque, and plumes, like glorified Crusaders) to keep order.

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Different nationalities in those days, before railways made travelling easy, ran much more into separate sets and parties than now, when good society is an amalgamation of all.

There was the set of rabid Protestants, who abused *everything*, habitually mentioned the Pope as "the Abomination of Desolation, spoken of by Jeremiah the Prophet," stigmatised his blessing as a curse, met in prayer, and sent out missionaries in Rome, as if it were a savage island of the Pacific.

Also the Roman Catholic pervert set, pretty numerous at this time, included Manning, then little favoured by the Vatican, and living in a kind of honourable banishment at the Minerva Convent, Dodswell, Maskill, and Talbot of Malahide, created a Monsignore, who could not talk to you for five minutes without persecuting you to become a Catholic, and to kneel down and say a prayer.

I do not accuse Manning of such misplaced zeal. At all times he maintained a dignified reserve, which made such folly impossible. His efforts were more secret and subtle, but the others rendered themselves utterly ridiculous, and lowered and vulgarised the cause they urged.

Now I never hear of "converting" priests or Prelates; the genus is obsolete. People, including Jews and Mahometans, come and go in the Eternal City, unmolested as to faith; but at that time a perfect *furore* existed for making converts, and in some company one could not call one's soul one's own.

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Then there was the English set, exclusive, dull, pretentious, keeping much aloof, as a numerous colony, and

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appropriating an entire quarter of the city about the Piazza di Spagna, with their own shops, prices, books, and servants. They formed in those days a powerful faction, which has now entirely disappeared, almost as unapproachable as the Roman Princesses, specially towards Americans, whom they held in the light of Pariahs, and were always ready to explain to the Romans that, although speaking the same tongue, they (the Americans) were sprung from the dregs of the British nation.

The American set, on the other hand, some four thousand strong, despising the English, formed quite a world in itself, with its own manners, customs, and drawl, to which outsiders, specially English, were rarely admitted.

I remember being invited by the then American Minister, Mr. Cass, who lived in the Piazza del Popolo, to a most charming dance of young American girls, almost without a *chaperone*, myself the only foreigner present. There was a great deal of laughing, and romping, and fun, all of a most harmless kind, but which would have been deemed excessive elsewhere. I was never asked again. When I inquired the reason, I was told that my being admitted at all was considered as too great a favour to repeat. But what dwells in my memory is the surpassing loveliness of the girls. I never in my life saw so much beauty gathered together except at Seville.

How changed this is now, when the Americans, specially the heiresses, metaphorically "walk over the course," appropriating the beauty, the choicest society, and the best marriages in all the capitals of Europe, specially at Rome; quite turning the tables on the more insular British, who lack their powers of ready adaptability and social tact—a most wonderful change indeed, and hard to comprehend.

Now and then in those days an artist (some Columbus

in his line) would "discover" and portray a wonderful, saint-like young creature (for, lively as they were, the American girls *look* extremely quiet), and excited universal rapture by his work; but, generally, the fragile and delicate beauty of these pale daughters of the New World was reserved for the admiration of their own active, bustling, go-ahead countrymen, proverbially then, as now, the best and most devoted lovers and husbands in the world. Here again is a great change. Now some of the first Princes of Rome have married American ladies, and they are certainly much more appreciated in society here than the English.

What lovely faces I recall in those days! What a light of love and life in their sweet eyes! What alabaster skins! What wealth of silky hair! I dare not break the spell by naming them, though they linger in my memory, for nearly all whom I remember have long since departed to that silent land where neither sun nor moon, nor any earthly light can shine upon them more. Peace be with them! They were a lovely throng!

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Last of all there was the artist set at Rome, a large and distinguished community of all tongues, nationalities, shades, colours and conditions: a real Bohemia, divided into circles of distinct social variety, aristocratic, *mezzo-ceto*, rowdy, misanthropic, classic and devout, so numerous, I think no one ever counted them, specially as it was the fashion in the dirty, smelly old Rome of those days for the greatest artists to burrow in the most beastly holes just, as it were, to make the contrast between the squalor of the outside and the ideal beauty within the more vivid.

What a *coterie* they were! English, American, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, German—a jovial, many-hued company, with many a name which made one's soul thrill.

As strangers now visit churches and galleries, so then great part of our time was spent in rushing from one studio to another, and canvassing their various merits. To visit the studios was part of the *maraviglie* of Rome which no stranger omitted.

Received everywhere, fêted, loved, the companions of princes, kings and potentates, when such were here—the most honoured guests at the tables of the great, it brought infinite honour to be counted as one of them.

Yes, I loved the artist world, and willingly lived in it. Dear old Gibson! so identified with Greek art, that he would sit for hours in the twilight contemplating his own tinted Venus (Mrs. Gibson, as we irreverently called her), as if she were alive.

Who of that day does not recall the pale contemplative face of the great pupil of Canova, his tightly compressed lips and regular features? His manner aristocratic in its philosophic relf-respect, those grey far-seeing eyes, and the little action of the hand as he demonstrated his favourite topic, *colour in marble.*

Gibson lived in an ugly little studio, in the appropriately named Via dei Greci (turned into a stable now), surrounded by his tinted goddesses, Cupids, nymphs, and nereids, loved and courted by all, at once the most modest and the most unflinching of men. No English society in Rome was complete without him: the Romans honoured in him the successor of their own Canova; the various Embassies were proud to receive him; and as to the strangers resident in Rome, they would, if they could, have cut him up into little pieces, the better to share him. Could you have taken seat in his studio long enough, you would have met the whole civilised world, not only of art but of fashion, beauty and rank!

You might or you might not approve marble *tinted*—for so delicate was the shade, it could not be called

colour, only real colour in the gold ornaments and on the border of the robes—but Gibson's Venus is an exquisite creation. To my mind, no statue of modern days so nearly approaches the antique (certainly not Canova's representation of Pauline Borghese, much too self-conscious and *maniérée*), in the simplicity of the *pose*, placid in the consciousness of triumph, the golden apple awarded by Paris in her hand. In the action of the downcast head and widely open eyes there is that divine indifference and sublime calm which stamps the Grecian conception of the gods.

Then there was the great American sculptor, Crawford, a self-taught genius, the very opposite of Gibson in his original views of plastic art: a realist, but of such a temper of mind and power of hand that while in his presence you felt swept away from the calm divinities of Greece into a sphere of action and movement all his own.

In his great work cast in bronze, the monument to American Independence, erected at Washington, the General himself habited in the ungraceful lines of modern garb, surrounded by groups of patriots and soldiers of various nationalities, the difficulties of modern costume are surmounted with such consummate skill, that figures and dress seemed appropriate and inseparable.

The great doors for the Senate House he never lived to finish. These were all works of a magnitude seldom attempted in our time. I recall, too, a lovely Flora, in another style, and a group of the Babes in the Wood, lying dead among the leaves which the birds are spreading over them as a pall, of such exquisite pathos, involuntary tears rise to my eyes as I recall it.

Alas! Poor ill-fated Crawford! At his prime he sickened of a strange and incurable malady, and in the flower of his fame went down to nothingness.

Thinking of him now, I rejoice to remember that it was

by my pen the English public first knew what a great artist was born into the world. Now he is as renowned in England as he was at Rome.

There was Story, too, young then, and in a certain measure of fame, well known, but entirely different from his bold countryman Crawford.

Dessoulavy, Rogers, Tilton and Page, Americans all, ardent young spirits then, pressing on towards a goal each did not attain; and Penry Williams, soft and dreamy in his landscapes, but too ornate and artificial for high art.

Tenerani, too, was a great name, rising out of the feeble ruck of modern Italian sculpture, specially in his fine work, "The Angel of the Resurrection," waiting, trumpet in hand, for the signal when the graves shall give up their dead and stand before the Lord for judgment.

The German, Overbeck, a monkish old man, living in the Ghetto, keeping the fasts of the Church, and praying over his canvas like Fra Angelico, had a great faculty for outlines in sacred subjects, but as a colourist he was *nil;* himself a man so silent, of aspect so uninviting, and of manners so austere, one could never believe him the creator of those virgins, angels and glorified spirits among which he lived. Great praise was lavished on him by the new pervert party, such as Manning and Talbot, but, in point of fact, he never deserved his fame.

Cornelius—the father of modern German art, in conjunction with Schadow and Overbeck—lived then in the very house in the Via Gregoriana, on the Pincio, where, forty years before, those three ardent young spirits determined to break the bonds of custom, and, patronised and assisted by the Bavarian Crown Prince, the deposed Louis, King of Bavaria, revived fresco-painting; first in the school of Düsseldorf, and then at Munich. The walls of this house are still decorated by their first efforts, which,

with some crudeness and inexperience in the use of a novel material, indicate uncommon power.

Riedel, too, that Goliath of the *genre* school, catching his lights on Undines, Kobolds, and Nixes, as from the living sun, lived in the Via Margutta. To appreciate Riedel, you must see him in the Pinacothek at Munich. There is a certain fervour in his colouring never attained before, and which appears to have died with him.

Meyer and Coleman, the Paul Potter of our age, bring up the rear.

One, too, there was, a youth, with the form and features of a Greek god, nor wanting either, the tower of ambrosial curls of the Apollo, neither vain of person nor of work, yet with a certain exclusiveness about him even *then*, which held him aloof from all contact with his fellows, as he passed them hurriedly, as if afraid to linger—on some high errand.

Already he had made his mark, in his first picture, "The Procession of Cimabue," bought by the Queen, and his fellows, though hating him for his success, grudgingly declared "they expected great things from him."

Born, as it were, ready armed, he was from the first the favourite of fortune as he still is.

Happy mortal! His course has been a triumph from then till now, when he styles himself "Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the Royal Academy!"

But I must stop, for in my recollections of the artist world my pen runs riot.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO ROMAN PRINCES.

PRINCE ALESSANDRO TORLONIA.

THE death of Prince Torlonia was an event in modern Rome equal in importance to the decease of a General or Tribune under the ancient republic. Alexander, son of the first *millionaire,* was as great in his way as Marius or Cæsar.

In age "he walked with the century," as he said, and went on living, as aged people do, as if death had forgotten them; and a gentler end than came to the great banker no one could desire.

One day, after his daily drive of two hours, which he took in all weathers, going whither his coachman pleased, but on condition that he always visited some church, which he entered to pray, he returned to his splendid palace in the Piazza di Venezia, at the top of the Corso, dropped to one side as he was being carried upstairs in a chair, and gently breathed his last upon the iron bed to which he was borne.

What the amount of his fortune was no one knows, but it all went to his only daughter, the Duchess Ceri, married to a son of the illustrious house of Borghese.

His own wife, the Princess Colonna (for this new man mated himself with the highest), was one of the loveliest women of her day. To see her stand, a queen in all but name, covered with diamonds, literally sparkling, like the ninth statue in the Arabian nights, a prodigious

crown on her small statuesque head which would have ransomed a kingdom (how the soft and slender lady wore it was the wonder), at the great receptions of Cardinals and Roman Princes, was a sight never to be forgotten.

In the days when I first came to Rome there were three *professional* beauties—the Countess Campello, daughter of Prince Charles Lucien Buonaparte, a splendid specimen of the Napoleonic type, with a face like a cameo; the bewitching Madame Lezzani, sister of Princess Bandini, in complexion and contour quite Spanish, specially when she wore a black lace veil and a rose fastened in the coils of her thick hair; and last, though not least, the aristocratic Duchessa Poli, *née* Chigi, to become Duchessa Torlonia, the very portrait of a seductive *grande dame* of the time of Louis Quinze, with black languishing eyes that executed a perfect *fusillade* wherever they fell.

These three ladies figured in every *salon*, and were first in every *fête*, each surrounded by her own court of *Cavalieri*, maintaining the supremacy of their special idol.

Yet more interesting far than these triumphant dames, flashing about like meteors, was Princess Torlonia, with a face once seen never to be forgotten, sad, pathetic, with fitful roving eyes, seeking ever, as it were, for something she could not find—a mourning beauty, spite of all her splendour, as if haunted by the prescience of her melancholy fate. For this pale and sweet lady died mad, after giving birth to a second daughter, a deformed child who did not live, the present Duchess Ceri being her eldest child.

So the great banker Torlonia had his family griefs as lesser folk, but, like Midas, all he touched turned to gold; even his piety contributed to his stores, for it drew the great Papal families of Europe to his bank.

Torlonia possessed so many provinces, palaces, churches,

squares, villas, streets, and castles, one cannot count them.

First, his country *plaisance* outside the Porta Pia, sumptuous but hideous, the very *tour de force* of a *nouveau riche*, its special attraction being the repetition of all the famous ruins in Italy and Greece *in miniature*, round a gravel parterre!

To this villa he conducted his bride, the fair Colonna, and gave a *fête*, at which all Rome, *principesco* and *popolare*, were present.

Red wine flowed from the garden fountains, champagne frothed from marble Bacchantes and Nereids, and the sun went down on such junketings and rejoicings as were never seen before.

Another of his country houses is close by, the Villa Albani, which I have already named, bought from the Cardinal of that name, with its priceless galleries of statues, celebrated by Winckelmann; among them the famous "Antinous crowned with lotus leaves as the Indian Bacchus.

Also the castles of Canino and Musignano, purchased from Prince Charles Lucien Buonaparte, but since redeemed; and enormous districts in the country, especially about the Lake of Fucino, which he drained at an immense expense, turning a pestilent inland marsh into valuable pasture, divided into no less than four hundred farms, and giving honest employment for a series of years to thousands of peasants. For this useful work Victor Emmanuel created him Duke of Fucino, and decorated him with a gold medal—a more meritorious honour than any other borne by this wealthy house.

And here I must pause to note that the idea of draining the Lake of Fucino was mooted as far back as the time of Julius Cæsar. The Emperor Claudius took up the notion and caused plans to be made, commanding his favourite,

Narcissus, to carry them out, and to reward himself by the profits of an emissary or canal to carry off the volume of water to the sea, which, indeed, was done by Narcissus, but so imperfectly and so ill-engineered that it soon fell into decay, and was heard of no more till Torlonia undertook it.

Besides this more distant enterprise, Torlonia was a benefactor near at hand. He used his wealth in improving the grassy extent of billowy Campagna surrounding Rome, known from the earliest time as the *"Agro Romano,"* which, broadly speaking, may be said to have been brought into cultivation by him.

All he did was *in grande.* His charities were enormous, and his benefactions to the Church (going on all his life) not to be counted. In politics he was black of the black, intensely Papal, refusing to acknowledge the United Kingdom of Italy or Victor Emmanuel at the Papal Palace of the Quirinal.

Yet he was large-hearted even in this; for when Garibaldi came to Rome—traitor and schismatic as Torlonia esteemed him to be, in having helped Victor Emmanuel to the States of the Church and placed on his head the crown of Naples and Sicily—he consented to receive him in his palace in the Piazza di Venezia, and to accept the veteran's thanks as a national benefactor of their common country.

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The visit took place in the morning, Garibaldi being accompanied by his son Menotti. At the entrance of the marble court stood the great banker with outstretched hand to welcome the patriot, lamed for life by the cruel ball of Aspromonte.

"General," said the Prince, "I know the stairs are difficult to you. Will you permit me to conduct you to my private room on the ground-floor?"

Thus they met, these two men, each so remarkable in his own way, and in a long conversation discussed all Torlonia's plans—the opening the Port of Fiumicino and the draining of other lakes and morasses besides Fucino, calculated to give health, employment and prosperity to whole provinces.

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Among the many title-deeds Torlonia held, some creations of the Pope, and others bought with the immense estates he possessed (for in Italy the old mediæval custom retains of the land conferring a duchy or a marquisate on the possessors), Torlonia had appropriated that of Canino, conferred on Prince Lucien Buonaparte by the Pope.

The princedom of Canino came to Torlonia in a strange fashion. Charles Lucien Buonaparte, the son of the first Lucien, and nephew of the Emperor, being hard up, sold the town and lands to Torlonia for the sum of nine thousand crowns, *five crowns* being added as the value of the title!

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But what will always constitute the European celebrity of Prince Torlonia were the balls he gave. These are historical, and will go down to posterity along with the suppers of Lucullus and the dinners of Claudius.

With his usual magnificence, he occupied an immense palace for no other purpose than to give these *fêtes*.

The Torlonia-Giraud Palace, as it came to be called, is in the Borgo, standing in a Piazza dividing the broad street leading direct from the Ponte Sant' Angelo to St. Peter's, once the property of Henry VIII., and the residence of the English legate of that day. In the time of Wolsey the palace was decorated in so sumptuous a manner, it would take me half a chapter to describe the wonders of the marble staircase *a cordone*, up which a coach and six might drive; the suites of beautifully

proportioned rooms—halls rather—opening one into the other with puzzling abundance; the lofty painted ceilings which have been added, where the eye loses itself in a world of pagan lore; the terraces and *loggie* opening from the wide casements overlooking the Tiber; and the ball-room, reaching up through lofty stories, with at one end a circular temple—a literal shrine of gold—for the orchestra; the whole lighted by countless chandeliers of glittering Murano glass.

Such was the palace in which the banker-prince received his guests. Every one with a credit at his bank for over five hundred crowns (*scudi*) received invitations.

Thackeray, in his own caustic manner, celebrated these balls of the *nouveau riche;* for his rent-roll and his lands, his charities and pictures, the titles he had bought, and his nobly-born Colonna wife, could make of him nothing but a new man, struggling for that, which to the old Roman race comes in the splendour of the historic names they bear.

"Princes, Dukes, Ambassadors, artists, old and young of all classes and conditions rushed in," says Thackeray (one can see that grey head looking round, with those deep-set eyes and fat, phlegmatic features). "Torrents of light illuminated the sumptuous porticoes; the walls were covered with carving, frescoes and painting; a vast gold coronet surmounted the princely shield of the master of the house, and was repeated on all the doors, in the wood-carving and under the embroidered *baldacchino,* which covered the *estrade* and state chair, destined to receive the august persons of Emperors and Popes."

"Becky," for it is out of "Vanity Fair" I am quoting, "on the arm of Major Loder, walked through the saloons, signalising herself by various attacks on the buffet and the champagne, in company with other hungry guests. When our couple had sufficiently refreshed themselves,

they turned their steps towards a boudoir of rose-coloured velvet at the end of the long range of rooms, where in the midst stood a statue of Venus, a thousand times repeated by the reflection of Venetian mirrors on the walls. In this room the Prince had prepared a choice supper for his most honoured guests;" upon which Thackeray cynically remarks that "if by his position Torlonia was obliged to receive too large and too mixed a society, at least he did not allow himself to forget choice guests at his own table."

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At the time of which I write, some thirty years ago, many of the great Roman palaces now closed were thrown open. Then there was no distinction of irrevocable separation in *black* and *white* (*white* for the King, *black* for the Pope) which now entirely divides the society of the city.

Since the King of Italy reigns at the Quirinal, formerly a Papal palace, there are two courts and two diplomatic corps in Rome. One to the Pope at the Vatican, the other to the King, at the Quirinal. These do not meet officially, although excellent friends among themselves. Those Roman families such as the Massimo *alle Colonne*, Borghese, Aldobrandini, Lancelotti Serlupe, Bandini, and so many others of the oldest aristocracy of Rome, who had taken an oath of allegiance to the Pope, absolutely refuse to reconcile themselves to the new order of government, holding that the Pope still is entitled to temporal power, and that Victor Emmanuel and his son are usurpers. But members of some of these same Papaline families, in many cases the sons, who are not bound by any oath of fealty to the Pope, except as a spiritual Sovereign—head of the Church of Rome—have, and do, accept the rulers of United Italy, as represented by the House of Savoy.

Socially, of course, these divisions are very detrimental

to society, as some of the finest ancestral palaces, such as the Lancelotti, are absolutely closed.

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The fashion of giving splendid *fêtes* set by the Torlonias was followed by other Roman Princes, specially Don Filippo Doria, who had just married an English bride, Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and thereupon gave a great ball to celebrate the event.

Every one was in historic costume. The young nobles of Rome, in antique military dress, received the ladies at the foot of the great staircase: above stood the master of the house, a tall and remarkably handsome man, dressed after a picture by Titian of Alexander Farnese, his English Princess beside him in the costume of Margaret of Austria. Prince and Princess Torlonia appeared as Byzantine Greeks, and Charles Lucien Buonaparte Prince of Canino, who had not then sold his title for five crowns, as a Sultan. The Princes Borghese, Rospigliosi, Piombino and Grazioli were in fancy dress, but of what they consisted who could say, in the blaze of diamonds which covered them? No one who is old enough to remember these *fêtes* need be reminded of the dazzling blaze of the Roman Princesses in their "war-paint" of ancestral jewels. Perhaps the Empress Eugénie may have been as brilliant in the halcyon days of the Empire (I never saw her *en toilette*), but I *have* seen the others, a perfect galaxy of light, and can testify to the poetic splendour of their appearance.

Such scenes read like exaggerations now that the grand style is past, and we are all *encanaillés* with the *fin du siècle*. Nevertheless what I describe is true, and this display of feudal magnificence, seen under the blaze of myriads of lights, enormous mirrors from floor to ceiling set in mediæval frames redoubling the tapestried walls; the brilliant frescoes, the intoxicating breath of odoriferous flowers banked up around, the loud resonance of the

outside orchestras, planted on raised platforms covered by tapestry in the street, and inside in the *cortile*, and in the great hall of entrance, to say nothing of those in the various saloons set aside for dancing; the flames of gigantic pine torches held aloft by avenues of retainers on the stairs; the gorgeous display of costumes of every nation; the aristocratic beauty of the ladies, as they enter between trains of glittering lacqueys, blocking up the doors; the magnificent supper served on gold, in galleries down which the eye lost itself in vastness; the walls hung with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Titian, Leonardo, del Sarto, Guercino, and Rubens—formed a scene of enchantment such as no other capital in Europe could offer.

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These were the days when modern luxury made its appearance at Rome. The ponderous old furniture of blackened wood had become *rococo*, and the mediæval arm-chair of the great ancestors and prodigious tables of wood banished to the attics, and elegant Empire chairs and gilt *consoles* took their place, decorated with raised ornaments; of the family arms, coronets, initials, interlacing eagles, lions' heads, and wreathed altars. Uncomfortable also this new style, with narrow seats, straight backs, and rectangular lines, but to be thankfully accepted as portable and useful, in an age of sham paganism in dress and art, and the *high-falutin* style in literature and drama.

Not altogether the Empire pure and simple either, but the Empire with certain modifications in dress. The hair worn high on the head with towering combs, divided in front *à la grecque* with flat curls; clinging dresses of slight fabrics, often damped the better to display the form, closely fitting the bust, with circlet and clasp of gold, naked arms, with classic cameos and bracelets, short waists and skirts, the feet well-developed in open-worked

stockings and broad sandals, all chosen in the brightest shades of colour.

The fashionable *modiste* of that day was Dupré, whose extravagant prices I well remember; also her tyranny as to trying on and finishing. Massoni was the *lingère à la mode*, both on curious terms of *quasi*-intimacy with their princely customers, Massoni actually succeeding in placing one of her sons in the ministry.

The gentlemen in those days did not confine themselves to black. Dark colours still were worn in coats, and gorgeous waistcoats of satin, sometimes indeed two, one contrasting with the other. White *cravates* voluminously wrapped the throats, a souvenir of the *Directoire*, and embroidered shirts and shirt-frills; coloured trousers, well strapped down over thin shoes, were considered elegant, and were even of white cashmere, in full dress and uniform.

Count d'Orsay, who in after days penetrated to Rome, astonished the company by wearing a pair of long, tight stockings of pale pink; and, encouraged by example, another "masher" had the courage to appear in tight white hose, purple stockings and a sky-blue coat. But these extravagances, though considered most *chic* at the time, went out of date along with coats piled up with a series of capes like cabmen's, decorated with frogs and tassels—after the fashion of the English Regent—carriages painted in blue and bright red, and coaches with glass sides.

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Now I am writing of the Carnival of 1820–21, and I return to Prince Torlonia, who, according to custom, gave a great *fête*, to which all Rome was bidden. This was long before the time of his wife, the lovely Princess Colonna, and Donna Anna, his brother's wife. The Duchess of that day, *née* Princess Ruspoli, received the guests. She too was a fine woman, tall, haughty, imposing; for, as I have said, from the first the Torlonias had not failed to ally

themselves with the first houses in Rome. Don Alessandro's consort, I have said, was a Colonna; his brother's, Don Marino, a Chigi; a third, a Ruspoli. The only daughter and heiress of Prince Alexander has mated herself with a Borghese, Duca di Ceri, and so on.

But to return to Donna Anna, so loaded with jewels at the Torlonia ball that, had she been put up to auction, she might have been knocked down at the price of a small kingdom.

Standing within a flowery alcove she received her guests, the varying degrees of cordiality subtly marked which their social status commanded; courteous indeed to all, but with that delicate touch of difference, fine as a point of steel, towards those not entitled to aspire to the sublime distinction of her princely hand.

Silvagni tells an amusing story, destined to become historical, of this ball. As the company crowded in, a lady, brilliant in dress and fair of face, entered with the secure step of an *habituée* sure of welcome: the Contessa Piozza, of Perugia, her name and abode, and her good bearing and breeding undoubted. Beside her advanced another lady, in the first bloom of youth, and of such surpassing loveliness that all eyes were immediately riveted upon her. Countess Piozza, after saluting the Duchess, proceeded to present her friend. "Duchess," she said, "I have the honour of making the Marchesa Florenzi known to you. She arrived to-day in Rome, and, having a great wish to come to your ball to-night, I have taken on myself to bring her without having formally asked your leave. She is my sister-in-law, and therefore——"

While she speaks Donna Anna is taking the measure of the beautiful stranger, who meanwhile clasps her princely hand with a low courtesy. For a few moments she observes her in silence, then in a high-pitched voice, audible to all the room, she interrupts the Countess:

"These things, *Madame*, may be done in Perugia; at Rome they are considered a liberty," and before the other could reply, she turns her back upon her, and still in an ostentatiously high tone of voice, begins a conversation with Princess Doria, who is standing near.

Conceive the rage of the Piozza! The lovely stranger, with silent tears trembling on her long eyelashes, retires into a corner, while the Countess gives vent to loud complaints of the rudeness of her hostess to her friends! Tearful and forsaken sits the lovely Florenzi, married but a few months since, and with all the timidity of the bride and the provincial fresh upon her, without any knowledge of the world, having been reared in a convent, yet with a full consciousness of her own surpassing charms, and wildly desirous to be admired and to shine in the great world, of which she has as yet only heard.

No sooner is she seated, and before, as one may say, one crystal tear had time to fall from her violet eyes down her delicately rounded cheek, a stranger, who had been standing near when Donna Anna Torlonia made that cruel speech, addresses her in very correct Italian, though with a slightly foreign accent. Gently he tries to comfort her, and endeavours to make her understand that no affront had been intended to herself, but a rebuff to the Countess for not following the rules of social etiquette which prevail in all good society.

"To prove which," he continues, "only wait and see how well you will be received."

All this, addressed with looks of unconcealed admiration, has its effect: the Marchesa dries her eyes and engages herself to the stranger for the first waltz. But conceive her astonishment when, with the first notes of the orchestra, the youthful and most ceremonious leader of the ball, Don Marino Torlonia, eldest son of Prince Giovanni Torlonia (to become the husband of the beautiful

Princess Chigi and father of the present handsome Duke of that name), came up and, with a profound bow, begs to know "Whether His Royal Highness would deign to open the ball, and whom he would honour as his partner?"

Of course Don Marino expected the distinguished visitor would reply, "with one of his sisters." But with the utmost *sang-froid*, the unknown Prince offers his arm to the lovely Marchesa, and with her circles in the first waltz, and not only in that waltz, but in many others also, never ceasing to pay her the greatest attention all the evening.

This royalty in disguise, coming like a fairy prince to relieve persecuted beauty, was the Crown Prince of Bavaria, afterwards King Louis, who preferred the smiles of Lola Montes to his kingdom; and the attention he showed the Marchesa—as he prophesied—at once made her the *belle* of the ball, and turned the rude neglect of the Duchess into the most effusive politeness.

It would have been well if the attention of the Crown Prince had remained what it was at first. But, alas, for human weakness! The amorous Louis, who lost his throne for the sake of a dancer, from the protector, soon proved the lover, and when he became King, the Marchesa Florenzi accompanied him to Munich, and lived there upon a liberal pension. Her husband dying early, she married a second time a Mr. Waddington, established in Perugia, of the same name and family as the late French Ambassador in London.

At seventy she was still handsome, but with manners so stilted and artificial, she seemed, when she spoke, to be reciting on the stage. Always surrounded by professors, authors and men of science (for to please the King she had become a *femme savante*, and affected to despise the company of her own sex), she received visits, seated on a

fauteuil, from which she never rose, extending her hand to her guests to be kissed, except when she gave balls, when these grand airs were forgotten, and she still danced with the zest and *entrain* of a girl.

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"The balls of the Torlonia in Rome," Stendhal writes in 1827, during the life of the first Prince Torlonia, "are, in my opinion, superior to those of the Tuileries. The four sides of the river end of the Giraud-Torlonia Palace are formed into galleries, communicating with immense halls, adorned by the best living artists with frescoes. One vast apartment is devoted to display to the best advantage the Hercules of Canova. At night this statue is illuminated, so as to produce precisely the effects of light and shadow desired by Canova himself.

"No Sovereign in Europe receives like the great banker, who himself told me that, in order to purchase at Paris those immense mirrors which reach from the floor to the ceiling, he had disguised himself as an old Jew, and bought them as the *agent for Torlonia*, at five per cent. below the price. Speaking of his sons," continues Stendhal, "he pointed out to me the eldest, the Duca di Marino. 'That one will never be a man of business,' he said; 'he is only fit to buy *bric-à-brac* and choose statues. I shall give him a handsome fortune, but he shall not be my heir. Alessandro, here,' said the little dried up old banker, pointing out his second son, 'is quite different. I call him a *man*. He knows the value of money. To him I shall leave the bank; he will increase our business and do himself honour. One day, if you live as long, you will see he will be richer not only than any man has ever been in Rome, but than all the Romans put together, and if he has only half my prudence he will end by making his son *Pope*.'"

As to the riches, his father's prophecy came true to the

letter. But Prince Alexander had no son. His beautiful Colonna wife, who, as I said, died mad, left him one daughter, a slight insignificant-looking young woman, with no look of her mother, as the sole inheritress of his wealth.

Following the example of the Roman aristocracy, Torlonia had constructed for himself a sumptuous vault, under his beautifully sculptured chapel in the Lateran Church, where he lies interred.

PRINCE BORGHESE.

HARD upon the death of the millionaire Torlonia came that of Prince Marc Antonio Borghese, in his day the greatest noble of Rome.

I saw him shortly before, travelling by the rail from Florence to Siena—a homely hard visaged-man, with white beard, ostentatiously plain dress, and without even a servant. All that looked out of him were his eyes, extremely keen and piercing, and it was precisely that which attracted me. They had the look of a master.

At every station we stopped after Empoli, little lonely country stations nestled among the wooded heights which rise higher as you approach mountain-capped Siena, men were in waiting for the Prince, stewards and *fattori*, to whom he spoke long and eagerly out of the carriage window. The extreme respect with which those persons addressed him would alone have pointed him out as a personage had I not already remarked him.

In his air there was a pleasing familiarity, perfectly humane and affable, and with an ear open to all.

No one could have thought that that hale, strong man was so near his end. But these are mysteries. Who lives? Who dies? *Chi lo sa?* The weak drag on, the strong are smitten!

That simple man, travelling *en bourgeois*, was the nephew of Pauline Buonaparte's husband, Camillo, Prince Borghese, Duke of Guastalla and Governor of Turin. Pauline had no children. To tell of all his greatness would fill a book; the hereditary wealth came to the race with the Borghese Pope (for this now powerful clan is not of the old Roman patricians, but sprang from an aristocracy coeval with Pope Paul V.).

What lands he possessed, what villas, is hard to tell. I know they were immense, and his revenues royal. The Borghese palace and villa at the gate of Rome, and a castle surrounded with miles of forests skirting the blue sea at Nettuno, are the outward and visible signs of an enormous estate or *tenuta* stretching down to the shore from the lowlands under Albano and Velletri.

Indeed a considerable part of the *Agro Romano* belonged to him, besides vast possessions in Tuscany and Naples.

This is in the country, but it was the Borghese palace in Rome which reached the culminating point of the family wealth and dignity: an enormous structure, yet elegant withal, and stately, the immense *cortile* broken on one side by an open colonnade and a huge fountain.

What interminable suites of rooms there are contained in the solid depths of those many stories is a thing not to be understood. Some one, I suppose, knows them and arranged the apartments, but one would think a month not too much to master its geography, specially as, wealthy as he was, the Prince actually *let* apartments at a very high rent in his palace, giving to others the right of entering the pillared *cortile* with its many open staircases, very funny results ensuing, for of course rich tenants gave parties, and guests, puzzled between the two, have found themselves entering the saloons of the Princess instead of their most hospitable and excellent tenants the

Hüffers, and standing face to face with the solemn family circle of the Borghese.

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We all know the sumptuous *rus in urbe*, the favourite promenade of Rome, Villa Borghese, a poem in itself, lying in the gloom of the deep woods, pine and ilex, through which the winds, even in summer, whistle—its poetic vistas of fountains and temples seen through leafy avenues, the ruins, the triumphal arches, the wide spaces and emerald lawns—the distant view, so soft and translucent in the balmy air, of hills and woods, churches and villa-capped heights—its broad and ample drives brilliantly filled with the equipages of Rome; the *popolo* tramping along on foot in family groups, or side by side with the Queen of Italy taking her afternoon stroll full in the glare of the sun, the rows of carriages crossing each other with apparently no view but to drive over her;—all this leading to the poetic Casino, its multiform front broken by open terraces, colonnades, and rows of lofty windows, yet withal sad and mournful, for it is so unhealthy no one can live there. Now it is only used as a museum or gallery of painting and sculpture, where from one decorated saloon to another, you pass from the Pauline-Venus of Canova, and that *chef-d'œuvre* of Bernini, "Apollo and Daphne," to the masterpieces of Raphael and Titian and Domenichino.

This notable gallery, perhaps the finest private collection in the world, was formed by the nephew of Paul V., the Cardinal Borghese, a distinguished prelate of his day, who also created the Borghese Villa. But it avails nothing to retrieve the present fallen fortunes of the house. According to the "*Pacca*" law, no Roman collection can be sold out of Rome, save under the penalty of refunding the money, and if not of imprisonment.

You must know Rome well to understand these things.

* * *

Yet the late Prince Borghese, master of all this wealth, would minutely look into his own accounts with the exactness of a clerk, regulate the affairs of his household, and legislate among his various sons and daughters-in-law like an ancient patriarch. Not only did he legislate during his life, absolute head and master of his sons, of whom he had seven (the Prince of Sulmona, who succeeds; Francis, Duke of Bomargo; Giulio, Duke of Ceri; Felice, Duke of Rossano; Camillo, Giovanni, and Giuseppe), but he insisted that all of them, except the Duke of Ceri, the husband of the Princess Torlonia, married or single—should live under his roof. Now, large as the Palazzo Borghese is, some of these families were necessarily pressed into the smallest space (three rooms only to one, with wife and children) and, rich as they were, forced to renounce the luxury of a home. Yet, to gratify the whim of the deceased Prince, they actually complied without complaint; not only now, but, by his will, for ten years after his death: an act of such downright mediæval tyranny on his part, and filial obedience on theirs, that the law ought to have had power to break it.

And here I pause again to note that the best excuse for the arbitrariness of the Romans at home arises from family pride, fostered by their alliances with so many Kings and Queens, that they end by believing themselves to be royal also. Take for example the marriage of Prince Massimo *alle Colonne* with a Carignano, cousin of the King, the present Prince married to the daughter of the Duchesse de Berri; Prince del Drago, mated with a daughter of Queen Cristina of Spain; Camilla Borghese, married to a sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and the Buonapartes, cousins to most of the reigning houses of Europe. Several Roman Princes are grandees of Spain, the Odescalchi Magnates of Hungary, and Prince Bandini, an English Earl through his mother, Countess of Newburgh in

her own right. One may consider each Roman patrician of the old stock a little Sovereign, and indeed until lately they did exercise feudal rights in their various principalities, such as the Colonna at Marino and the Massimo at Ascoli.

The splendour of the palaces they inhabit also comes in for a reason. How can weak human nature resist the enticements of so much pomp? The painted halls, heavy with rich gilded waggon roofs; the chair of princely state, placed on an *estrade* under a sovereign canopy; the elegant, though old-fashioned riches of the *salle de bal*, where for centuries all that is noble, royal and illustrious have met; the gilded *boudoir*, where beauty has promulgated her laws, filled with the images of fair departed ancestresses, whose features are celebrated in painting, sculpture and verse; the council chambers, where illustrious generals, statesmen and cardinals have sat—all this is some excuse, and in truth they need it.

The great historic families of Rome are the Gaetani, represented by Prince Teano, Duke of Sermoneta, married to the beautiful Miss Wilbraham, the Colonna, and the Orsini; the Conti are extinct. Of these, the Gaetani is the richest and most prosperous, the Colonna the most popular and ancient.

The Borghese are not among these patricians, but rank with the Chigi-Albani and Chigi-Zondadari, a great and wealthy house which came to Rome in the last century with Pope Alexander VII., and the Braschi (Pius VI.), once possessing the finest architectural palace in Rome, alas! now sold.

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A very remarkable man in his way, if he had his faults, was the late Prince Borghese. Iron in his prejudices, though increasing his wealth ten per cent. under the new order of things, specially in his house property at

Rome, where rents were *quadrupled* for a time, he would make no pact with the new-comers, Victor Emmanuel and Humbert, but *black* of the *black*, stuck to the Pope with the fidelity of a slave, and always considered the Vatican as issuing laws to the world. It is true that for an instant he wavered in that year of commotion 1848, and joined the Civic Guard to defend Pio Nono along with Prince Filippo Doria and Termellini, but it did not last. The faithful sheep returned to the shepherd, and never more would hear the voice of any charmer wearing the tricolor. Nor would he permit any of his sons to range themselves by submission, or to taste the sweets of what he affected to consider an excommunicated Court.

Some years ago his name was much heard in connection with a law-suit with the Municipality of Rome, headed by its Syndic or Mayor, Leopold, Duke Torlonia, anent the Villa Borghese, from all time the park and holiday-ground of the Roman people, the lungs of a city without breath, which the Prince suddenly took it into his head to close.

Great was the indignation, and loud the protests. Had he a right?

Borghese said: Yes!

Duca Torlonia and the city: No!

That the villa and the land were granted to the Prince of that day at the time of the Borghese Pope (observe the open way in which the chair of St. Peter served him who sat in it to make his family *millionaire!*), but that the grant specially reserved that it was for the enjoyment (*divertimento*) of the Roman people, the same being engraved on an ancient tablet let into the walls. This Prince Borghese denied, and moreover maintained, that even if such a tablet existed, the words carrying this sense must be found also in some ancient grants or deeds of the city.

The search for such document or indication was long and difficult, but at last it was found, the sense being the same as inscribed on the wall-tablet, namely, that the grant of the land on which the villa stands was certainly given to the Borghese, but also for the enjoyment of the Roman people. Prince Borghese lost his suit, and the villa was, and is, open on those days and hours it has always been.

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Six cardinals and the whole of the Roman aristocracy who were in Rome at the season of October (and that is not many) assisted at the funeral Mass for the repose of his soul (so large is his family, with grandchildren and daughters and sons-in-law, they reckon about forty), which took place in the Pauline chapel of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, where lies the Pauline Pope among a profusion of marbles, frescoes of Guido Reni, and sculptures and carving.

I have spoken of riches. This one man, not a banker like Torlonia, or in any way accumulating income, but by ways and means proper to a *grand seigneur*, is said to have died worth forty millions of francs. A neat little fortune truly. Nor was this a surprise to his family, for it is said that ever since 1876 his will was made, and the property divided with the full knowledge of all his sons.

When you start with surprise that a Roman Prince, such as was Borghese, could amass such a sum, remember that the Borghese Paul V. was one of those indulgent Pontiffs who lived but to enrich his house, and that it is from him the grant of so large a portion of the Agro Romano came. Perhaps the ruin of his family is a punishment, but it must be observed that this excellent Pontiff was not singular in this respect. I have already said elsewhere there was a Papal rage for forming, not a race,

but a *dynasty*. The Barberini, Chigi, Aldobrandini, Rospigliosi, Corsini, Sforza, Salviati, Pallavicini, Doria, Odescalchi, Ottoboni, Buoncompagni, Albani, Rezzonico and Braschi, all did the same!

Prince Borghese was twice married. The mother of his sons and his present widow is a Larochefoucauld. His first wife, by whom he left one daughter, was Lady Gwendoline Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRINCESS GWENDOLINE BORGHESE.

HER arrival in Rome caused the liveliest satisfaction. She was scarcely a stranger, as three years before, her sister, Lady Mary Talbot, had married Prince Filippo, the head of the house of Doria. If ever an angel could be said to inhabit earth, it was the Princess Gwendoline; charitable, simple, wise, beautiful, a paragon, yet from her extreme humility shrinking from the admiration her virtues inspired. Only sixteen when she first came to Rome, it made such an impression on her that nothing but verse could express the enthusiasm of her soul. The first poem she wrote is not much in itself, but interesting as an expression of the intensity of her admiration.

This facile gift of verse was but one of her accomplishments. Her knowledge of languages was remarkable: French, Italian, Spanish and German were all easy to her. She played well, and painted both figures and landscape. As much of her time was spent in the country, she had ample time to cultivate varied gifts. But the chief characteristic of her nature was fervent piety, not as an abstract sentiment, but in the sphere of her daily life, especially towards the poor, whom, like another St. Elizabeth, she tended and comforted with her own hands.

Gwendoline was tall, well-made and, like her Doria sister, extremely fair; her large brown eyes full of tenderness; her features regular; her thick and abundant hair of a rich auburn, worn simply as a natural coronet. Her dress, freely criticised as too simple for her station,

was adapted to her habits of being always on foot (*all' Inglese*), visiting hospitals and schools, and the sick and suffering wherever she could find them.

A strange change this from her predecessor, the frivolous Princess Pauline, wife of Don Camillo!

What Gwendoline spent in charity no one knew; her fortune was large, and her husband, the late Prince, loved to associate himself with all she did. When Rome was visited with the cholera, far from flying from danger, as did most of the Roman nobility, she remained at her post multiplying herself in every kind of good work.

One morning going out early on foot she was pertinaciously followed by a gentleman attracted by her light airy figure and the grace of her movements.

Not knowing how to get rid of him she deliberately turned, drew out her purse, and offered him a scudo (five shillings). "I am happy," she said, looking steadily at him, "to be able to relieve you. No one appeals to the Princess Borghese in vain." Conceive the feelings of the admiring dandy to be treated as a beggar! Donna Gwendoline judged well; he hastily retreated, covered with confusion. Again she was pursued, this time her tormentor following her up a flight of dark and filthy stairs (all who have been in Rome will understand what this means). Flight after flight they mounted together, the Princess quite at her ease, taking her time, the young man after her. Not a word was uttered until she reached the door of a squalid room under the roof. She pushed it open. Before them lay what looked like a heap of clothes, but which was in fact an aged suffering woman, stretched on a dirty mattress, already muttering benedictions at the sight of the Princess.

With the most perfect *sang-froid* she said, "*Cara Gigia*, you see I have not forgotten you, and here is this charitable *Signore* who has come with me on purpose to relieve

you." The young gentleman, confused as he never was before, laid a gold piece on the table and bolted.

Nor did she overlook the claims of her high position. A princely hospitality was dispensed at Palazzo Borghese, and at the beautiful villa where Rome betakes itself for its afternoon drive.

At one of these out-door *fêtes* in the month of October, 1840, Donna Gwendoline, presiding as *châtelaine* on a sylvan throne backed by umbrageous pines and ilex avenues, caught a cold which next day developed into a serious illness. Four days after she was considered so much better that she was able to sit up in bed and take breakfast with her husband. An hour later the doctors came and pronounced her case hopeless. At the news the Prince fainted. Even *her* fortitude for an instant gave way; she turned deadly pale, and leaning back on her pillow, burst into tears. But only for a moment. Quickly her pious nature came to her aid, and folding her hands meekly she uttered a prayer: "Lord, do with Thy servant as Thou wilt."

That night she died of diphtheria; considerate to the last, gentle, patient and loving.

The consternation caused by her sudden death was indescribable. The Piazza Borghese could not hold the multitude collected at the door to hear every particular of one who had made herself so beloved. For three days a never-ending crowd of all classes passed before the bier on which she lay in a shroud crowned with flowers. On the Friday after her death, when the great doors of the palace were thrown open and the hearse passed out drawn by four horses, nothing can describe the enthusiasm. The horses were unharnessed and the hearse drawn by hand across the whole length of the city to Santa Maria Maggiore, where the Borghese have their chapel. So determined were the citizens not to part with her, that

band after band of men clothed in white appeared to relieve each other until the door of the Basilica was reached. Every window and balcony and terrace by which it passed was dressed with flowers and filled with people.

All Rome wore mourning; as for Prince Borghese, he was beside himself with grief. Yet he had not drunk deeply enough of the cup of suffering. In the course of a few days three of his young children sunk smitten by the same infectious malady, and with difficulty one little life was saved—Agnese, to become later Duchessa di Sora.

A cry of horror and of pity rose at the awfulness of the blow. The whole city as one man pitied and sympathised. No other subject was spoken of in the Piazza, in the salons, the markets, the workshop and the *caffè*. The newspapers could write of nothing else, artists commemorated the fair face, sculptors made busts and figures, pamphlets detailed the virtues of Donna Gwendoline's brief life. Poets sang of her as an earthly Madonna. Her memoirs were written by no less than three well-known pens, and the convents, institutions, and families her bounties supported even now celebrate her memory as a saint.

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How grievous it is to add to these records of the Borghese, that now (1894) this great family is absolutely ruined, the historic palace sold, the feudal estates alienated —absolute and complete ruin, brought about by reckless speculation, specially in building the hideous masses of modern houses which, uninhabited and already in premature ruin, block up the gates of Rome.

The fabulous price of land, and the demand for houses consequent on Rome becoming the capital of Italy, tempted a rush of speculation, and caused whole quarters

near the various gates to be built, which have never been finished.

From such causes fell the great house of Borghese; Piombino has followed, with many a lesser name of Roman nobles; rich already, they must increase their substance, and fell victims to the lust of wealth. Now the places which knew them are desolate, and these ancestral halls desecrated by sales and auctions. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

CHAPTER XV.

TWO TRAGEDIANS.

RISTORI.

RISTORI, who lives in Rome under the name and title of the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo, was the greatest actress of the Italian school, as well as the most beautiful woman of her time; hair black as jet, a classic head, a clear olive complexion, and eyes so large and brilliant, they reflected every passion of her dramatic soul; each movement was significant, while a natural dignity at once proclaimed her a tragic Queen.

Of the elder school of declamation, her manner now might be considered somewhat stilted, but in the fury of emotion she could be sublime.

Like Rachel, her great rival, she possessed a special art of identifying herself with the personages she represented, be it the guilty Myrrha, appalled at her own sin, the pathetic Mary Stuart, the haughty Elizabeth, the persecuted Marie Antoinette, the piteous Pia dei Tolomei done to death in the poisonous Maremma, and Francesca di Rimini, whose love and constancy by the verse of Dante comes to us as from another world.

I never shall forget Ristori in London, at the height of her success as Medea, in a pale blue *peplum*, her raven locks floating in clouds about her head, her dark eyes scintillating with fury, her whole figure stiffened with despair, as, seizing the cowardly Jason (about to wed her rival Creusa) by the shoulders she *hissed* into his ear the words "*Complici siamo!*"

This is the intensity of genius; a look, a gesture to illustrate a whole history—there, visibly stamped before the eye; no syllable of explanation needful, all details grasped instantaneously.

Adelaide Ristori may be said to have been born upon the stage. Her parents were both actors, and her earliest success was gained in perambulating companies, when, almost a child, she represented the principal parts, to the astonishment of the audience and her fellow-actors. A most romantic attachment with one of the handsomest and most charming among the Cavaliers of his day—Giuliano del Grillo, Marquis and Patrician of Rome—broke in on these artistic triumphs. His family, proud of their *sangue azur*, violently opposed the marriage. There is a vague story of a tower in the Maremma, in which he was confined by order of the Pope, of many moving chances by flood and field, while Adelaide was gathering fresh laurels on the stage, a further appeal to the Pope on the side of the lovers, and a final union in a marriage which resulted in perfect happiness, for nearly half a century, never dulled, never diminished.

For a moment the scenes of theatrical triumph seemed to Ristori to pale before the tender intimacies of married life; but the strong dramatic passion within her soon reasserted itself, specially when the new Marchesa found herself acting at the Théâtre Vendôme in Paris, in the presence of Legouvé and Scribe, come to congratulate her.

After the *compliments d'usage*, Legouvé abruptly addressed a question to her.

"*Why, madame,*" said he, "*will you not play my Medea?*"

Now it must be noted that this *Medea* had been written for Rachel, who for some unexplained cause would never play it.

"For an excellent reason, Monsieur," returned Ristori:

"I am so fond of children, that it would be utterly impossible for me, even on the stage, to kill a child. In Italy I have been asked to act in *Medea* over and over again. I would never consent for this reason."

"But," replied Legouvé, "*my* Medea, Madame, kills her children in a manner which exonerates her from the crime; besides, the public see nothing of the act."

"Pardon me, dear Monsieur Legouvé, I can never believe that the public ought not to be revolted at such a crime."

"I assure you, Madame, it is not so with me; only do me the honour to read my play, and you will be convinced."

"I should be sorry," was the reply, "as to be so much wanting in courtesy as not to do so, but you must allow me to tell you beforehand I cannot add Medea to my *répertoire*."

"Well, well, read my play; that is all I ask."

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So little importance did Ristori attach to this conversation, and so convinced was she that nothing would induce her to kill two children on the stage, that she carelessly took up the manuscript while she was having her hair brushed; so great, however, was her surprise at the manner Legouvé had treated the subject, that she found herself gesticulating and declaiming as if reciting it on the stage.

"Oh, *Signora, Signora*, what is the matter?" cried the *cameriera*; "am I hurting you so much?"

"No, no, nothing; don't attend to me."

It was quite true: Legouvé had contrived to soften the murder into a necessity. Persecuted by the Corinthians, who desire to give Jason's children to his new Greek wife, Creusa, Medea places them on the altar of the infernal

god, and, to save them from violence, sacrifices them herself, her back turned to the audience.

From that time, not only did Ristori play Medea in Paris, but it became one of her greatest successes, perhaps her *greatest*, because in a part of such sustained passion all possibility of conventionality was forcibly excluded.

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After travelling over the New and Old World, applauded by all nations, Ristori found herself in Madrid in 1857, at the Zarguelo theatre. The play was to be *Maria Stuarta*. Before appearing on the stage, she stood already dressed in the coif and black robe of the unhappy Queen, surrounded by a brilliant group of the first Hidalgos of Spain, assembled behind the scenes to do her honour, when the following conversation took place:—"Tell me," said Ristori, turning to the Duque T., a well-known enthusiast in all matters dramatic—"tell me what was the meaning of that bell I heard all day ringing through the streets of Madrid by a religious confraternity?"

"It was," is the reply, "to collect funds for masses for the soul of the unhappy Chapado, who will be executed to-morrow; he was a soldier, who in a fit of passion struck his sergeant with his sabre. Military law is concise, and at dawn Michele Chapado will be shot."

As she listened Ristori seemed turned to stone.

"But, Signor Duque, is there no means of saving this man?"

"Yes, the Queen's full pardon, otherwise the law will take its course. Life and death are in the hands of the Queen; she alone can save him; ask her yourself. To you perhaps, as an illustrious stranger, such a favour may be accorded, but I am bound to tell you others have already failed."

Ristori stood speechless. Could she dare to take such a liberty, alone, an actress? She knew that Narvaez, the

Prime Minister, was severe and implacable. He was at that moment present in the theatre. She sees his stern and immovable face through the aperture of the curtain. Will he listen to her? She will try. Every trace of colour has left her face, even under the rouge, and she trembles in every limb; but her courage does not flinch.

"Go," she says to a servant, "and request the Minister Duque Narvaez to do me the honour to speak for a minute with the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo behind the scenes."

"Impossible, Madame," is the reply of Narvaez, who, with the courtesy of a true Spaniard, at once obeys the summons—"impossible to grant a pardon; an example must be made. I myself entreated the Queen to refuse when her kind heart dictated the desire. This was at the entreaty of the Municipality of Madrid; how then, would you have me eat my own words?" Something however in the manner of the great Minister seemed to encourage her still to persevere. The prayers of a beautiful woman are always eloquent. Ristori had a powerful command of language, and her brilliant eyes enforced her words.

"Well, Madame," says Narvaez at length, "you must have you way; *I* cannot yield, but ask yourself for an audience of her Majesty, plead the cause of this unhappy man; her Majesty will at once fall back on the pledge she has given me, to refuse in justice to the laws. If she does, then send for me; we shall see."

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At the end of the second act of the play, Ristori requests an audience of the Queen, seated in the royal box. As she enters she throws herself at the Queen's feet, embraces her knees, kisses her hands, uttering broken phrases of supplication for the pardon of Chapado. Queen Isabella listens to her with a smile on her broad, good-tempered face. "I wish nothing better," are her words,

"Send at once for the Minister," she commands. On arriving, Narvaez immediately expresses his willingness to consent—Chapado is saved—his pardon then and there signed by the hand of the Queen. Ristori leaves the box holding it in her hand, and the whole audience, conscious of what was going on, rise *en masse* as she appears on the stage, and give her such an ovation as only fervid and passionate Spaniards can.

SALVINI.

MUCH has been said and written about Salvini (the Talma of the Italian stage), celebrated in many lands, the Old World and the New, decorated by every monarch in Europe, and received with almost royal honours. The classic beauty of his features, the majesty of his presence, the suppressed emotion that sobers his gestures, even at fever heat, his intense humanity as of a higher and nobler being —all this is known, and books have been written about it; but to my mind his special gift has been omitted—as representing on the stage the very High Priest of love. Now of all things, for an actor fitly and naturally to represent love on the stage is the subtlest and most refined expression of the dramatic art. In this Salvini is unsurpassed: no one ever looked and acted as such a lover. Who that has seen him as the great Caliph Orosmane in Voltaire's *Zaïre*—superbly habited in a Turkish robe, solid with Eastern embroideries, his waist cinctured by jewels, an ample turban of the sacred green folded about his head, surmounted by an aigrette in diamonds scintillating with every movement—can forget the thrill of intense passion which seems to pass through him, and mysteriously to communicate itself to the senses of his audience, as he turns towards the beautiful slave

Zaïre and folded her in his arms? Love, desire, ecstasy all were there—the melting eye, the whisper of speechless fervour, the faintness of ecstatic touch——

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I do not know what impression the tragedy of *Zaïre* may make read in cold blood, but as I saw it rendered by Salvini, it stands out as the very apotheosis of majestic passion.

If in *Zaïre* Salvini woos with the lofty presence of a Sultan, in *Francesca di Rimini* he falls into the tenderest depths of romantic devotion. What abandonment, what celestial attraction blends those two beings, as they stand together on the stage, conscious in the climax of their passion that death is at hand, yet clinging to each other (as they *will* still cling in eternal space, driven by the bitter winds of purgatory)—the white and yielding Francesca, and the dark-browed Paolo with the flashing eye, as when they sat side by side within the shadow of the ancient hall of the mediæval fortress of Ferrara, reading that fatal book, then "*spoke no more.*"

"Galeazzo fu il libro e chi lo scrisse."

Wherever Dante's subtle episode is read Salvini will be remembered.

Salvini is popularly known as an actor of Shakespeare, specially in Othello, Hamlet and Macbeth. Great in all he touches, in these parts he finds rivals, inferior indeed to himself, yet treading in his footsteps. In those other creations I have mentioned he stands alone; no actor ever approached him, or ever will. The man himself rivets you. Singularly handsome even in middle age, and with great dignity of movement and expression, one appreciates in him the charm of a gentleman and the knowledge of a highly educated man.

His father, a professor of literature at Leghorn, taught

him the classics. At fourteen he made his appearance on the stage, under Modena, a celebrated actor of the same school. Of all Modena's pupils, Salvini was the only one he considered worthy of succeeding him. I have seen Modena when he was old at Nice, but in age much of his power had gone from him. Both Modena and Salvini were patriots, both fought for their country—Modena in the rising in Romagna, Salvini (who came of patriot blood, for his father had been an exile) joining with Garibaldi and taking an active part in the campaign of Italian independence—the friend of Mazzini, Saffi and Garibaldi, with whom he was imprisoned at Genoa. So brave and self-denying was he, that Salvini at the end of the war received a medal; and in the reports of General Avezzana he is specially mentioned as distinguished for *devotion* and *valour*. After these military achievements he devoted a year to classical studies at Florence, then resumed the exercise of his dramatic career on the stage.

In what other country but Italy, may I ask, will a successful actor be found to leave his profession to fight his country's battles? Would the Kembles have done this? Or the Keans? And Salvini had his reward—a hero himself, he can fitly represent heroes.

CHAPTER XVI.

A STATESMAN.

THE Statesman of whom I write is to be ranged as one of the heroes of Italian independence by the side of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi and Cavour.

At the death of Cavour he stood forward as one of the foremost men in the cause of patriotic freedom, and, by the advice of Rattazzi, Victor Emmanuel named him as worthy to continue the policy of that great statesman.

The *prestige* of his name was great, his indomitable pride, the antiquity of his race, his zealous advocacy of Italian unity, his immense moral courage, all singled him out as proper to take the first place, and obtain that complete success which is needful in politics.

But in public as in private life he was fatally wrong-headed.

While professing to follow the lines laid down by the deceased Minister to whom he succeeded, he acted in absolute contradiction to his ideas. While that expert diplomatist had known how to work on Napoleon's foibles, and induce him to sacrifice many thousands of his subjects in the war of Italian independence against Austria (without which, pay for it as she might, Italy never would have been emancipated), this Statesman, in his efforts to make the possession of Rome the primary object of his policy, contrived to indispose and affront that very Emperor who had done so much.

As a Minister, he fell like a spent rocket, and the

facile Rattazzi took his place. And it was well, for his implacable temper, contempt of public opinion, and exaggerated estimate of himself would have made him as fatal in power as he was helpful and strong in support or opposition.

It is not, however, so much the Statesman in his public character whose image I invoke, but in the solitude of his feudal castle—a bold castellated pile, based on a rocky platform, nestling in the wooded slopes of the Tuscan hills, backed by the Casentino mountains, behind which uprises the triple range of the rugged Apennines, like a huge backbone passing down the centre of Italy.

Like his castle, our Statesman was of unknown age. Moreover, still, though quite fallen out of politics—in his own esteem the greatest man in Italy, much greater indeed than the King.

During the short time he was Prime Minister he forgot himself so far as on one occasion to pass out before his Sovereign. On an angry remonstrance being made to him, he replied that "After all the house of —— dated back two centuries earlier than that of Savoy."

Victor Emmanuel was a good-natured man, and very courteous, but pride such as this was too much even for him.

The Statesman being, as I said, then his Minister, he took an early opportunity of leaving his then capital, Turin, for Milan, without apprising him. The hint was taken, his resignation was sent in, and at once accepted, and he retired to his mediæval castle among the Apennines.

Altogether, on reflection, the Statesman considered it was an undue condescension on his part to serve the King at all. As a Patriot, he was the servant of Italy; but Italy is a political abstraction: Victor Emmanuel a solid reality of flesh and blood. Obedience to the one he

accepted in a general and impalpable sense; attendance on the other was but an honourable name for servitude. Our Statesman, who declined any title or honours, thought that servitude of any kind was incompatible with his dignity.

After all, he could head the Liberal party from his own castle more fitly than from the modern Pitti at Florence or the papal Quirinal at Rome. Let the Liberals come to *him*. It was much better so, and more befitting the name he bore.

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To reach his castle, from whence I started, you pass a road as rugged as the temper of the Statesman. There is nothing level about either. No sooner are you on the top of one steep ascent than you drop down hopelessly on the other side. The fierce August sun shone out in all its power, and dashed the vineyards and the olives as with living fire. Here and there large villas seated on the heights presented themselves naked and forlorn to the merciless glare, or were backed by cypresses pointing defiance to the brazen sky.

Then the road mounted into a forest region, where groups of oaks reared their ancient heads out of a wilderness of tall grass, heather, and blossoming shrubs of cistus and lavender. In the breaks of timber appeared yellow crags, varied by upland fields and vineyards, the crags dropping downwards towards a dried-up river-bed, where a few sheep grazed, led by a ragged boy.

Presently I am ascending the rounded summits of the nearer hills, rising steeper and steeper, broken by wooded ravines and lawns of turf scoured by red rocks.

At length, high above, rises a huge castle, solid and castellated, divided from the road by a deep ravine, laid out in vineyards. Then a sudden turn shuts out the building, which frowns down so ominously over the

pleasant land; the overhanging hills tower literally over my head, and the straining horses, for a moment on level ground, gallop into the grateful shade of an avenue flanked by ranges of ancient cypresses. Another avenue, this time of fir, and up and up, until we reach the walls. Then over a drawbridge, and under a portcullis, a painted board announcing that "the castle was not shown to visitors while the restoration was proceeding"—the restoration having been proceeding for the last twenty years, and would probably go on as long as the Statesman lived.

Zigzagging up a narrow approach, I drive under decaying fortifications. Some are torn down, and lay in ruins; others rise out of heaps of mortar and piles of stone. A damp air chills me—a gloomy darkness engulfs me. Where is the sun gone, and the heat, and the glare?

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At last we reach a quadrangle; grey towers rise overhead, and long lines of gloomy buildings lie on either side.

How stern and dismal!

If the exterior was grim, one could not say the same of the inside. All is strangely modern, and shining with fresh paint and fresco.

The hall leads to a southern gallery. A door gave access to the ramparts and a shrubbery, with flower parterres at that moment blazing in the sun. On the other side was a saloon with darkened windows, where stuccoed columns support a raftered ceiling and *cinque cento* carving surmounts hangings of cretonne.

It is clear to me there must be much discrepancy in the nature of the statesman to have created such an interior. Rows of trumpery little engravings in wooden frames were placed side by side with priceless works of the Sienese and Umbrian schools, and in the place of

honour, opposite the windows, hung two glaring pictures, representing the visit of Victor Emmanuel to the castle, the tall gaunt figure of the Statesman contrasting strangely with the broad-shouldered, burly, modern-looking monarch.

Left alone by the servant to beguile the time—as the horses, poor beasts, must rest—I wander into a suite of rooms following on from the saloon, all the doors standing open, and come upon a state bedroom full of mirrors. Beyond, I reach an ante-room; further on again there was an open door, then *darkness*. I grope my way in. Was it a chapel? There were windows of painted glass.

At first I can distinguish nothing. Little by little I made out a lofty carved ceiling and dark panelled walls. Growing accustomed to the subdued light, I discover that one entire side was occupied by a picture.

I draw near to see what it was. Heavens! what a picture!

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In the centre on a bed lay a dying woman, her features drawn and ghastly, still young, though hollow-eyed and emaciated. With one upraised hand she clutched the arm of a bride, arrayed in orange wreath, veil and white draperies. The bride stooped over her as she lay, too weak it seemed to raise herself upright. Her other arm rested on the hand of a young man beside the bride, the bridegroom—who stood a little back. One felt how the dying woman was clinging to the bride, clinging to her with the grasp of death. Her half-open mouth told a ghastly tale of struggling breath; yet the shadow of a smile parted her white lips. "You are saved!" she seemed to say. "I die happy!"

Apart, in the shadow of the background stood two other figures. Foremost, the spare iron-knit form of the Statesman (I had seen him in public and recognized him at

once), perfectly upright and rigidly impassive; his blue dress-coat buttoned over his chest, his hard deep-set eyes fixed on the dying woman. One long, bony finger was raised to his lips; the remaining ones, turned down, supported his chin. His face neither expressed pity nor anger, nor passion of any kind. He was simply impassive. Behind him stood a priest. On the farther side a doctor and a nurse balanced the composition. The eyes of all were turned towards the bed; they were awaiting the lady's last breath.

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What had I heard about Bluebeard's Castle and an ill-used wife?

It all came to me in the flash of a moment. The dying woman was the Statesman's wife. He had shut her up in his castle at Broglio, and, after years of seclusion, she died. She bore him many children, who all—save one girl—died and were buried in the chapel in the courtyard, where *she* lies also.

He is a great *politique*, the Statesman, but he has a deal to answer for. The children were all delicate, like their mother. She was one of the loveliest women of her day, some fifty years ago. I have heard my father describe her appearance at the Grand Ducal balls at the Pitti at Florence. The company gathered in crowds to admire her dancing the cotillon; a great beauty—too soft and yielding for her happiness, but most bewitching.

The Statesman, who was a rich man, and would not condescend to think of money, took her without a portion; he was wildly in love with her. She thought she could do anything she liked with him; and so she did, poor lady, for a time. But, at last, she made him jealous!

It was said in the gossip of the day that a certain fascinating Marchese-in-waiting on the Grand Duchess of Tuscany—for the Statesman, as the great man of Florence,

had much to do with the Grand Duke before he ran away and Tuscany declared for Victor Emmanuel—was the cause of it.

The poor lady was young and thoughtless. She danced, and she laughed, and she flirted, especially with the Marchese. It was a dissipated Court. She was a Venetian, brought up among serenades and gondolas; and very loving and gentle too. I could still see it in the wasted face of the picture, soft and smooth, with beautiful fair hair spread out on the pillow.

For some time the Statesman said nothing. Bluebeard always held his tongue, and now I remember that this is Bluebeard's Castle.

At last the end came, as the story goes.

There was a masked ball given at the Pitti. The poor lady appeared as "Poetry," her fair hair bound with a coronet of diamonds with emerald leaves, the gift of the Statesman, her dress purple, with spangled stars. All eyes were upon her. The Marchese danced with her often. When the ball broke up he led her to her husband, who received her with a bow, smiled on her, and with his usual punctilious courtesy offered his arm to conduct her to the carriage.

They drove off. The night was dark, the lady tired; perhaps she slept. Who knows? They drove and drove, until she roused herself and asked what new road they were taking which was so long?

"It is all right," the Statesman answered. "I have given my orders. As it is a cold night, and you have a long way to go, I have brought this cloak for you. You will need it."

As he spoke, he took from the front seat a mantle of fur and placed it on her shoulders. The poor lady dared not ask what it meant. They drove on and on into the night, far from Florence, over the Campagna, and along

the road that leads towards the mountains, the Statesman silent, the lady speechless, trembling under her furs.

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What he said when he did speak, or how he said it, no one knows. At all events he made the poor lady understand that he was taking her then and there to his castle, which she would never leave alive—or dead indeed, for that matter, for if she died she would be buried in the chapel.

Now the castle is more than fifty miles from Florence. It was a long drive.

When the poor lady was shut up in his castle the Statesman never alluded to her. He ignored everything. Even when he met the handsome Marchese at Court—which he did constantly, as he was Prime Minister to the Grand Duke before Italy was a united kingdom, and the Marchese a great favourite, was in waiting on the Grand Duchess—in his cold rigid way he singled him out for particular attention. He was too proud to admit to the world that any man had wronged him.

The poor lady, his wife, was made to expiate her own sins and those of the Marchese. She was shut up until she died; she saw her children all die except Anastasia, the bride.

The poor soul grew very pious in her imprisonment. She was permitted to attend Mass in the chapel, where her children lay unburied in their little coffins, and where she herself now lies, also unburied. That is another fancy of the Statesman. Neither his wife nor his children were buried—a very strange fancy, indeed, only he was not like other men.

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While the poor lady lived all sorts of strange stories got about—lies no doubt—but still—there was much talk of a certain curate of Passaglia (Passaglia is a parish just

above, higher upon the hills), who was a kind of secretary to the Statesman, and was permitted to come once a month to confess the lady. He was a good man, the *Curato*, and did all he could to soften her imprisonment. Indeed, he affirmed that she was a living saint, and that her soul, purified from all earthly taint by her sufferings and the patience with which she bore them, would need no fires of Purgatory when she died, but go straight to Paradise. Perhaps this reached the Statesman and displeased him: *chi lo sa?*

One day he was away when the priest came as usual to confess her. Finding the lady very sad (she died soon after), he remained longer than he ought to have done, conversing with her. She had already confided to him her intense desire that her sole remaining child, now grown up, should marry her cousin, a nephew of the Statesman. While she lived, the lady said, she could watch over her and protect her a little; but once she was dead (and she felt that her end was near), who could say what the Statesman might do? Before the *Curato* went, she implored him on her knees to intercede with him to let their only child marry her cousin before she died.

How she pleaded no one knows, nor who heard her. Perhaps the *Curato* listened too long, perhaps he dropped some imprudent words: *chi lo sa?* There are secret stairs in this old castle, double walls and concealed doors everywhere. Anyhow, when the priest went out he met the Statesman waiting for him in the courtyard. He smiled upon the *Curato* as he had smiled upon the Marchese, bid him good-day, and asked him to stay to dinner. But something whispered to him that there was trouble in the air, and that he had better get away as soon as he could.

Instead, however, of letting him go, the Statesman walked him round and round the ramparts, asking his

opinion on various subjects. Just as they were parting, he took out his snuff-box and offered him a pinch, smiling as he did so. The priest accepted the pinch of snuff and took his leave. When he reached his own door, he fell down on the threshold, and was taken up dead by his aunt, who kept house for him—the cause said to be apoplexy.

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At length, after I had stood a long time before the picture, a servant entered the saloon where I had retreated, to show me the cellars of the famous wine, stowed away in vaults under the castle—the subterranean dungeon, in fact, of the ancient barons.

There are piled up against the stone walls 400,000 flasks of good wine, the dates of each vintage marked, as well as the quality. The Statesman was a famous agriculturist and cultivator of vines. All round about his castle on the hills and sunny slopes I had seen nothing but vineyards, the vines quite low and small, as you see them in France, not festooned in the airy Tuscan ball-room fashion, where the fields look ready wreathed as for a dance, but all the strength of the wood thrown into one small plant, on which hangs a single huge bunch, or at most two, in order to ensure the luscious richness of the flavour.

The Statesman, who did nothing by halves, had brought Frenchmen from Bordeaux at a great expense to teach the Tuscans how to give the real *cru*, in doing which he had greatly improved the manufacture of wine, and put large sums into his pocket.

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From the cellars the guide led me into the chapel, where I saw, in an open vault behind the altar, the unburied coffin of the poor lady of the picture, lying on tressels, without any pall or covering upon it whatever. The four

small coffins in which her children lay, ranged round her own, were in the same condition.

Then the guide, who volunteered to show me the castle, conducted me up a narrow stair into a tower forming a separate wing. The small Gothic windows in walls of great thickness are turned to the north, and look upon a grove of cypress.

No ray of sunshine ever penetrates to these chambers. The ceilings are low, and crossed with heavy wooden rafters. There are large open grates, with seats in the chimney corners. One room is hung with embossed leather, faded and torn in many places; another, painted in dark frescoes, much injured by the damp. The doors are low, and there appear to be many recesses, leading, perhaps, to secret stairs and outlets. Of these gloomy apartments, opening one into another, there are six, of various sizes: the largest is the last. In it was a low bedstead, much decayed and worm-eaten. Otherwise all the rooms are unfurnished, and therefore not adapted for the Statesman's use "*in the summer months*," as the guide insisted.

Not only, indeed, were there no signs of habitation, but the plaster had fallen from the walls, and the air was confined and damp, as of rooms never opened. They might have served as a prison for the poor lady. I cannot assert it as a fact, but I am strongly inclined to believe it.

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Before I left, the Statesman himself made his appearance —a tall, spare, dried-up man, with an intellectual head and high forehead, on which lay the straight brown hair of a very palpable wig, sharp aquiline features, cut in a mould as hard as granite, intense eyes, veiled under thick overhanging eyebrows, the eyes generally half-closed, and resting on the ground, but when they did open, flashing into a flame.

When he spoke he expressed himself with remarkable purity of language, and with the authority of a man accustomed to command. If I could have forgotten the picture and the history of the poor lady, I should greatly have admired the sense of suppressed power there was about him.

As it was he inspired me with horror, and his clear, well-turned phrases fell unheeded on my ear; but I must own that his dignified manners lent importance to all he said, and that the powerful intellect of the man shone out in every subject he touched on. The choice of the subject was the accident of the moment, but one felt that he could deliver himself with the same masterly lucidity and exhaustive knowledge on any other.

A great patriot was before me—a man whose name would go down in the history of his country, and that within him and part of him was that passion of dominion which would crush all that opposed it.

Alas! poor lady. Why in the splendour of her youth did she defy him? How dared she trifle with such a man?

CHAPTER XVII.

A PROPHET.

THE mountain district between Siena and Rome is the grandest and loveliest in Central Italy. The aspect of the country has little changed since the Etruscans spread art and civilization in Umbria and on the sea-shore of Liguria. Here are the isolated cities of Arezzo, Cortonia, Perugia, seated on escarped heights like Cyclopean temples, and Chiusi and Spoleto are so little altered, the ancient inhabitants might return almost to their old walls.

Here, in the bosom of deep sylvan hills, lies the lake of Thrasymene, with its Roman legends of that bloody battle which coloured the streams running into the lake—to this day bearing the name of *sangue*. Here strange caves and tombs open by the roadside, in isolated woods or in deep sandy clefts, where the dead Etruscans lie, rifled indeed of their jewels and ornaments, but with the sarcophagi and figures so real and fresh, fancy can people them with shadows of the living.

A strange, weird district, desolate, depopulate, but rich in poetry and art, and the heavy atmosphere of what once has been—an upheaving desolate region of arid peaks, bluff rocks and narrow passes, and, above all, two detached mountains standing out distinct, overtopping the land—Monte Amiata, in Tuscany, and Monte Soracte limiting the far stretch of the Roman Campagna to the north—mountains with far outspreading bases, upon which rest rugged lines of collateral ranges, Alp upon Alp that from their summit command land and sea.

Of these two, Soracte, nearer Rome, by Terni and Narni, has a classical history sung by the Latin poets; the other, Monte Amiata, is without a record. A huge big-shouldered giant rising to the right as you leave Siena for Rome, with an overhanging townlet on its northern ledge and broken, unequal summit, from which they say, though so far distant, the dome of St. Peter's may be seen on a fair summer day. A very lonely, awe-inspiring mountain of great solitude, cloud-wrapt, and veined and lined on the lower spurs with dusky woods—a very seat for solemn imaginings and converse with the skies.

As such I have often contemplated it as it rises, filling the horizon with its huge bulk, and made to myself pictures in the summer heats of its cool grottoes and thyme-scented valleys as I have stood in the dense ilex woods of the Chigi villa of Cetinale far below.

Who lives on these green purple stretches? What manner of men people those cypress-pointed clefts? What names bear those far-off villas, white in the fierce sun on the lower spurs, with olive fields and corn? What shepherds or hermits gather in the dark-mouthed caves? What eyes hail the pale blush of sunrise, or what manner of mortals watch the red sun set in a ball of fire into the sea?

Roads there are none, only horse-tracks and mule-paths, save to the extreme left, where, quite low down towards the plain, the huge monster mountain allows itself to be civilized by two little towns, one bearing its own name, Monte Amiata, the other Arcidosso: even these so small and dark and dim, so nestled in rocky boulders and obscure rifts, that they but make the blank emptiness of the rest more palpable.

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A mysterious mountain this, wanting a history, and the history came in the shape of a Prophet with a new faith;

a youth, self-reared, self-taught; a mere labourer who drove a cart; tall and imposing, with a calm, set face, clouds of dark hair, eyes that looked out over this waste between earth and sky as though the inscrutable unfolded to his gaze, and, even in this country of the Improvvisatore, gifted with such eloquence he was called "Mille Idee."

The peasants always artistic in Italy, attracted by his beauty, followed him along the mountain paths leading to Siena, as he passed with his mules laden with charcoal. And when he halted in the little *osterie* to rest his beasts between a cup of wine he chaunted to them stanzas from Ariosto or Tasso, sometimes his own hymns, and told them wondrous tales of what he would do with a New Republic to make all men "Holy." So strong was he, this man with the mystic eyes, so vigorous in hand and arm, that one day at a fair he freed himself from three country giants who set upon him, by flinging at them, like a ball, a cask of wine. His address in what we call singlestick, and his wild, adventurous life, passing up and down on the mountain in all weathers with his wares, drew crowds about him. Little by little it was whispered that this man living among them was not as others are, but saw visions and dreamed dreams: a knight fully armed had appeared to him, and told him that he was his ancestor, that his bones lay unburied in a certain cave, on the flank of a barren outspur of Amiata, called Monte Labaro, which being searched, a skeleton with casque and halbert was found; and as these tales went round, his countenance darkened, and he assumed a solemn air. No word broke from his lips. He fought no more at fairs or contended in games of chance, but stood aside as one predestinate, and when, at last, he showed upon his brow the *stigmata* of a cross, received from St. Peter, to seal him to his Church with a new faith and pure and spotless life, he

was hailed as a Prophet, come into that desolate mountain to save souls.

Unhappily he mistook his century. Born at Arcidosso in 1835, the public voice of the city voted him an impostor, and summoned him into court at Siena, until the seal of martyrdom vindicated his truth.

In the simplicity of mediæval times he might have become a second and more successful Savonarola, perhaps the founder of a new religion like Mahomet. He had full possession of ready speech, a perfect belief in his own mission, and that singular mixture of sincerity and fraud which leads the masses. All was in his favour, save the time. In the mountains all believed him inspired; even the priests of the district supported him. But, mystic as he was, his youth stirred within him in those wild times of revolution. The embryo Prophet forsook his mountain, became a soldier, fought at Castelfidardo and composed patriotic hymns sung by the soldiers.

Later came a change. The solitude of his native mountain, now peopled with followers, did not suffice. He must commune with his own soul in the silence of nature. Like Benedict among the rocks of Subiaco, he sought the savage loneliness of the Sabine mountains, passing from cave to cave in prayer and fasting. Here he met with a certain hermit, called Micus, a Prussian, who for fifteen years had lived in the rocks. Italy, it must be remembered, is still in great part mediæval. The cities have taken the colour of the time, the railway has brought civilisation where it passes; but in the vast mountain districts which traverse it up and down, and in the broad corn-growing Maremma, habits and ideas are pretty much the same as they were long centuries ago. The land is tilled by a plough so primitive it might have served Adam when banished from Paradise—the vintage is, as in Noah's time, the luscious fruit pressed out in tubs by naked feet

—the corn gathered on flat threshing floors out of doors, such as Boaz would have stood on, Ruth by his side, to see that the idle Jews duly beat out the husks—lazy, unquestioning belief in anything that is told passes current among the unsuspecting peasants, who only note the changes of the seasons, seed time and harvest, and live with Nature without inquiring into her secrets. Children are born into the world as the cattle which they herd bear their young; it is too far for question of any school, and the parish priest, a peasant like themselves, is almost as ignorant. He can gabble a Mass, and a ragged boy, caught from the road, assists him as acolyte, but his knowledge ends at the words. Souls are saved if the body receives extreme unction; and he is there to do it, unless he has wandered far away in a neighbour's cart, or on a mule to buy chestnuts for bread, or haggle with some one poorer than himself for the grapes and olives of his scanty garden.

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Such is Italy, still off the beaten track in the mountains, and it is among such that David Lazzaretti was to minister his new faith.

The intercourse in the Sabine mountains with the Prussian Micus deepened his mystic lore. Again the same warrior appeared to him, this time not alone, but in company with the Virgin and St. Peter. It was now David received the mystic stigmata, and together with Micus, who stayed with him till he died, he returned to Monte Amiata.

It is difficult from this time to know what in him was the duplicity of the cunning Tuscan peasant and the honest conviction of the chosen vessel of faith. Nor is there any trace of what worked in his mind, or how the strange metamorphosis came about of one so low by birth blossoming into an inspired teacher. Intelligent by

nature, he must, little by little, have mastered the part, and gone on step by step, as an actor studies a new *rôle*. Yet there was enough sincerity to make him interesting, and that he believed in himself and his mission is proved by the manner of his death. A man does not die a martyr without conviction. Religious exaltation has in all ages produced strange effects. It is so nearly allied to madness the line of demarcation can never be precisely drawn.

That he was intimately acquainted with the Old and New Testaments, specially with the Revelations, appears in his book, called "*La lotta con Dio*" ("My wrestling with God"), where he plainly speaks of himself as, like Mahomet, miraculously raised into heaven, and speaking face to face with God. The seven cities of the Apocalypse were to rise on the flanks of Monte Amiata.

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At no time did he ostensibly divide himself from the Church of Rome, always ready to accept popularity on the same principle which made the old Romans place the deity of a conquered state in their Pantheon—and for a time the clergy supported him. But when he tampered with the sacred canon of the Mass, put forth a *Credo* of twenty-four articles, one of which set forth: "We believe that David Lazzaretti is really the judge of all the world," and preached these wild doctrines, the neighbouring priests, homely, untaught men, anathematised him as heathen and schismatic.

David's rule was the rule of St. Francis, the apostle of the poor, who, had he lived in our day, would certainly have been deemed a rank Communist. He adopted his emblem of two arms crossed over the stigmata on the hands, upon the walls of his church and on his banner (for, like Constantine the Great, he had a banner, or labarum); and the Monte Labbro, on which he built his

temple, was made into "Monte Labaro," or "*Banner* Mount."

Like every founder of religion, great and small, he was at once something of a legislator and a socialist. As fame increased these tendencies developed. About eighty families of peasants lived under his rule in a little community, sharing all they had—a common faith and a common purse. Nor was he ever accused of having ill-administered these funds. On the contrary, at the time of his death more and more were coming in.

Communism in prayer and council, even in speech, was practised. Matrimony was advocated, the prophet himself marrying at twenty-three. The women lived apart; the men remained to watch and pray, listening to David. At midnight they assembled in the church for prayer again and meditation, which, considering they worked hard and had not been to bed at all, one must hope resulted in sleep.

At five in the morning more prayers and the Mass said by David, then all turned out on the mountain-side ready for work. Yet such a charm had this hard life for those sons of toil, that one who was there many months declared to me the time appeared so short, he wished it longer, to listen to David.

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It was such rude peasants who built for David his *loculus* on Monte Labbro; below, in a hollow in the rocks, a hermitage to live in, the rock honey-combed with various cells or chambers in which the community dwelt, the men lying outside in the crannies and passages, and above a little church, to look at like some rough *fattoria*, except for the crossed arms on the door with the *stigmata* of David. Here processions were formed in fantastic dresses borrowed from the old mediæval frescoes at Siena, and hymns sung by twelve girls, called *figlie dei cantici*, in

white, with garlands and veils. All this with the picture of the Virgin and David over the altar, wonderfully impressing the country folk, who, kneeling, could behold "the man of God," as they called him, in company with the dear Madonna.

Yet it was among these same people he had driven his cart and sold his charcoal, going to and fro to Siena; his wife and child were with him; and he had walked with his brothers, all tall and comely like himself, to fairs and markets, without any distinction but such as came to him naturally from those about.

And in this simplicity lay his power and the secret of his success. It appealed to the untaught mind, not only as love but as worship towards the being they held inspired "*l'uomo di Dio*," on whom thus naturally sat the divine honours he claimed.

A sad bare summit to live on, Monte Labbro, in winter drenched by rain and snow; in summer by fiercest sun; the big square shoulder of Monte Amiata high behind; dried-up river-bed and avalanche of stones in front, descending hundreds of feet to where some rare clumps of chestnuts soften the lines; the blue sea beyond broken by the pale mountains of Corsica and Elba, while inland, high aloft in front, the classical city of Siena, its encircling walls ruddy in the sunset.

If all this had happened in any but so remote a region the authorities would have interfered; but on these barren heights, untrodden by any foot save those of the peasant proprietors of chestnut and corn, or the poorest of the poor, the days of Lazzaretti passed without molestation.

* * * * * * *

By what signs and tokens David perceived that his *prestige* was waning no one can tell. Living among his followers day by day the strain must have been great. A Prophet who is at hand, to be seen and questioned at all

hours, must find his position irksome. Familiarity breeds contempt. The dramatic element in David's nature, so telling among his followers, by constant use may have been worked out. In a spirit of parody one can well understand, as the new year came round in January 1870, he supped with his disciples, habited in a strange garment of red and yellow, predicted that one among them would betray him, and departed suddenly for the island of Monte Cristo, near Marseilles.

Who knows that the choice of this retreat may not have come into his brain by reading Dumas' romance during his visits to Siena? David seems to have been well supplied with books, and altogether to have lifted himself above the forms of sordid ignorance in which he was born.

When forty days were passed (the parody is clear, only as David *lived* on a high mountain, he sought another element, the sea, for his mystic withdrawal), he returned to receive an ovation. White-draped girls, like Fra Angelco's angels, with intense eyes, came down the mountain paths singing to meet him, crowned with such pale roses as blossomed on the rocks. Olive-branches strewed his path, hemmed in by his followers, and from the unhewn walls of his tower mysterious banners hung, and wild choruses of rustic voices rose in the clear air, waking distant echoes between land and sea, borne far below to the fertile stretch of the lonely Maremma or on the blue expanse of ocean girding all.

* * * * * * *

Again David disappeared with his family, and for eight years lived in France, at the Convent of the Chartreuse of Grenoble, in another mountain district, though less bare and less rugged than the solitudes of Monte Amiata. How he passed his time there is no record. From thence he moved to Lyons, where one of his earliest disciples, who

had known and believed in him when he drove into Siena with his cart, a rich merchant, Monsieur Duvachet, contributor of 14,000 francs towards the community of Monte Labbro, received him and his family. Here he was honoured, David acting as tutor to the two children of Monsieur Duvachet, who, at his own cost, published the Prophet's books in French: "Les Fleurs Célestes," "Ma Lutte avec Dieu," and "Le Manifeste aux Princes Chrétiens."

In the Manifesto David predicts the successive appearance of the seven heads of Antichrist, each an enemy to the Legitimist party in France and the temporal power of the Pope. Among them are Cardinal Hohenlohe, Father Hyacinth, Bismarck, etc. One distinctly feels our simple Prophet out of his depth in these strange metaphysic waters. Probably his patron, M. Duvachet, was a Legitimist, and indoctrinated him with his opinions; else nothing could be more alien to the communistic maxims of Monte Labbro than an hereditary monarchy and the temporal power of the Pope. In all the writings of David comes up the mystic tradition of the governing power of the Holy Ghost—in other words, the Millennium, first preached and set forth by the mediæval mystic, Fiore, mentioned by Dante, and commented on in a curious article by M. Rénan, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Indeed I know of no religious community out of the pale of an established Church, and dealing in prophecy as a fundamental principle of faith which does not enunciate the same doctrines, be they Savonarolists, Irvingites, or more modern Spiritualists. A new supernatural era is confidently foretold when the workings of the Holy Spirit with man are no longer to be subjective, but apparent; and in this our David but follows in the steps of all.

"To doubt," says David, "is the work of Satan." Nor does he appear to have dreaded any falling away during his long absences. Absent or present, his people were

with him. As yet professing still to belong to the pale of the Catholic Church, "his spirit moves within him," he says, "at the thought that in every corner of Italy the voice of the faithful shall cry, '*Evviva Dio! Evviva Cristo! Evviva Maria! Evviva la Chiesa Romana!*'"

* * * * * * *

At length the indignation of the neighbouring priests found voice in a formal citation to appear before the Archiepiscopal Court at Siena, and submit himself, along with the two deacons who assisted him in his services. When his beloved works were condemned at this council, his exasperation knew no bounds. This was failure—absolute failure. Instead of complying, he announced a new doctrine, a universal republic, to be called the Kingdom of God. Altogether losing his head, he went to Rome and declared that he was Christ himself, Judge and Saviour, returned to rule. For a while he appeared to submit to the pressure brought to bear on him by the Holy Office, but the moment he found himself in the free air of his native mountains, he again laid claim to divine power and preached open communism and an equal division of land.

Having reached this point, it was impossible for him to turn back. Some *coup de main* must be attempted, whether of rapine and violence, or but the crusade of a peaceful religious republic—who can say? Perhaps he himself did not know.

Like John of Leyden, immortalised by Meyerbeer in his opera of the *Prophète* who, when driven back and besieged by the Imperial troops in the city of Munester, with a lighted brand set fire to himself and the cathedral and perished in the flames, David Lazzaretti felt the time of his ministry was drawing short. Certain it is that he predicted a catastrophe to occur on the 10th August, 1878; yet more and more people flocked around him,

and the little church could no longer contain half his followers.

Four days and four nights before the 14th of August, an immense multitude encamped on the bare ground outside the tower, and when, by his impassioned words and mystic aspect, habited in his strange wild robes, he had wrought upon them to madness, he announced that he was about to decend into the plain.

Never had Monte Labbro seen such a crowd. The whole country had come to behold the *manifestazione* promised from time to time, but always delayed—simple peasants, shepherds and small farmers, who tilled their own land, blowing trumpets and the rude pipes with which they call sheep together on the hills; swineherds and treaders of the grapes, oxen drivers and *carbonari*, black as their wares, living in the great woods about the fires which undermine the trees; a nameless crowd of beggars and hangers-on, idle sun-burnt boys and wild-eyed roving girls, increasing every hour, each little village and homestead, cypress crowned —furnished its contignent to join in the clamour and intoning of the Psalms.

* * * * * * *

The day was well chosen. The Assumption (15th of August) is the *festa* of the poor. These love the Virgin. She is indeed the mother to whom they cry in sorrow and poverty, illness and death. Go into a church, be it in town or country, and you will see the prostrate forms of women before her shrine, silently praying. Every attitude of supplication tells the agony within—the apron folded over the face to hide the tears, the clasped hands, the stiffened fingers, the clutch of some cross or rosary. There you read the tale of love to her who lends her gentle ear, the Goddess of the poor, to them more accessible than the Saviour, more understanding of their homely needs. The love-sick girl implores the Virgin for her *Beppo* gone to

sea, or her *Gigi* cast in the conscription; the mother pleads, oh! so passionately, for her child dying of fever, and the tall stalwart peasant, his cloak wound round his arm, kneels on the stones, hat in hand, to crave the life of wife or mother. The old, the young, the middle-aged, all seek the mother of sorrows on this day. The many valleys opening from the mountain towards the Maremma and the Val di Paglia are alight with thousands of torches and bonfires, set before houses and homesteads; round about families lie encamped, the little ones flinging ashes about the burning sticks in play, the rustic lovers sitting apart in the deep shadows under the stars, the men smoking or playing cards, but all out and about in honour of the Virgin!

But this year all the population was at Monte Labbro, making their way up through the stony course of dry stream-beds and rocky cliffs, all in the hope that *something* was going to occur, and that "*Santo Davide*" was going to descend from the heights and chastise his enemies. As party after party reach the summit, they behold David walking alone, up and down, silent and absorbed, his blue eyes fixed upon the walls of the tower, over which float his banner with the words, "*La Repubblica di Dio.*"

He wears the fantastic dress of blue and yellow, prefigured in his visions, a blue cap on his head, in which three feathers are fixed; and ever and anon his looks uneasily seek the depths of the valleys lying under the moonlight, as though he would ask them of his future state.

By and by the level ground outside becomes so full, not a grain of corn could be dropped upon it. Led by David, such as can enter the church, where the Rosary is recited. As he stands dominating his people, his flowing mantle cast around, his forehead marked by the seal of the

stigmata, he looks a prophet painted by Michael Angelo, in the "Last Judgment," hurling damnation on the world!

Two days and three nights pass in these exercises, the people sleeping not at all, and feeding only on such scanty scraps of food as they had brought with them.

At break of dawn on the fourth day, when, fired to frenzy by prayer and exhortation, David gives the signal, the procession forms to descend the mountain on their way to Rome, visiting such churches on their way as might seem good to them. The Prophet well in front, with every now and then a sharp word to those who stray—the boys and the children—next, the elders, the seven heads of legions, commanding the militia of the Holy Ghost, representing the seven mystic forms he saw with the Virgin; some in blue, red or rose colour. (And when I remember the extreme beauty and richness of the mediæval robes in the ancient frescoes at Siena, painted by Sodoma or Matteo da Siena, I can understand how correct and picturesque these imitations were).

The women in blue tunics with red veils, unmarried girls, specially the *figlie dei cantici* (among whom was David's young daughter), in snowy white, with veils, and crowns of roses, all singing the hymns taught them by him, high in the morning air.

* * * * * * *

Meantime a rumour spread through the plain that the fanatics of Monte Labbro were descending the mountain to pillage and to destroy. The better sort armed themselves, others fled; an unspoken horror was in the air. The unknown was unloosed. Whom would it strike, and where? As chance would have it, the public mind had a few days before been deeply moved by a deed of blood. Passanante, the mad cook of Naples, had struck at King Humbert in the Via Toledo. But for the Queen, who placed herself before him, and Cairoli in the carriage, who

received the knife in his thigh, he would have been killed.

All manner of reports spread as the quaint procession of many colours was seen zigzagging down the mountain-side, and the distant hum of voices and trumpets came in dull thuds through the air.

And now the steep sides of Monte Amiata are passed, and they wander on by little tracks through patches of Indian corn and rough pastures, under chestnut woods, the trees standing apart like patriarchs of the forest, every hovel and house adding to the number.

And as they go David turns from time to time and asks them in a loud voice, "*Volete la Repubblica?*" to which hundreds of voices answer, "*Si, si, la vogliamo!*"

Then David speaks again: "The republic begins from to-day; not a republic like '48, but the reign of God, the law of God, the mercy of God."

The people: "We will, we will; *la Repubblica di Dio!*" at which fresh cries and wild applause, broken by the liquid voices of the *figlie dei cantici* breathing in slow, sad measures, like souls in pain.

Thus they came, flowing onwards like a rolling flood to a bridge near Arcidosso, on the green flank of Monte Amiata, unmolested, when an amazing spectacle presents itself. Every living soul within the little town turns out to meet them. Hundreds and hundreds of heads of the common people, like a living sea, all upturned to the Prophet. Babies held aloft by their mothers, boys in their fathers' arms, and from all children and people a deep ominous murmur, as the first grotesque figures of the procession appear.

Face to face they stand, about a hundred feet apart, the Prophet and the townspeople, the officers of the *Pubblica sicurezza* in front represented by the *Delegato*, and the *Sindaco* (Mayor), wearing the tricolour scarf of office (he

who had been warned by David that he was about to descend into the plain), backed by a gleaming company of carabineers, with cocked hats and short swords, their rifles slung on their sides.

An astonishing parody of a sacred scene enacted long ago in Jerusalem, only there is no kiss of peace, and no one fills the part of Judas.

Then David, with a firm step, stands forth, to whom the *Sindaco*, his hands resting on his tricolor scarf, pronounces the three legal citations enjoined by the law, commanding him to disperse his people and retire.

A dead silence followed.

"I go forward in the name of Christ," cries the Prophet; and he points to an image of the Saviour on a banner carried by one of his people. "If you ask peace, I bring it; if mercy, mercy; if blood, *I am here, take mine;*" and he unfolds his arms and stands motionless.

Nearer they come to each other, the *Delegato* and David, and speak in undertones. A stick is raised in the air, a rifle brandished, at which the Prophet turns and, with an excited gesture, waves his hand. A stupendous cry of "*Viva la Repubblica!*" rends the air, and a shower of stones from the people rains on the soldiers.

A voice from the side of Arcidosso came: "Fire!" No one knows who spoke, but at the instant three successive shots raise a mist of smoke and dust, which fills the air. The shrieks of women, the screams of children, the barking of dogs, the swaying to and fro of a pent-up multitude unable to fly, for the carabineers had hemmed in the peasants in a circle, raise a din and confusion as of another world.

At last, when the air clears, prone on the earth lies the Prophet in his motley clothes some of his people leaning over him to see where he is hurt, his wife and children and the white-robed daughter, in her floating dress and

rose wreath, bitterly weeping as the dark stream of blood flows from a deep wound in his forehead.

No sign of life is in him, yet he breathes, and so they place him on a ladder and carry him to a house hard by, where he is laid upon a bed, wife and brothers kneeling round.

The rest look on indifferent. Why should they grieve? The Prophet is not dead. This seeming death is no surprise, only a fresh proof of his divinity. Patiently they sit and wait till it should please him to return to life, and as the sun goes down and night comes, and dawn succeeds, still they wait.

* * * * * * *

Then came an order from the municipality of Arcidosso, the *Sindaco* and the *Delegato*, and the dead Prophet is borne away to the *campo santo* of the little town, and buried there.

And there he lies among the very poor, the spot unmarked even by a cross of wood, and only to be known by the wild mountain flowers which year by year are laid on the earth at the anniversary of his death.

But on Monte Amiata his followers still worship him; David is to rise again and head a holy Republic which is to rule the world.

FINIS.

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